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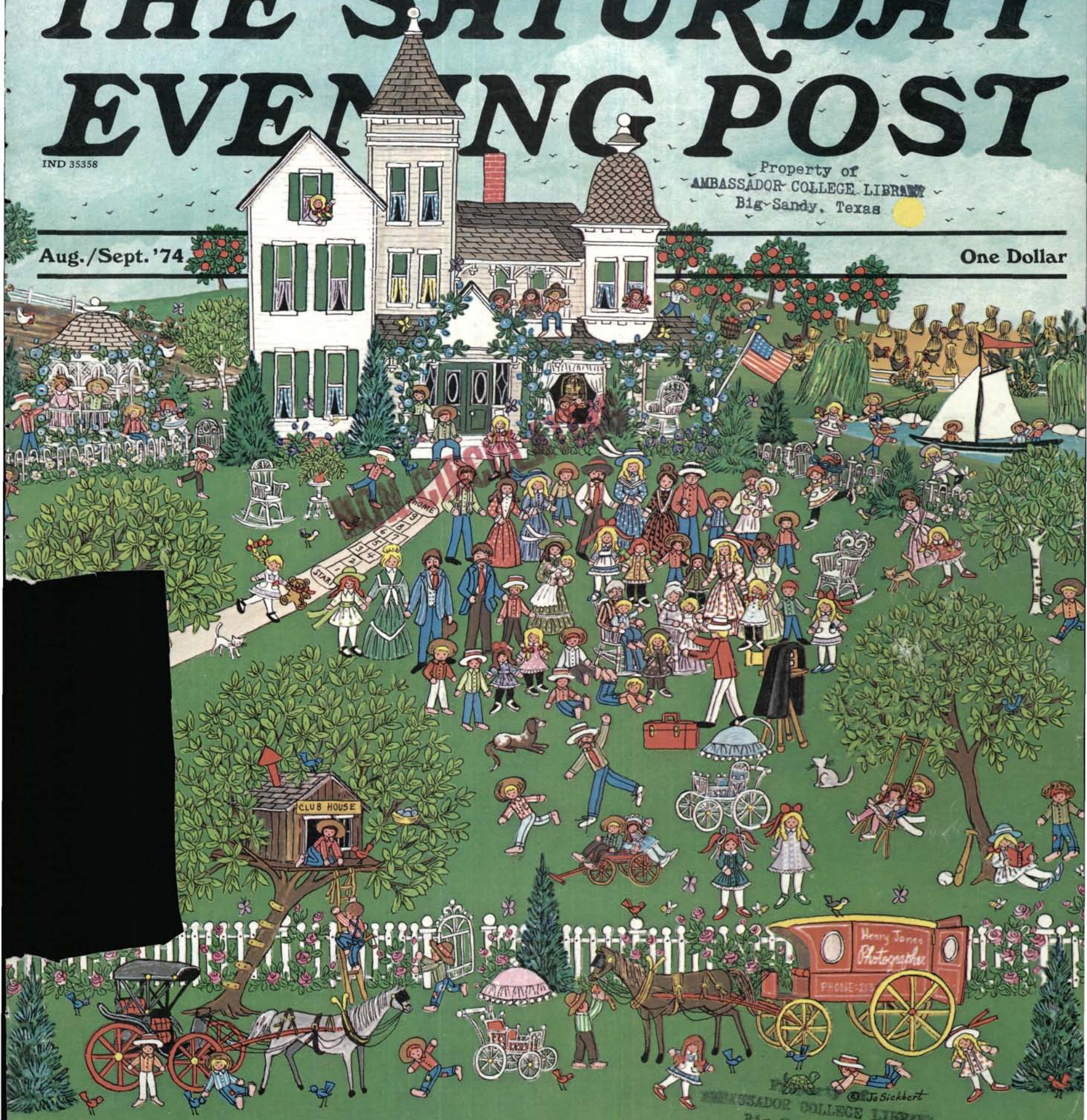

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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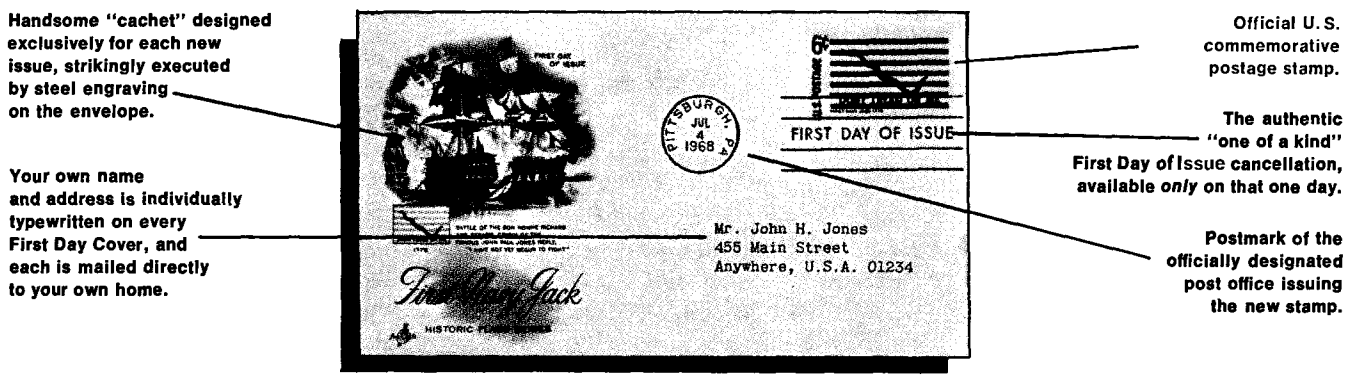
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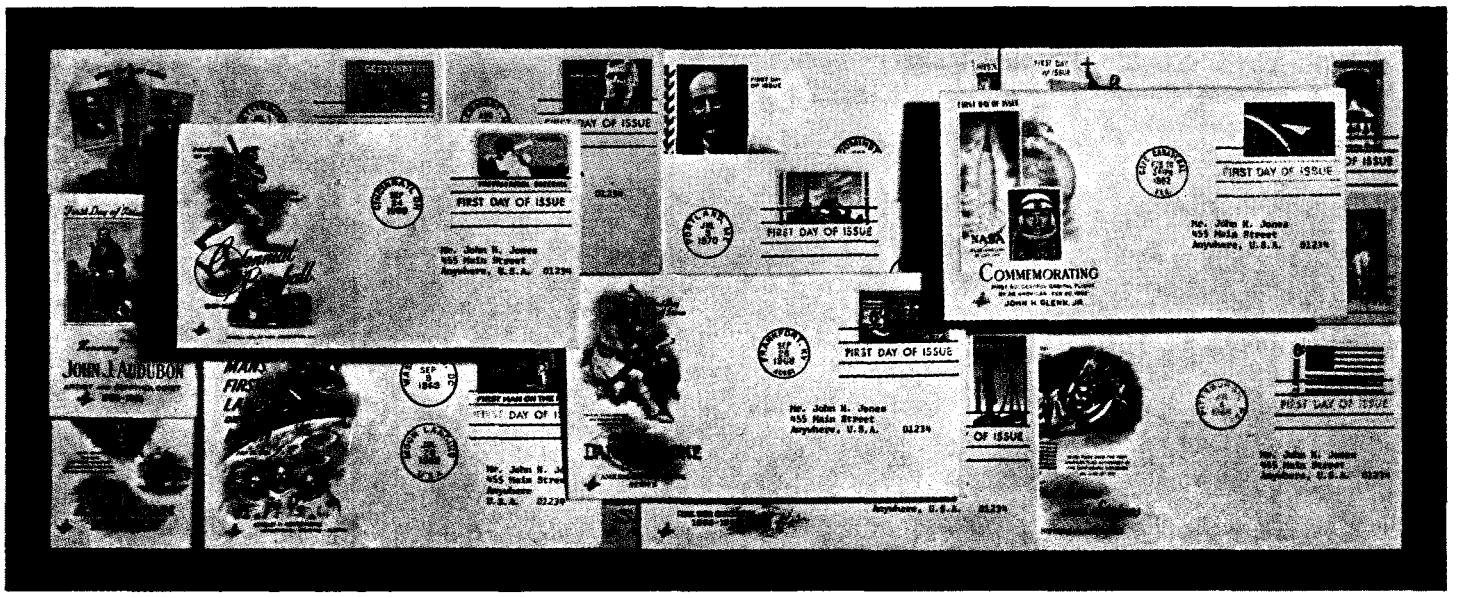

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Letters to the Editor

Comment From Senator Strom Thurmond

Thank you for the opportunity to comment on Hanson Baldwin's article "Troubled Waters" that appeared in the May issue. I have known and respected Hanson Baldwin as a military analyst and writer for a number of years. His article is one which will create considerable interest.

The public is entitled to know about recent problems in our military services. Many of these difficulties reflect the current troubles that exist in our civilian society.

Historically, the military services have had manpower problems. For example, in the Navy's days of sail, sailors were often forced into service by press gangs, and their life was one of physical hardship and brutal discipline. Since that time, voluntary recruitment has replaced enforced service and naval discipline has grown progressively more moderate. Emphasis on maintaining discipline has changed in favor of constructive leadership. This change is vital for today's Navy and its more highly educated and skilled personnel.

By its very nature, a military force must be regimented or it will be no more than a "uniformed mob." All previous departures from disciplined military forces in past history have been failures. In particular, in the present day of nuclear weapons, with their vast destructive power, military forces must reflect discipline and readiness. Any responsible leaders must exercise discipline with an even hand and with equal application to all, regardless of race or creed.

Personnel in uniform who are unwilling to accept reasonable standards of discipline have no place in the armed forces. Similarly, military leaders who do not recognize the necessity for intelligent understanding of the problems of today's youth have no right to command them.

Today our military forces must be responsive to the changes of modern society. However, at the same time, they must also recognize that many military principles and traditions have stood the test of time and are as valid now as they were in the past. In my judgment, the Navy and its sister services will meet their personnel problems successfully.

Strom Thurmond
United States Senator,
South Carolina

Editor's Note: Senator Thurmond is the Ranking Minority Member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, a member of the Veterans' Affairs Committee, an ex officio member of the Appropriations Committee and a Major General, U.S. Army Reserve, Retired. Because of his advocacy of military preparedness–he predicted the missile buildup in Cuba and the Russian development of the ICBM long before the government took action– the Post *asked him to comment on Baldwin's article.*

Dual Authorship

Elliott Caplin can really write about the theater (April 1974). He was so unerringly accurate in what he said about Debbie Reynolds, her person and her fabulous career.

A great deal of experience with the theater must have been necessary to give Mr. Caplin the background for painting such descriptive word pictures. I enjoyed the story very much, and the photography was excellent too.

Dwight W. Lott
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Editor's Note: The editors regret that Lisa Steele's name was inadvertently omitted from the byline on "Debbie Reynolds Wows 'Em In Irene" in the April 1974 Post. *Ms. Steele and Mr. Caplin co-authored the article.*

Just Like Old Times

You have had an article on present-time days and now I hope you will have one in favor of the "good old days," as they were times to remember. So much can be said in their favor. Your *Post* is so interesting. I read with a magnifying glass. Please do have a write-up on bygone days. I will be waiting for it and Julie Eisenhower's articles also.

Continued success for a worthwhile magazine with good "clean" reading for all ages.

Mrs. Joshua Richardson
Langhorne, Pennsylvania

Asimov Inspires

Two years ago I had the pleasure of hearing Isaac Asimov give the opening convocation at Susquehanna University. He was an excellent speaker and captured everyone's attention with his wit and humor. He presented the college freshman with a new approach for the pursuit of knowledge: to develop an open and inquisitive mind. When he finished, he had left everyone with an eagerness for knowledge and discovery.

That night was again relived when I read Asimov's "Dream" (February). For his writing creates more vivid images that penetrate the complexities of mankind than most science-fiction writers. Each image shows a great deal of careful work and insight that Asimov has been able to convey to his reader. The "Dream" certainly shows this style which Asimov has employed. It has become a technique that he uses in his writing as well as in his speeches.

I commend you on your excellent choice for this new fiction story by Asimov and hope to see more of his work soon. For we all appreciate a fine writer like Asimov.

Thomas Mueller
University Park, Pennsylvania

A Wait-and-See Attitude

I have received from you recently several letters urging that I subscribe to your new *Saturday Evening Post.*

I note that the *Post* has now come out for all the virtues: free enterprise, the family, clean humor, old values and even Americanism. And while I congratulate you most heartily for this about-face, the *Post* in recent times was so devoted to all the opposite values that I shall wait until I see proof of a change before subscribing, if at all.

I cannot quite forget all the sorry articles in the *Post* of the past number of years: the outright smears and slanders of good, honest and patriotic Americans, whose only fault was that they opposed the things the *Post* stood for. I have read *Post* articles that made my blood boil and if ever a magazine deserved to be laid to rest, it was the *Post.* The same thing happened to *Life* and *Look* and others. The American people are sick and tired of propaganda, tired of unfair and slanderous diatribes against some of the best people in the country. They are tired of magazines promoting left wing politicians and undesirable people, and belittling the good politicians and the people who have always spoken up for Americanism and decency.

Yes, I am glad that you have decided to get back on the right track, if you have. But I shall wait and see, as I shouldn't wish my intelligence to be insulted as it was by the *Post* that folded. I'll pick up a few copies at the newsstand, until I am satisfied that there really has been a change. Then, I *may* subscribe.

Mrs. M. Bunnenberg
Vernon, Texas

Cheek to Cheek

Your pictures taken at Cheekwood for George Frazier's article on Scott Fitzgerald were elegant. The Swan Ball, one of the South's super galas, was held at Cheekwood June 8 (by invitation only). Proceeds from the charity benefit go to the Tennessee Botanical Gardens and Fine Arts Center located at Cheekwood. This sixty-room Georgian House with its fifty acres of beautifully landscaped grounds were filled with celebrities–even royalty–from all over the world. Last year more than $130,000 was raised for this cultural center and it is hoped that this year's proceeds will exceed this figure.

Celeste Belding
Memphis, Tennessee

Farenthold for President!

In her article on "The Woman In Politics" (March), Sissy Farenthold describes how her brand of face-to-face campaigning and the seemingly spontaneous emergence of supporters have won her some unpredictable victories and some unexpected notoriety. The occurrences of such demonstrations of devotion would not be surprising to anyone who has ever seen and listened to Ms. Farenthold.

I saw this wonderful person speak in New York last year and have been an admirer of hers ever since. She generates a warmth, a sincerity, an emission of integrity, an inward understanding of people–their pluses and their problems–that are a rarity now, or at any other moment in time.

For me, Frances Tarlton Farenthold is the most impressive figure on the American political scene. Her ability to lead comes from an inward understanding of right which is fortified by experience. I would not hesitate to jump my gender and vote for her for any office, including–no especially–the presidency.

Anthony Michael Cedesckis
Corona, New York

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Stoned on Just Clean Living

Thanks for "John Denver: Mr. Clean With Hair and Guitar" (January/February 1974). I also have been "high on clean living and high thinking" for nearly twenty-four years. And if one would take the time to look around, one would find thousands of kids who share these ideas all across the United States. Be it in the Rocky Mountains, on Ohio farms, or on the beaches of California or Florida, there are young people constantly stoned on the joys of just being alive. And it's a plus for our side to have the songs of John Denver telling the rest of the world about what we have.

Thank you again for still another great article in this magazine.

Cheryl Harter
Columbus, Ohio

Alive and Lively

Just finished reading the latest issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* and enjoyed most of the articles, but since I especially enjoy reading about real people, alive and kicking, I read avidly the story about "my afternoon love" Mike Douglas, and of course the one about that adorable skater Janet Lynn whom I watched, heartbroken, when she didn't win her gold medal at the Olympics. Most of all I found sheer pleasure in reading about that "character" Princess Alice Longworth.

I must say Julie Nixon Eisenhower has certainly matured into an able writer with the fact coming through loud and clear that she enjoys meeting interesting people and writing about them. Bravo to Julie! (And Alice, too, for that matter. She is some kind of gal.)

Mrs. Lorene Brainard
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Hurray

Being an avid reader, I come across many stories that I enjoy, but it has been a long time since I have read one that has totally captured my imagination the way "Little Countess Away" has. The author's clarity and descriptiveness easily allow you to be caught up in the tempo of the story. It is as if you are actually present.

I was particularly impressed with the handling of the killing. Mrs. Saunders made it seem so delicate. At the same time, I experienced a catharsis, because the one who stood in the way of this loving gentleman was gone. Now, perhaps, he can find another woman, one who is truly deserving of his love and affection.

Please advise me if a sequel is being written; I can't be satisfied until I know if the hero (??) unburdens himself of this horrible account.

Sheila L. Capuzzi
Miami, Florida

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BLUE JEAN REVOLUTION

Riding out of the old west where they were the mainstay of cowboys and prospectors, denims have made a major splash on the American fashion scene.

By Jean Libman Block

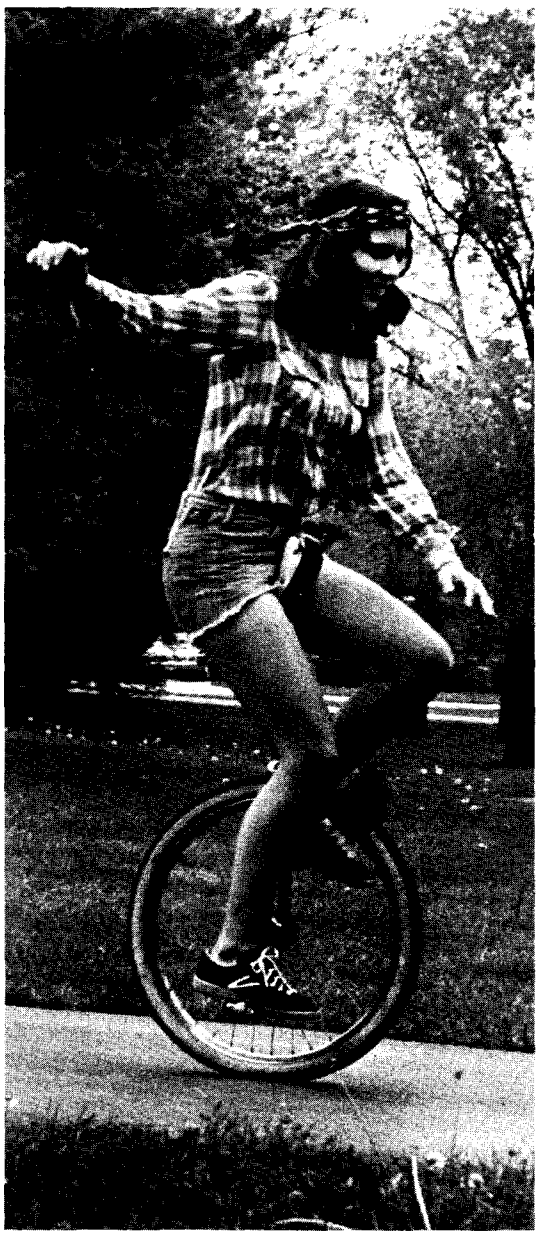
Jean L. Block, a native New Yorker and graduate of Barnard College, has written many articles and stories that have been published in national magazines, including the old Post. *She presently teaches magazine writing at New York University and is conducting at the New School for Social Research a course she designed herself entitled "Useful Writing and Editing Techniques for Nonprofessional Writers."*

What do you do with a pair of worn-out pants that is wrinkled, faded, frazzled, patched at knee and seat? Normally you throw it out. But not if it's a pair of vintage blue jeans. In that case, either you treasure it above all else in your closet or, if you're young and trendy, you actually go out and buy this scruffy garment, paying for it more than twice what you would if it were crisp and spanking new.

Crazy? Yes, but with the whole world in the grip of a blue-jeans frenzy, the unbelievable happens all the time. Jeans were once simply the no-nonsense work pants of farmers, lumberjacks and miners. But now they strut, stride, stroll and slouch everywhere, on the job and off. They are at home in royal palaces. (Princess Anne of England wore them while having her hair done the morning of her wedding.) They go to the opera and black-tie parties. (Usually they're fancied up with rhinestones, sequins, embroidery or handpainting, but Norman Mailer and Marlon Brando wear theirs plain, while Bing Crosby and Arthur Godfrey sport blue denim tuxedoes.)

They attend high-level business conferences. (A country singer, a network executive and a record company head recently met in Nashville to sign a multimillion-dollar deal, all three clad in dazzlingly decorated jeans and western shirts.) They are smuggled into Eastern Europe. (An $8 pair of basic jeans currently fetches $90 on the Russian black market.) They are exhibited in art museums. (The American Crafts Council's Museum of Contemporary Crafts, which is located in New York City, recently displayed a fanciful collection of Denim Art, the $1,000 first prize going to a jacket so richly studded with silver, brass, and rhinestones that it resembled chain mail.) And a visitor from another planet might easily suspect that the wearing of blue jeans is compulsory among high school and college students from Omaha to Osaka, from Rome to Rio, so awash are this globe's campuses in a sea of unisex blue jeans.

Jeans today are manufactured on every continent except Antarctica. Worldwide production is fast heading toward the billion-pair-a-year mark. Last year American textile mills, working three shifts a day six days a week, turned out 400 million square yards of denim, primarily for jeans. Although this was enough fabric to encircle the earth nine times at the equator, it fell 100 million yards short of worldwide demand. And the jeans look has so infiltrated sportswear that it is hard to say today whether a particular pair of pants, male or female, is a jean made of striped polyester or a pair of slacks that has borrowed its taut, sexy look around the hips and its dashing pockets from true jeans.



E pluribus unicycle—*which, freely translated, means if you're young and sassy only one wheel and frayed denim shorts will do.*

Why? Why the jeaning of the world? The answer lies in economics, fashion and history, with a generous dash of sociology thrown in. No argument, jeans are sturdy, comfortable and affordable by almost everyone. "A fashion is easier to follow if it is both chic and cheap," a West German manufacturer of jeans explains. They're fashion right, too, at both ends of the social spectrum, as well as in between. That means you can dress down for a street brawl in $2 recycled jeans from Goodwill or dress up for dinner with your banker in a $200 sky blue jean suit with suede-piped pockets.

But the big thing about jeans is that they're a lot more than hard-wearing pants cut in a special way. They are an idea, a concept, a sit-on-the-floor attitude. "Jeans represent a casual lifestyle that is being adopted by a growing part of the world," points out Walter A. Haas, Jr., chairman of Levi Strauss & Co., the world's largest manufacturer of jeans. And it's no coincidence that both the lifestyle and the garment itself sprang out of the free-swinging American West in the colorful days of California's gold rush.

In 1850 Levi Strauss, a twenty-year-old Bavarian immigrant, arrived by sailing ship in San Francisco to seek his fortune. He brought with him a stock of dry goods, including some rolls of heavy brown canvas to sell to miners for tents and wagon covers. Discovering that tents were not in demand but pants were, for few prospectors had work clothes sturdy enough to stand up to the rough life of the diggings, the enterprising young man had a tailor make pants out of his rugged canvas. They sold quickly as word spread that "those pants of Levi's," hence Levi's, were the strongest around.

Levi opened a work-clothes and coverall shop in San Francisco, not far from where the company he founded has just moved into the twenty-nine-story Levi Strauss Building. Folklore has it that a Nevada tailor riveted down the pockets for a crusty prospector who liked to carry his heavy gold nuggets with him. Levi and the tailor later patented the idea of using copper rivets at points of strain. When his tent canvas ran out, Levi switched to a tough cotton fabric originally loomed in Nîmes, France, and called serge de Nîmes, then denim. The sails of Columbus's ships were supposedly made of denim. Sailors out of the port of Genoa had long worn pants of similar fabric known as genes and later known as jeans. The word dungaree derives from the heavy cotton trousers of sailing men from the seaport of Dhunga, India.

Old-timers competed to tell tall tales of denim's indestructibility. In one story, when the coupling between two railroad cars broke, a trainman hitched them together with a pair of Levi's and made it ten miles to the next station. In another, a laborer fell from a scaffold, but was caught by a jeans pocket and dangled in space until rescued.

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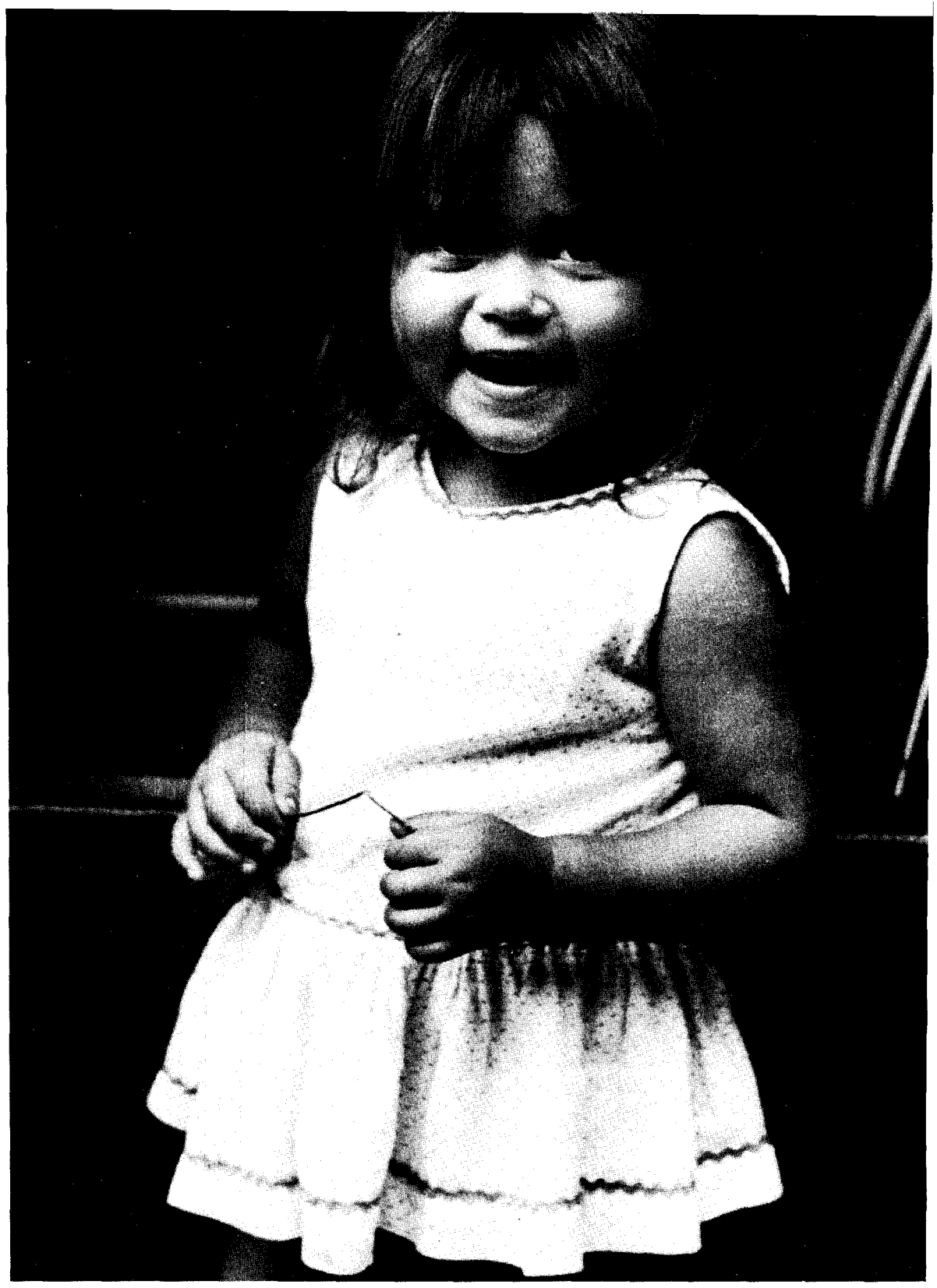

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The wild blue yonder of the denim world: from $300 suits with piped pockets to tote bags to denim trimmed with mink, maribou, sequins, ruffles and antique lace, or a $1,500 diamond brooch on the cuff of a $15 denim jacket for the startling look in for high couture.

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Less dramatically, men in robust work clothes made by Levi Strauss, his relatives and his competitors, laid the railroad tracks, rounded up the cattle, cut the forests, farmed the plains and built the cities of this fast-growing nation. In World War II blue jeans production was declared an essential industry, and that's when women took to jeans, at assembly lines in war plants.

By the 1950's, jeans, because of their cheapness and durability, were appearing on college campuses and had become the staple play garb of small children. They were also a source of heated controversy in high schools as parents and administrators fought the sloppy look of rolled-up jeans and shapeless sweaters. Teenagers battled back for the right to dress as they pleased. In the course of this struggle, the jeans themselves became a symbol of defiance against authority and oppression, whether parental or political, real or imagined. They spoke a secret language from wearer to wearer, "I am one of you—I am against the others."

The civil-rights marchers of the early 1960's, the youngsters who screamed their heads off at the first Beatles concerts, the kids who turned rock festivals into stampedes, later the anti-war activists and the college revolutionaries all seized upon blue jeans as their very own. But a funny thing happened on the way to the barricades.

Fashion discovered blue jeans.

Suddenly department stores, shopping centers and specialty shops blossomed with jeans, not solely for the rebellious young and the blue-collar worker, but for family members of all ages and all income levels. No longer were there just standard jeans, tight around the hips with a back yoke, multiple pockets and double-stitched seams, but all manner of male and female variations: flared legs, bell bottoms, cuffs, wide-belt loops, tricky pockets, fancy stitching, lighter-weight fabrics and rainbow colors.

"Have you ever had a bad time in jeans?" cried the advertisements of one maker, as a whole nation donned jeans and joyfully went cycling, gardening, boating, bowling, horseback riding, backyard barbecuing.

But what about the young hotheads, outraged at finding themselves wearing the same gear as their establishment parents? Would they abandon the jeans that had become their second skin? Not on your life. Instead, they wore theirs more ferociously than ever. Holes? Patch or embroider over them. Rips? Sew a piece of braid on top. Seat gone? Salvage the part from another partially ruined pair and whip it on. Legs torn? Amputate them and flaunt the frayed edges. Color faded out? Groovy. Dirty? Wash them next week (or the week after). The tattered look of raveled, beat-up, falling-apart jeans became another form of protest, another nose-thumbing at the world of materialism and status dressing.

And once more it happened. Fashion slyly co-opted its opposition.

Machine-embroidered patches were manufactured by the millions to be sewn over nonexistent holes by non-hippy high schoolers. Youngsters who had already learned to wear their new jeans into the bathtub to shrink them to a skintight fit, now threw in bleach to fade them, and if the bleach ate a hole or two in the fabric, so much the better. Rag peddlers had a field day as they separated out anything made of denim and sold it at a premium to boutiques and department stores.

Shop managers were dumbfounded when gritty, secondhand jeans outsold new ones, and at higher prices. A buyer at Bamberger's, a Newark, New Jersey department store, hired a local laundry to bleach and streak the store's $7.50 jeans at a cost of $.70 each. Then he priced the distressed pants at $10 and couldn't keep up with demand. The in-seams of grubby jeans were ripped out, a triangle of calico or non-matching denim inserted fore and aft and lo! a floor-length skirt. Female denim freaks made their own or paid high prices for this concoction. Specialty shops sprang up to hammer nailheads, studs, rivets in swirling patterns up and down the legs of jeans and across the back of matching jackets.

One day Judy Blau, a young Westchester County mother and painter, persuaded her seven-year-old son to remove his pet frog from the pocket of his jeans by painting a bright green frog on the outside of the pocket. A few days later she painted a swimmer on her twelve-year-old daughter's jacket. Her neighbors wanted their jeans decorated, too. Suddenly she was in business, charging from $25 to $100 for her acrylic designs. For the top price, customers got a gorilla hugging their blue denim legs.

In Middletown, Connecticut, fifteen-year-old Pleasant Gehman set up a jean-patching service called "Bottoms Up" and quickly earned $400 embroidering cuffs, studding seams and retreading derrieres. Dozens of other young artists changed from canvas to denim and found a market for Marilyn Monroe on a jacket, the wearer's own portrait, a comic-strip character or even an obscene message.

"Denim has become a living collage," observed Stephen Bruce, co-owner of Serendipity 3, a New York shop which last fall opened an exhibition of street-people-and-celebrity jeans under the title, "Rebirth of the Blues." Fans almost tore apart Sal Mineo's patchwork pants, James Dean's authentic jeans, Cher's micro-mini denim skirt and a hodgepodge of denim garments wildly trimmed with mink, maribou, sequins, ruffles and antique lace.

By this time, denim was popping up everywhere—tote bags, automobile upholstery, boots, jewelry, umbrellas, sheets. An edition of the Bible bound in blue denim quickly sold 75,000 copies. Ad agencies place jean-clad models in advertisements for cosmetics, dog food, liquor, soup, airlines, detergents, and cameras to convey a youthful, with-it image. The Denim Council, a trade group which promotes the fabric, awarded a $500 prize to an ad for—of all things!—diamonds. It

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Sitting pretty on denim in a "Blue Jeans Gremlin" is the way car designers have put the old cowboy pants back on the trail.

showed a $1,500 brooch pinned on the cuff of a $15 denim jacket. The art director came to collect his prize, wearing jeans.

In no time at all the denim phenomenon leaped the oceans to change the way of dress of the entire world. Europeans and Japanese had bought their first jeans as military surplus after World War II and the Korean War. These garments were entirely utilitarian, as were the jeans that clothed the whole world's student body. The fun began when reruns of old Hollywood Westerns and made-in-Italy "spaghetti Westerns" filled the late hours of TV. Europeans had always thrilled to the lore of America's wild west. Now they had a chance to live it.

German businessmen, French shopkeepers, Spanish bankers, on weekends and holidays, cast aside their serious dark suits and wriggled into jeans to indulge their fantasies of cowboys.

Governments might engage in anti-American politics, but whole populations pulled on pro-American pants. Levi Strauss moved into the overseas market in the 1960's, first exporting, then manufacturing abroad. The company now has offices in thirty-five countries and plants in twelve, and its international division accounts for more than one-quarter of its total $750 million in yearly sales. Blue Bell, Inc., of Greensboro, North Carolina, the second largest American jeans manufacturer which calls its product Wranglers, markets its output in eighty-five countries and produces in seventeen, including the islands of Malta and Gozo in the Mediterranean.

Countries, like individuals, have a way of stamping their own personalities on the jeans they wear. For example, England's most recent best-seller has been faded corduroy, with the craze for second-hand jeans on the wane. "That's because the wearer's own jeans are now getting old enough to look fashionably tatty," explains Tony Hubbard, manager of a Chelsea shop, the Jean Machine.

In Denmark, baggy styles and broad cuffs are the vogue and the prewashed look so popular that, as one salesman puts it, "Customers rush out of the store with jeans still dripping from the laundry." In nearby Norway, however, where twenty different brands are on sale, hip-hugging flares are preferred.

Italians like the elegance of well-cut jeans in velvet, corduroy and gabardine. Of the twenty million pairs sold last year, only one in four was denim. "The secondhand look here is now a character in search of a play," one dealer reports. Youngsters in northern Spain like wide-legged styles, while Catalans choose very narrow ones just short of the ankle. One very popular model is made with hems unsewn to give a frayed look. Naturally, it costs more. In Mexico, the jeans cult is just getting underway. Fifteen factories in Colombia, South America, turn out seven million pairs a year and even export to Europe and the United States. Argentinians, who love faded jeans for leisure, were recently startled by reports of a blue-jeans wedding in Cordoba.

In Holland, the jeans capital of Europe, where 40 percent of the population is reported to wear them daily, the prime minister and the three little sons of Crown Princess Beatrix are often seen in jeans. Amsterdam's flea market boasts the world's most tattered jeans; despite ravels and holes, they are snapped up at $1.50 a pair to be converted into shorts, knapsacks and skirts. Last year there was a rash of weddings with both bride and groom saying their vows in jeans.

The energy crisis has already boomed sales in Germany. "When people are worried about their jobs and their income," a manufacturer points out, "they buy fewer clothes and what they buy must last. That's good for jeans business." Whites, greens and powder blues are in demand.

The Japanese prefer to buy new jeans that are prewashed with ironed-in creases, as if just back from the laundry, possibly because their first ones were laundered GI castoffs. American exports are specially styled country by country for differing Oriental body contours. Short-legged Japanese women like long-legged jeans to wear with super-high heels and towering platform sandals. Nailhead and embroidered styles were a flop in Hong Kong, but a local brand called Jeans East is a fast seller in high-waisted, well-tailored styles.

In Australia, 80 percent of all pants sold are jeans or jeans type; flared legs are preferred to straight; and an absolutely subversive idea has taken hold—colorfast blue dye for a non-fade look. (In the United States, several years ago an ambitious textile chemist labored overtime and weekends on his own to perfect a non-fading indigo. When he unveiled his sensational new dye that would retain its color for life, his employers laughed. "Forget it," they told him. "You've just invented something nobody wants.")

A West German psychologist explains that the craze for jeans is based upon a need for a uniform binding people together at a time when so much is keeping them apart.

But leave it to the French, with fashion in their blood, to hook up jeans with haute couture. Cardin and Givenchy gave denim the cachet of high style. Yves St. Laurent devoted part of a collection to variation on the jeans theme. The French teamed denim with fur—even costly sable. The beautiful people could hardly wait to pay $100 for a pair of couturier pants copied from an $8 mail-order pair. New Man, a top French brand, fancy and tight-fitting, made its initial splash in red velvet. The late President Georges Pompidou ordered his in elegant leather.

Lolling on the beach at St. Tropez a few seasons back in jeans sun-faded to a soft powder blue, movie star Brigitte Bardot started the jeans madness off in a new direction: high-style bleach-outs. That pale Bardot blue is currently the hot color all over the world both in genuine jeans and in jeans-inspired sportswear.

Customers love the new pales because they reek of what fashion writers call "throwaway chic"; manufacturers, because they help solve a chronic scarcity problem. For soaring demand—more people, more people wearing jeans and more people wearing jeans longer as the addicted young carry their habit into their middle years—has created shortages in both indigo dye and in denim itself. The dye, once brewed from the indigo plant grown in U.S. cotton country, but now synthesized by Allied Chemical, simply cannot be produced fast enough to keep up with worldwide needs. A shift to lighter shades at the manufacturing stage, rather than in the home bathtub or local laundry, means a stretching out of indigo supplies or even a change to other dyes.

As for the denim shortage, it represents a real crunch. Denim is truly a unique textile. It is a twilled cotton or cotton and polyester with warp or lengthwise yard dyed indigo (less often, black or green) and white, gray or tinted yarn used for filler in the crosswise direction. For most fabrics, yarn is spun in one factory, cloth woven in another and dyed in still another. But denim is completely fabricated under one roof with bales of cotton entering the mill at one end, bolts of denim leaving at the other. The process is extremely intricate and requires advanced skills of weaving and dyeing that take years to acquire. What's more, the work is dirty and exhausting, the noise ear-splitting.

If the labor shortage were not enough to make textile companies hesitate about building new denim mills, the expense would stop them. "A complete new facility costs from $25 to $30 million," explains Robert Koon, chairman of the Denim Council. "There's a two-year wait for delivery of equipment, and when the mill is finished, there's nothing you can do with it but make denim."

Beyond all other obstacles to increased production, denim people have a special nightmare of their own: Will the fashion world wake up one morning to find jeans as obsolete as the Nehru jacket, the derby and the bustle? Textile concerns are understandably reluctant to bet $25 million that this can't or won't happen. Besides, they're reasonably happy with the way things are, knowing their output is presold a solid year in advance.

As for the jeans makers and sellers, they agree that fashion is fickle. But they seem to have unlimited faith in the long-range staying power of those tough pants that Levi invented. After all, hasn't Yale law professor Charles Reich said that jeans "express freedom and wholeness of self," and isn't that what everyone craves these days? Didn't a West German psychoanalyst explain that people want jeans because they have become a uniform that binds humans together at a time when so much is keeping them apart?

In Italy a recent billboard showed the Creator, as depicted by Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel ceiling, handing Adam a pair of Levi's. Plenty of jeans around these days look that old. But old or new, glorified or plain, maybe they will succeed where statesmanship has failed, as inhabitants of this embattled planet, still unable to speak the same language, at least agree to wear the same pants. ⁂

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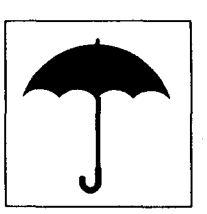

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GEORGE WASHINGTON, YOU WERE OVERPAID!

By Robert Keith Gray

Robert Keith Gray, a Washington government-relations counsellor, served in the Eisenhower Administration as Appointments Secretary to the President and later as Secretary of the Cabinet. He is the author of "Eighteen Acres Under Glass," a report on the Eisenhower years.

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A kingly salary for the first President of the United States—particularly in pre-income tax time. But why not? George Washington was President and leader of the new nation and was—

- accountable to the 3,929,214 citizens who were the United States of America;
- responsible for the proper performance of three Cabinet departments and nearly 1,000 government employees;
- in charge of the country's foreign policy in relations with the seven other countries who were brave enough to recognize our new fledgling government;
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For a salary worth far less than George Washington's dollars in 1789, today's President accepts the global responsibilities of the single most important individual on earth and—

- gives direction to a federal establishment of nearly 5 million civilian and military whose combined payroll is almost $5 billion;
- is held accountable for the actions of those he directs;
- directs U.S. diplomatic relations with 127 nations (12 of them added since he took office);
- deals with 50 state governors and 535 Members of Congress;
- and is accountable to a constituency of over 212 million.

The presidency was slow gaining the momentum which accounts for its crushing burden today. In 1789 George Washington approved 54 public laws and issued 3 Executive Orders. Thirty years later the numbers were up to 76 and 4 respectively. William Howard Taft approved 297 public bills and drafted 165 Executive Orders; Franklin Roosevelt 501 and 287. By the end of World War II the number of public laws, proclamations, private bills, treaties, Executive Orders and correspondence requiring action had reached the average of 600 signatures a day.

Abraham Lincoln opened and answered presidential mail by hand, but twenty letters was a heavy day. Last year the White House mailrooms received an avalanche of over two million pieces of mail, not all of it addressed to the President but a surprising amount indirectly if not directly requiring a presidential decision or reply.

Because of its importance to the nation and because it can reflect adversely on the President and his administration, searching out appropriate people for important military and civilian jobs is a trying responsibility which consumes a large portion of the Commander-in-Chief's time. In his last year in office, George Washington submitted 85 nominations to the Senate. In 1973 the President nominated 68,080.

Washington superintended nine agencies, Theodore Roosevelt twenty, Herbert Hoover forty-six, Franklin Roosevelt sixty-three. Today's President is responsible for more agencies, bureaus, commissions and departments than the total of government employees under Washington.

Before the Civil War it was not unusual for there to be only one press correspondent in Washington at a time. When Taft was President

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he wandered into the small room assigned to the press, found no one there and laid on the desks the announcement he had appointed Charles Evans Hughes to the Supreme Court. Dealing with today's press takes a heftier slice of the presidential time. Today there are 1,400 accredited to the White House press corps and in 1973 the President issued 1,217 press releases to them.

The presidency demands weekend meetings, early-morning breakfasts, late-evening conferences. Not until Herbert Hoover did a U.S. President have a telephone on his desk! Now a staff of twenty full-time operators is needed to handle the calls of the President and those responsible to him. Today's President can never get away from his telephone. In his airplane, in his car, even on the fairways for a precious moment of relaxation, Secret Service men carry a walkie-talkie concealed in a golf bag so he always will be accessible. It is the never-ending routine, day after day after day, for the President.

The President's nights are the daylight, business hours in more than half the foreign nations with which he deals and too few of his nights are uninterrupted by calls from overseas of developments needing his attention. When the President is away a courier plane leaves each night for the capital with the products of his efforts during the day. The next morning it returns with a new work load. Whether a President is out of the city or out of the country, the paperwork of government continues. Much of it chases him wherever he goes, mounds of it await his return.

Visitors go gravely but anxiously into the President's office. One can almost see weighty problems on their shoulders. When they come out—cheerful, pleased, relaxed—it is clear what they have done. They have left their problems on the President's desk. Too much of the final burden of government must rest with the President. He is the man who must make the ultimate decision, whom history holds responsible.

Last year 18,041 Americans reported salaries greater than that of the President of the United States. Heads of corporations like General Motors, Ford, ITT, along with the heads of dozens of other American corporations, received salaries four and five times that of the President of the U.S. and have scores of assistants paid more than he.

And gratuitously added is the service of members of his family who make continuous public appearances, give public speeches, receive delegations, make awards, and give up their privacy.

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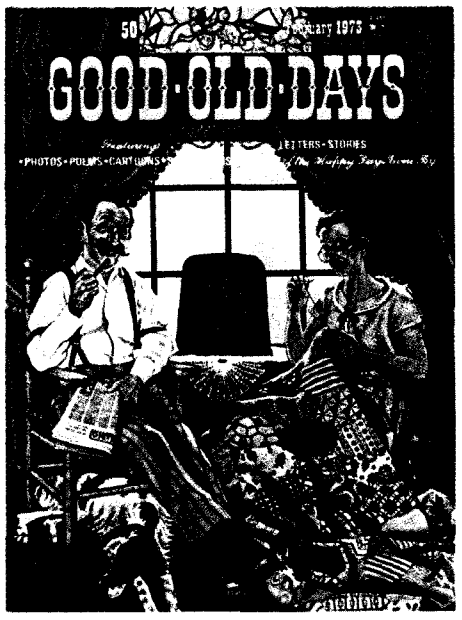

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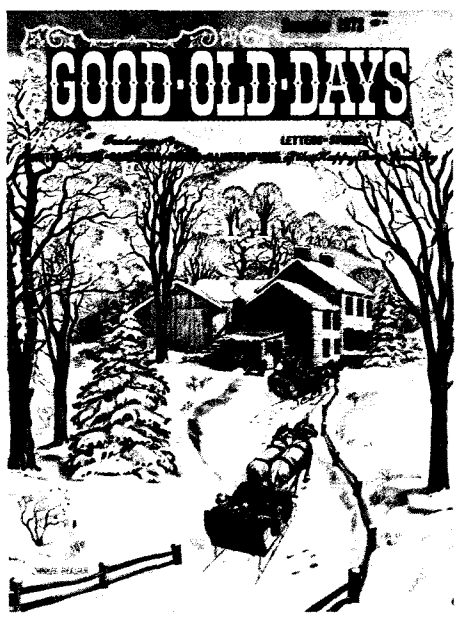
M.J.P. West New York, N.J.



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- Straw ticks & feather beds
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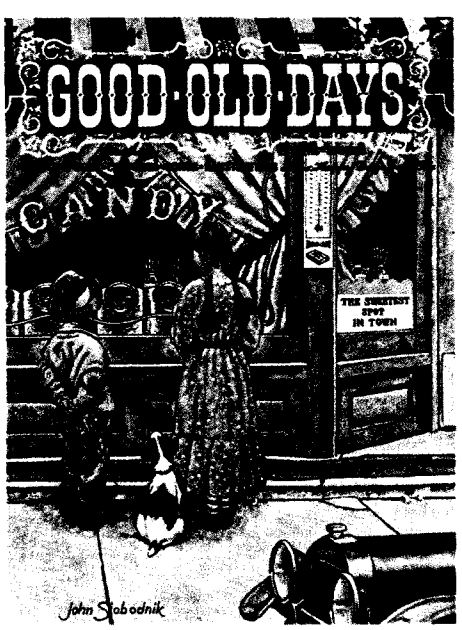
- Shoe factory work in the 20's
- 1st women's lib — 1910 —
- Durable doll of yesterday



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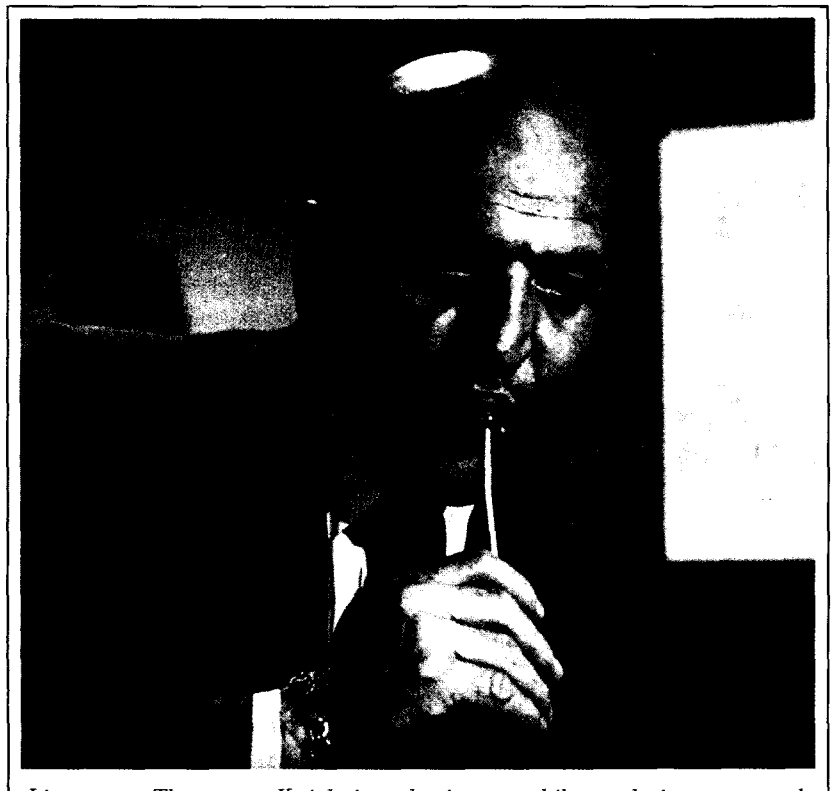

Lieutenant Theocrates Kojak, in a classic pose while pondering a new angle in one of his crime thrillers, sucks on a Tootsie-Pop. Telly Savalas, a one-time bureaucrat, has made Kojak the most popular of the cop-show heroes.

KOJAK: BAD GUY MAKES GOOD

The Telly Savalas telly series opens up new territory on the side of the law.

By Benjamin Stein

Benjamin Stein regularly reviews books and occasionally writes articles on TV programs for the Post. *At one time he taught media subjects at the University of California at Berkeley and at American University in Washington, D.C., and he has been a frequent contributor of articles on television and film to other national publications.*

Out of a television screen in which everyone looks as if he or she were born and lived to do only one thing—be a plasticized, emotionless television actor or actress—has come a seething, furious character who bubbles with the anger and warmth of real life. He has seen the seamiest underside of criminal life and it has wounded him, but he keeps coming back for more.

Theocrates Kojak is a Lieutenant of Detectives in Manhattan, and every day he sees people so shot up on heroin that their veins look like ropes. The experience has made him hard, but not so hardened that he doesn't itch to get his hands on the dope pushers and put them away for keeps.

Every day he sees the victims of a violent death and a wasted life, but he keeps thinking that he can do something about it and he keeps trying. And to keep his sanity in an insane world, he has a sense of humor.

Theocrates Kojak is the hero of a CBS-TV series called "Kojak," and he is the hottest thing to come down the electronic pike in quite a while. In an average week, over thirty-five million Americans watch him. He is as bald as an egg, plump, and forty-eight years old. And he is about the biggest sex symbol that has been seen on television in many years.

He is Telly Savalas, villain in innumerable old television shows and movies, and now making the biggest of the big time in television. Like his character, Telly Savalas is different from most people in his line of work. He did a number of things before he entered show business, and they gave him a view of human life that few actors ever get.

Savalas spent years as a civil servant for a branch of the State Department. Perhaps that helps him to play so well the frustrated bureaucrat which is part of every cop.

As a child, Savalas went from riches to poverty to riches again. Perhaps that helps him to understand how people at all levels of humanity live and to have sympathy and empathy for them—unless they cross the line into the heedlessly cruel world of the leaders of organized crime.

Telly Savalas's Kojak is a seasoned big-city cop. He is not a Boy Scout. He passes by the small-time bookies, broken-down prostitutes, and thieves to get at the big shots. No other television detective but Kojak would engage in small talk with a prostitute while she was nodding on heroin in order to learn from her where the big man in the operation is.

But Kojak knows what counts and what doesn't, and more important, he tries to know what can be changed and what can't. He tries, but sometimes it still gets to him.

Kojak can get angry, and when he's angry, he shows it because, above all, he is a living, breathing human being who has feeling for his colleagues.

In one episode, a cop on his squad is blown out of this world by shotgun-wielding gangsters. When the man from the morgue seems to be hesitating in telling Kojak how he died, Kojak barks at him:

"C'mon, Prince, that's not yesterday's garbage they just hauled away. That's one dead cop."

With his tough-guy dialogue and mannerisms, Kojak could be a lineal descendant of the detectives of Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and Ross Macdonald. Like them, he is a man who walks down mean streets, but is not himself mean. He is a knight without armor in a savage land, but a knight who can be savage.

But in place of their laconic, matter-of-fact way of looking at even the most gruesome event, Kojak often is like some primal force that has been thrown forth from the very earth to wreak havoc among the forces that terrorize society.

In one scene he can be like Philip Marlowe, making a grim joke about a colleague who had been killed. The dead man's partner is grief-stricken, talking about the dead man's ambition—

"Eddie wanted to make the first edition. . . ."

(Script directions—"Kojak peers at him, understanding and yet not understanding.") Then Kojak says, "Yeah, well, don't put a scab on it. . . . He made it."

But then later Kojak's fury grows, and as he makes plans for how he is going to find the killer,

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he suddenly loses his cool—Kojak: "It's not enough! Once, just once, I'd like to see somebody else grab the check . . . let those crumbs know we don't come cheap!"

(Script directions—"Kojak's moving now, moving restlessly through the ranks of his troops, darkly scowling, each word a poisoned epithet.")

Kojak: "Yeah, stick *them* with the tab for a change. Pressure, that's the answer. Pressure every button man and foot soldier, every shylock, cat burglar, pimp and fence, every bagman, bookie, policy runner and dip . . . hit 'em hard! If they sneeze in the subway, bust their chops! If they ask for the time of day, book 'em as a public nuisance! Broadcast the message loud and clear: this is how it's going to be until Eddie Ryan's killer's in the tomb!"

Then Kojak can abruptly shift gears and be the wisecracking cynic again. When he learns that a hired killer named Solly has just killed two people, "Dead approximately one hour—one slug to a customer, small bore," Kojak can remark, "Waste not, want not. Solly the conservationist."

It is this human quality of changeability that the fans love—plus the lingo. There is more slang and down-to-earth language on "Kojak" than on every other detective show on television put together. When Kojak wants to describe how dark an alley was, he cracks, "In the alley it was so dark you couldn't find your mouth with a five-dollar pizza."

Another time, when a colleague suggests to another policeman that they call for some help, the latter says, "And do what—throw a Tupperware Party when they get here?"

When Kojak is in the presence of a gangster who he knows is guilty, but somehow he cannot get his hands on him, all the anger and frustration come to the surface and he is at his best—rage, lingo, and humanity.

In one episode, after a cop has been killed, Kojak goes to visit the head of the outfit that did the killing. The script directions sum up the scene perfectly as he enters the apartment of De Cicco, the gangster—"Kojak's ready wit and sardonic humor should not be mistaken for carefree levity. A cop is dead, and beneath the surface of his words, a broiling fury churns. . . . At any moment, Vesuvius may erupt."

Kojak: "Well, well, such astonishment. Such mute surprise. Now why in the world would a Lieutenant of Detectives come calling at such an unseemly hour?"

De Cicco: "Hello, Kojak."

Kojak: "*Lieutenant* Kojak, cockroach!"

Kojak's episodes all have a certain similarity, as do all great detective stories. Kojak always has

Continued on page 22

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Time to Run

America's foremost evangelist makes a movie to touch young people.

Roger C. Palms is assistant editor of Decision *Magazine. Prior to joining the staff of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association in 1973 he was University Baptist Chaplain at Michigan State University. He is author of two books,* The Jesus Kids *and* The Christian and the Occult, *published by Judson Press. He has also contributed articles to many Christian journals and periodicals.*

Editor's Note: *When word was received at the* Post *that a motion picture had been produced to speak the language of the young in terms of their own problems, that its theme was that of divine love, and that this picture was about to be run at "popular prices" (a term reserved largely for the use of Hollywood producers rather than consumers), the magazine immediately dispatched its most unflappable, hard-nosed, fact-finding editor to a preview of* Time to Run. *He returned to the editorial offices not precisely a new man—which might have been desirable in some aspects—but at least softened in heart, inspired in degree, and filled with admiration for the film and its theme. Out of this grew the accompanying article, written by the assistant editor of* Decision, *a magazine published by the same organization, the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, which produced the picture. The ability of the producers to take a theme of the spirit and to project it with the expertise of the most experienced Hollywood studios is a matter for high admiration and sincere congratulations. The* Post *is proud to review this motion picture and to applaud its purpose.*

* * *

What's going on at the movies?

In Columbus, Ohio, a theater manager admits he groaned when he learned that *Time to Run* was scheduled for his house, but after he saw the film he went into his office and cried. "I never felt so beautiful," he said, "or so humble in the face of God."

A separated couple saw the movie on the same night, met afterward at the front of the theater, and pledged to start their married life anew.

One hundred Minneapolis businessmen bought 10,000 tickets to give away to their employees, to drug and alcohol treatment centers, to homes for unwed mothers, to community coordinators and to other businessmen. Why? What's it all about?

Time to Run is a World Wide Pictures production that reaches past the visual and the physical to the heart, pulling the viewer toward a new level of life commitment. It's the story of a young man on the run and the Hound of Heaven who won't give up the chase.

Jeff Cole is traveling alone through the days and nights of his lifetime, unable to communicate with his establishment-type father. The conflict is immediate and the walls are high. "What we're really talking about is your image. That image is tarnished, Daddy; I don't know what I am, but I'm not one of your machines."

But Jeff is also alienated from himself. His girl friend, Michelle, pinpoints it: "There is a big hole in you and every time you can't fill it you explode against someone."

Time to Run is a love story with a deeper dimension of love. Jeff and Michelle are real and so is their love and their pain. Our emotions join theirs whether they are running hand in hand through the fields or she is agonizing over Jeff's searching: "I have so much more love to give him now, and he is miles away and he can't see it."

Jeff is running but so are his mother and dad. So are the street people in the film. In a sense *Time to Run* is the story of everyone who is running. Identification is no problem; we hear ourselves in the dialogue, feel the hurt, the warmth, the laughter and the love. We tense at the suspense, not so much because someone may lose his life but rather because we see someone in the process of finding it.

A glance through the letter files at World Wide Pictures gives a hint about the film's effect on the public. "I saw it with my roommate. I was speechless for ten minutes after."

"It was a realistic picture of society and its attitudes. I expected a dull, one-sided film. I was surprised."

Director Jim Collier teamed up with writer Alan Sloane to achieve *Time to Run.* Collier has won several film festival awards, including the Atlanta Film Festival for World Wide's production of *His Land.* As a result he was tapped to produce *The Going Up of David Lev,* a television special with Claire Bloom and Topol, commemorating Israel's twenty-fifth anniversary.

Sloane recently won two Emmys for his scripting of *Teacher-Teacher* and *To All My Friends on Shore.* In *Time to Run* Collier and Sloane draw on the creative work of Tedd Smith who as composer, pianist and recording artist has nine original songs in the film. Smith is also the pianist for the Billy Graham team.

Together they have produced a film that is unashamedly Christian. Employees at the Disney studios in Burbank, California, often walked over to World Wide to watch the filming of *Time to Run.* Why was it so different? Where else in the film industry do people pray about the shooting of each scene? Their praying was not so much for the production of a cinematographic prize, but that the film communicate the love of God to people. The result is a refreshingly honest film. They show, as well as tell, the outcome of a human struggle in a personal experience with Jesus Christ.

Randall Carver, who played a minor role in *Midnight Cowboy,* is known mostly for his television guest appearances on "The Waltons," "Room 222," and "Alias Smith and Jones." *Time to Run* is his first big break in motion pictures.

Barbara Sigel, a runner-up in the 1968 Miss Teen-age America Pageant, has credits in "Marcus Welby," "Ironside," "Emergency," "The Lawyers," "Matt Lincoln," and "The Senator." She played the continuing role as Lloyd Bridges's daughter in "San Francisco International Airport." Her lead in *Time to Run* won her the nomination for the 1973 Golden Globe Award as "Newcomer of the Year."

Joan Winmill, portraying Jeff's mother, plays her first major role since 1957 when she starred in *Souls in Conflict,* filmed in her native London.

Warren Cole, Jeff's insensitive father, is in fact Ed Nelson, the veteran movie and television actor who was chosen "TV Father of the Year" in 1968 by the national Father's Day committee. His credits include the motion picture *Judgment at Nuremberg* and the TV series "Peyton Place" in which he played Dr. Michael Rossi.

Wrapped up in an entertainment piece, *Time to Run* is a healing agent that is drawing people together in life the same way that Jeff and his dad were drawn together in the film story. It's a spiritual pilgrimage, maturely handled, for the sophisticated moviegoer who no longer dodges the struggles and questions of the honest seeker.

Screening *Time to Run* normally takes a year of preparation. When the film shows in Detroit this October, and then in other cities later, the publicity, tickets, and theater reservations will

---

Time to Run *is a motion picture sponsored by the Billy Graham organization in an effort to reach young people as well as their elders through a highly contemporary and dramatic medium. Billy Graham himself appears in a moving sequence of the picture. This photograph is not from the movie, but was taken exclusively for the* Post *at the Billy Graham family retreat in Montreat, North Carolina. Above the fireplace, the words: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."*

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have been arranged far in advance by local committees.

The public is responding. In the first three months of this year 1,791,000 people saw the movie. What happens to them is significant.

Counselors, trained for several weeks in advance of the showings, are able to announce at the close of the film that before the people go home, those who want answers for their own running are invited to come to the front of the theater. There they will be helped to make the same kind of discoveries that Jeff Cole made. And they are coming in large numbers.

In one six-month period 250,000 people talked to counselors after seeing *Time to Run.* Each was given a booklet entitled *Steps to Peace with God,* published by the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. They signed a card which was mailed to World Wide Pictures. Afterward they received Bible study helps.

World Wide Pictures, a film arm of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, is a ministry designed to take the healing message of the love of God to people where they are. The first World Wide films were shown in churches and at youth rallies. Then in 1964, with *The Restless Ones,* World Wide launched into feature length films for distribution in major public theaters.

Like the other World Wide Picture productions, *Time to Run* has been translated into Japanese, Spanish, French, and German, and shown in over thirty countries.

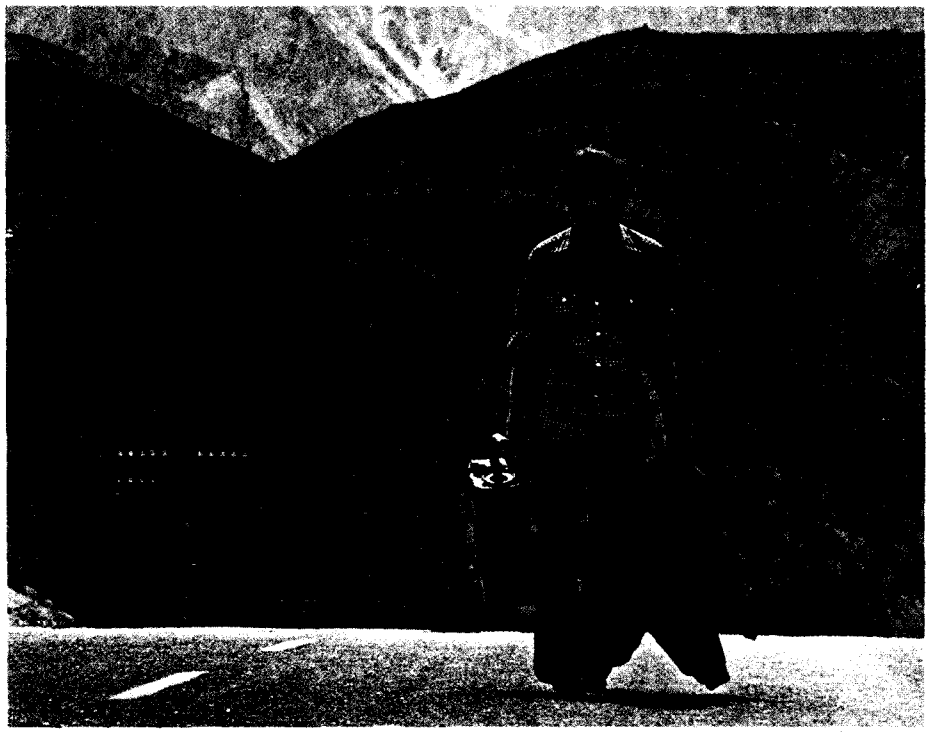
Time to Run is no thinly plotted, ragtag film. When people leave the theater they do not quickly forget what they saw or felt. Resolution, harmony, social change, and love are vital to life, and anyone sitting through *Time to Run* realizes that this hits them where they are. The lines are too poignant to forget: "If you want to live a life away from God, go ahead. You cannot escape; you can try, but you can't."

We all want to be free, we want to stop running, we want to know the liberty of believing and we want to know that reconciliation has come to our lives. We have said, as Jeff says, "Everything has been up for review." And for most of us tears will come when, in response to Michelle's statement, "He's the Hound of Heaven; He knows when you stop running," Jeff announces, "Well, I guess the chase is over."

Is it creative drama, or is it real life on the screen? A glance at changes between the script written and the dialogue spoken shows that these actors are experiencing, not playing. They've used their own words.

Because *Time to Run* is that kind of film, people who see it are discovering a purpose and wholeness that they didn't know before. Alienated families are coming together. Destroyed men and women are being bound up. See it, and you will find out what Billy Graham means when at the close of the movie he says, "In your heart you will know." ✠

The picture Time to Run *centers around a young Jeff Cole's difficulty in communicating with his parents, and even with his sweetheart, Michelle. He is moody, unhappy, even dangerously antisocial. She has found the answer for herself in spiritual values, but Jeff struggles against that as a path for himself. Below, he hits the road in rebellion. Michelle finds him, and they share a few idyllic moments. At length, Jeff is convinced that perhaps so many young people, gathering together in the name of divine love, may be right. He accepts the rule of love for himself, and this brings him to an understanding and puts him at peace with his family in the end.*



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KOJAK

continued from page 17

a visceral feeling that he knows who the killer is, but he has a hard time getting a handle on him. There are legal technicalities, dead witnesses, missing evidence. Kojak must come up with some ingenious way to trap the killer. In doing so, he doesn't always play strictly by the rules.

In one episode, in return for his help in catching a notorious hired killer, he lets a jewel thief simply walk away. He will use the dregs of society as bait, and while he shows remorse if they are killed, he has a feeling that they would not have lived long anyway.

For Kojak, as for Telly Savalas, not all lives are equally valuable. He is no sociologist or psychiatrist. If someone is a killer, he is bad and he has to be dealt with accordingly. There is good and evil in Kojak's universe, just as there is in Telly Savalas's.

"Everyone's done something a little bit crooked," says Savalas. "But when I see people get violent with other people, I really get mad. It really gets to me."

The "Kojak" series was born out of a movie made for television in which Telly Savalas played a detective who solved a particularly grisly pair of rape-slayings. That movie, *The Marcus Nelson Murders*, was based loosely on the famous Supreme Court case known popularly as "Miranda," in which the Supreme Court held that the police must tell a suspect of his rights at the time he is arrested on pain of having any subsequently gathered evidence found inadmissible.

Many people did not like that decision. Kojak is not enthusiastic about the rights of criminals either. A look through many scripts finds no evidence of Kojak's reading any suspect his rights. And certainly a criminal lawyer would find much to complain about in Kojak's technique. The fans, however, love it, and Telly Savalas agrees with them. "When you've got a guy dead to rights, I can't see letting him off on a technicality. It makes me mad."

"Kojak," for all of its pluses, is marked with some of the seemingly indelible flaws of television cops-and-robbers drama. The criminals are always high-living, rich, brutal people. Their victims are always saintly police or down-and-outers trying to make good in a hard world. The real essence of crime which grips America today, the poverty-stricken individual robbing or killing out of individual madness and frustration, simply does not appear on television, even on this most realistic of all television police shows. There is simply more drama to be made of the fight between good and evil when good is poor but honest and evil is rich and decadent. The pattern of the rich lawbreaker being beaten by the lower-middle-class but scrupulously honest cop was set in the movies of the 1930's and it has not been broken since. Kojak keeps up the habit as the tough but honest cop.

* * *

But there is another side to Kojak and to Telly Savalas too. Each week over a hundred letters come in to him at Universal Studios. Some letters actually read like this:

"Dear Pussy Cat, I have fallen in love with you. I love your eyes, your nose, your cheeks, your ears—the whole works!"

This particular correspondent has noticed that Kojak sucks Tootsie-Pops (to keep from smoking), and she likes that too.

"I have asked my husband if I could save enough money to fly to Hollywood and if you would allow me a bit part, not wanting any compensation, just a walk-on, not even a Tootsie-Pop. (I'm diabetic.) Could I go? My husband says no. He always says no."

That is not an unusual letter for Kojak. Another notes, "Your 'Kojak' series is fantastic. And seeing you every week now, sweetie, I love you and think I probably always have. . . . What prompted this letter was a dream I had about you in sleep. It was such a delightful dream that I awoke with a smile."

The letters are not simply love letters. They also talk about the show, and sometimes they sum it up beautifully.

"Dear Telly Savalas: I love the way Kojak has been shaping up lately—he is becoming much more warm and human, but I don't doubt for a minute that he has guts. Keep up the good work, you big beautiful hunk of man."

Why do the girls love Kojak? Telly Savalas thinks he knows: "It's not anything physical. It's my personality. They know that I would always have something interesting to say to them."

Maybe so, but somehow one doubts that Bertrand Russell got letters like that. Telly Savalas simply has an animal physical presence—the most dangerous shark in the pack—that transforms him from being just another television cop and makes him a star. He has that elusive quality which is like life, only more so.

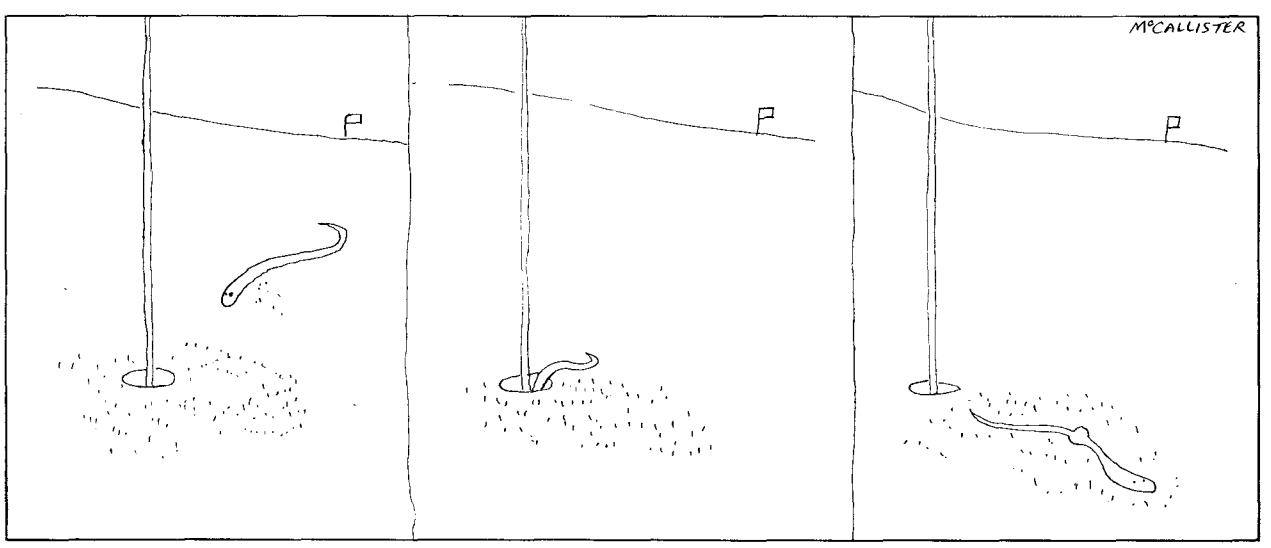
Like other stars too, Kojak personifies the hopes and wishes of his fans. In a society which is increasingly impersonal, Kojak is on a first-name basis with everyone he meets. For example, with those he hates, there is complete informality, even if it is the casualness of shared hatred.

"I hate supercops," says Telly Savalas, and in fact, he is only partly a supercop. He is not invulnerable. Things hurt him, and he has a sadistic streak in him too. He wants the people who torment society to be tormented themselves. When he is tougher than the tough, he is gathering into himself the wishes and fantasies of all of us who want to be tough in a world which respects only toughness. But when we see him suffer, he is still one of us, suffering as we do at brutality and waste of human life. He suffers like us, but he transforms his suffering into a fury that works to keep criminals at bay. When he walks into a room, the thugs feel scared. They look scared. They are scared. And what television fan would not like to be able to scare a thug just by walking into a room? Who does not sometimes envy a shark?

Kojak cannot do it by himself. The shows are beautifully written. At their best they are as good reading as any hard-boiled detective story. The conversation crackles. The script directions are vivid and set a mood which meshes perfectly with the dialogue. A collection of them would be a minor classic of the screenwriter's craft.

But Kojak is the character who makes it all come together. He knows when to underplay and when to lay it on thick. He has lived among people and he has acted among actors, and he molds the two experiences to present a character, a persona, who is of life, but larger than life. "Kojak" is an exhilarating show, a small island of life and heart in a huge sea of plastic.

And "Kojak" is Telly Savalas. Without him, there could no more be a successful "Kojak" than there could be a successful *Hamlet* without the melancholy Dane. He is flesh and blood coming at us out of the television screen, and he is a rare gift to television and its armies of viewers.



HOW TO LEAD A STAINLESS LIFE

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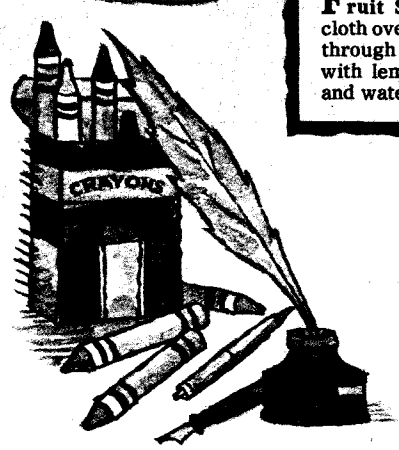
SPOTS & STAINS

HOW TO LEAD A STAINLESS LIFE



Acid Stains: Rinse with water immediately. Then apply ammonia (to neutralize acid) and rinse again with water. If fabric changes color, apply white vinegar and rinse with water.
Adhesive Tape: Sponge with carbon tetrachloride in open air.
Alcoholic Beverage: Sponge with cold water, then glycerine and water. Before laundering, rinse with vinegar water.

Ballpoint Pen Ink: Pour denatured alcohol through cloth. Rub vaseline into stain. Rub fireproof Energine into stain. Soak in detergent solution and launder.
Blood: Soak in cold water for about a half hour. If stain remains, soak in lukewarm ammonia water (3 tablespoons of household ammonia per gallon of water). Alternative: Ordinary club soda. On thick fabrics, spread stain with paste of corn starch and water. Let dry and brush off.
Brass Tarnish: Clean and polish with BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. Makes your antique brass articles glisten and gleam like new.

Ceramic Smooth Top Ranges: Use trusted, non-abrasive BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove pot marks, food spills, coffee and tea stains.
Chocolate (also cocoa and candy): For washable fabrics, just launder. On others, rub glycerine into fabric and wash out with clear water.
Chewing Gum: Put article in plastic bag and place in freezer. Gum will come off with a flick of the finger. On washable fabrics, soften gum with egg white and launder.
Chrome (faucets, bumpers, grills, whistles, musical instruments): Shine and polish better than new by using BAR KEEPERS FRIEND.
Coffee: Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for at least 30 minutes. Work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.
Copper: Use BKF to renew the finish on your copper-bottomed cookware. Works quickly and effectively, without hard scouring.
Crayons: Loosen stain with kitchen shortening. Apply detergent, working until outline of stain is removed. Launder. On silk or wool, use fireproof Energine.

Dishwasher film: Add BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular washing cycle.
Dinginess of Fabrics: Use 3 tablespoons of BKF in your washing machine (BKF contains no phosphates and dissolves grease and dirt).

Egg: Sponge with cold water. If stain remains, work in a soap or detergent.
Eyebrow pencil or eye shadow: Rub in undiluted detergent or soap and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Fruit Stains (also berry): Stretch cloth over bowl and pour boiling water through it. If stain persists, sponge with lemon solution. Never use soap and water on fresh fruit stains.

Gravy/Meat Juice (greasy stains): Sponge in lukewarm water. Launder in warm soapy water. On some fabrics, it may be necessary to rub soap or detergent thoroughly into stain and allow to stand for several hours before rinsing.
Grass Stains: Work detergent into stains, then rinse. If safe for dye, sponge stain with alcohol solution (2 parts water, 1 part alcohol).

Honey (syrup): Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for 30 minutes. If trace remains, work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.
"Hard" Water Stains: Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove mineral deposits left in tubs, sinks, shower stalls, toilet bowls, etc.

Ice Cream: Sponge in cold water. Apply either neutral detergent solution or vinegar water.
Ink: Force water through stain. Then wash with soap or detergent several times. Then soak in warm suds containing 1 to 4 tablespoons of ammonia to a quart of water.

Ketchup: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Work in detergent and rinse.

Lipstick: Loosen stain with cold cream or glycerine. Wash as usual in undiluted detergent. If necessary, rubbing alcohol may be used, if safe for fabric.
Liquid Makeup: Dampen stain. Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Work in and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Mildew: Add ½ cup liquid Lysol to wash water in washing machine. On leather, sponge with 50% water and 50% rubbing alcohol.
Mustard: Work glycerine into stain. Launder. If stain persists, sponge with rubbing alcohol.
Milk: Launder washable fabrics with plenty of soap. Repeat, if necessary.

Nail Polish: If fabric is acetate, Arnel, Dynel or Verel, sponge stain with amyl acetate. On other fabrics use acetone.

Oil (fish, liver oil, linseed oil, machine oil, vegetable oil): Rub soap or detergent into stain and rinse with warm water. Or sponge with fireproof Energine.
Oxidation (of aluminum, chrome, copper, stainless steel, etc.): BAR KEEPERS FRIEND efficiently cleans and polishes all oxidized metal surfaces without hard scrubbing.

Paint: Treat immediately. No one method will remove all stains. For fresh stains, rub in soap or detergent and wash. If stain remains, sponge with turpentine. While stain is still wet with solvent, work soap or detergent into stain, put in hot water and soak overnight. Then wash again.
Pet "Stains": Wash with solution of ¼ cup salt to 1 pint water. Then with ammonia solution, 1 part ammonia to 20 parts water.

Rust (on almost anything): Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove rust stains from fabrics as well as from tools, toys, hardware, and other household items.

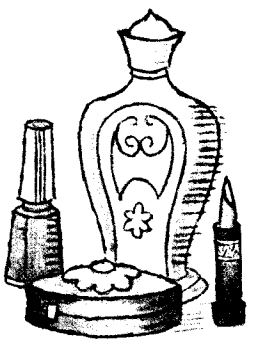
Soft Drinks: Sponge immediately with cool water. If persistent, sponge with alcohol solution. Rub in glycerine and rinse after 30 minutes.
Scorch: If light, wash with soap or detergent or wash with a small amount of chlorine bleach added to wash water. For heavier scorching, cover stain with cloth dampened with hydrogen peroxide. Cover with dry cloth and press with iron. Rinse.
Shoe Polish: Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Rinse. If necessary, sponge with rubbing diluted alcohol (30% solution).
Shellac: Sponge stain with alcohol, or soak in alcohol. Dilute alcohol with 2 parts water for use on acetate. If alcohol bleeds the dye, try turpentine.
Soup: Sponge with cool water. If stain remains, work in soap or detergent. Allow to dry. If greasy stain remains, sponge with Energine. If a colored stain remains after the fabric dries, use a chlorine or peroxygen bleach. Always test fabrics for color fastness first.

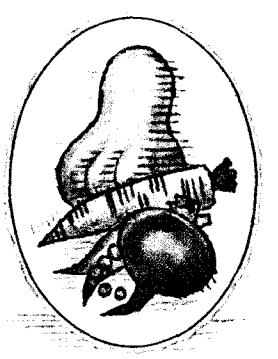
Tar: Scrape off as much as possible. Rub stain with petroleum jelly. Then sponge with cleaning fluid. Wash in warm, soapy water. Rinse.
Tomato: Sponge with cold water. Work glycerine into stain and let stand half hour. Sponge with soap and water.

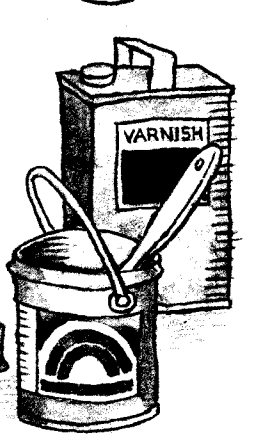
Varnish: Same as "Paint" above.
Vegetable Stains: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Then work in detergent and rinse.
Vomit: Sponge or soak in a solution of two quarts of cold water with half cup of salt. Rinse in clear water and wash with warm soapsuds.

Walnut Stain: Very difficult to remove. Boil washable articles in soap or detergent solution for fresh stains. If safe for fabric and stain remains, use chlorine or sodium perborate bleach treatment.
Wax (candle): Scrape off as much as possible. Place fabric between two paper towels and press with warm iron. Sponge final traces of oily stain with denatured alcohol and water (1 part alcohol, 2 parts water).
Wax (car, floor, furniture): Rub with soap or detergent and rinse with warm water. On some wash-wear fabrics, it may be necessary to let stand for several hours before rinsing and then laundering as usual. Sometimes you may need to use grease solvent.

Yellowing (fabrics): For general overall yellowing, add 3 tablespoons BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular wash. For localized unknown yellow-brown stains, make a paste of BKF and water, apply to stain and let stand few moments. Launder as usual.







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They're soft and comfortable because they absorb up to 55 percent of their weight in water.

SOFT CONTACT LENSES:

Since service in World War II, Lawrence Galton has been a full-time free-lance writer. Writing mostly on science, medicine and health, he has had over 500 articles published in national magazines and has authored or co-authored a number of books—three are currently in press. An alumnus of Columbia and Rutgers Universities, he has been a Visiting Professor at Purdue University over the past eleven years.

Among the 100 million Americans who require glasses are Joyce Bennett, a twenty-nine-year-old secretary who never did join the ranks of the bespectacled, and Arnold Geragh, a forty-one-year-old engineer who has recently relished leaving them. Both were equally averse to framed spectacles, if for different reasons. For Joyce, the thick-lensed glasses she needed represented a major cosmetic handicap, detracting so much from her appearance, she was convinced, that she had preferred to do without and move about handicapped in a world hazy beyond a few feet. She had made two efforts to wear contact lenses; it wasn't any use. For Geragh, glasses were something of a streaking, steaming, often misplaced nuisance, but the idea of contact lenses hadn't appealed to him; he hadn't even bothered to try them. Today, both are wearing the newest kind of contacts—tiny, soft, flexible plastic discs totally unlike their hard predecessors, remarkably easy to get used to, comfortable almost from the first.

Available only since 1971 for cosmetic use and more recently for therapeutic, the new lenses are already being worn by more than 300,000 Americans. And the number of wearers is increasing rapidly even though, at a cost of $275 to $375 a pair, the soft lenses are more expensive than hard lenses ($125 to $275) which, in turn, are more expensive than glasses.

Actually, upward of eight million Americans own previously available hard contact lenses, but not all have stayed in owners' eyes. Many are to be found in medicine cabinets and bureau drawers, discarded in frustration.

The idea, if not the actuality, of wearing contacts instead of spectacles has had great appeal to many people for many reasons. From the beginning, hard contact lenses were seized upon by actors, models and others for whom they had occupational value. Soon policemen and other outdoor workers were attracted to the lenses because they are unaffected by wind and weather, don't streak even in driving rain. They quickly appealed to others who wanted invisible vision correction for cosmetic reasons, and many who wore them successfully for the sake of appearance found them valuable for other reasons. Homemakers, for example, discovered that contacts don't steam up in the laundry, at the kitchen sink, or while bathing the baby. Because the lenses follow eye contours and eliminate the interference of frames, they provide a 15 percent wider field of vision, making it easier to see what is happening off to the sides of the road when driving.

And, of course, athletes—football players, basketball players, and others—took to contacts because the plastic lenses are virtually unbreakable and are protected by the bony structure around the eyes more effectively than eyeglasses can be protected by special headgear which, moreover, restricts the field of vision, while contacts add to it.

But hard contact lenses could present problems and in some cases the problems seemed in-

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THE EYES HAVE IT By Lawrence Galton

superable. It took four to five weeks or longer before a full day's wear became possible and there could be plenty of discomfort during that period. Some people experienced severe discomfort from the beginning that never did seem to decrease; they could not learn to tolerate the lenses.

Today, among those rushing to get fitted with the soft lenses are many who gave up on hard contacts as well as others who, warned off by tales of the difficulties, never even tried them.

"An advantage of the soft lens is that when it is inserted in the eye, the patient is comfortable—sometimes from the first moment, usually within half an hour, and almost certainly within the first day," says Dr. Jules L. Baum, Associate Professor of Ophthalmology at Tufts University School of Medicine, Boston.

Another advantage is that the soft lens is stable in the eye, difficult to dislodge even in rough contact sports; so it is less likely to produce that not unfamiliar scene: the game delayed, with players frozen in position to avoid stomping accidentally on a lost lens while its myopic owner scrabbles around for it.

What are the other advantages—and the disadvantages? Just how good are the soft lenses—and for what and whom? Are they the answer, finally, to the prayers of all spectacle wearers who would prefer to see and be seen without a prosthesis perched on the nose? Are there other, possibly more promising, advances on the way?

The soft lens is the latest development in a continuing evolution of contact lenses that has been going on for almost a century. Actually, the concept dates all the way back to 1508 when Leonardo da Vinci drew and described a tiny lens that strongly resembles some of the present-day ones. But it was not until 1887 that a German glass-eye manufacturer, F.A. Muller, fitted the first contact lens, a simple and large glass shell without refractive power, over an eye whose lid had been removed. A year later, a French scientist named Kalt discovered the principle that was to make possible the modern corneal lens. Kalt found that if a properly shaped moistened glass disc were placed on the cornea, the transparent "window" of the eye, it would be held there by the surface tension of the eye's natural moisture. But the glass Kalt used was far too heavy for comfort or safety.

For many years thereafter, most experiments were with scleral lenses about an inch in diameter which covered not only the cornea but much or most of the sclera, the white portion of the eye. But glass scleral lenses were too uncomfortable to be practical. With the introduction of plastics in the 1930's, the picture brightened; scleral lenses of transparent plastic could be less than half the weight of glass, stronger, smoother, safer. Still, wearing time was brief. A special fluid had to be used with them and after a few hours the fluid made the cornea cloudy, temporarily reducing vision. The next improvement was a fluidless scleral lens that allowed the wearer's own tears access to the eye surface, eliminating need for artificial fluid and increasing wearing time.

It was in the mid-50's that the modern hard corneal contact lens was developed and soon was outselling scleral lenses by 100 to 1. A typical corneal lens is about 9 mm in diameter, about the size of a man's shirt button, only 0.15 mm thick (about the thickness of the cover of this magazine), and weighs only about .020 grams (lighter than a finger can detect). It covers about 60 percent of the window of the eye and floats on the eye's natural tear layer.

Although more than 80 percent of those who wear contact lenses do so for cosmetic reasons, the lenses are, in fact, better than glasses for certain vision problems.

In severe myopia, or nearsightedness, the spectacle lenses required are thick at the edge, thin in the center. In addition to making the wearer's eyes look smaller, they also make viewed objects look smaller than they really are. And light coming through their edges is so distorted that the eyes can focus only through the centers so that to see clearly the wearer must constantly turn his head. Contacts have none of these disadvantages.

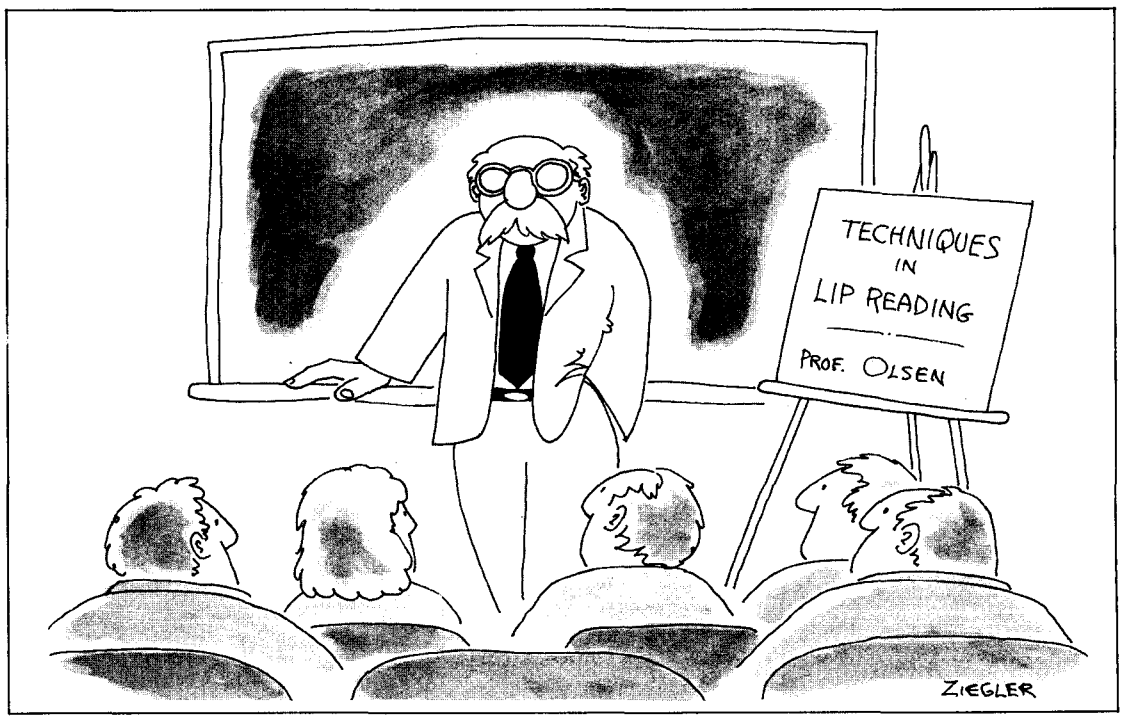
They also are often better than spectacles for corneal astigmatism. Astigmatism results from irregularities in the curve of the cornea. Some light rays, passing through the irregular portions, are bent slightly out of focus so that parts of images become fuzzy and distorted. Hard contacts hold a layer of tears up against the cornea and the tears fill in the irregularities, canceling them out and correcting the astigmatism.

Often, too, hard contacts are better than eyeglasses for correcting aniseikonia (in which one eye sees a bigger image than the other), anisometropia (in which the eyes have unequal refractive power), and hyperopia (the most common form of farsightedness). Contacts are useful too after cataract surgery when they can take the place of the removed crystalline lens of the eye.

But for all their values, contact lenses have been a disappointment to many. To no small extent, many authorities such as Dr. Joseph M. Dixon of the University of Alabama Medical Center believe, this is because contacts have been "the most oversold, over-advertised, exaggerated and exploited prosthesis." Too often sensational promotion has led people astray and given an unwarranted bad reputation to the lenses which cannot just be popped into the eyes and worn happily ever after. It takes motivation, real desire, and patience, not just fleeting impulse, to put up with the fitting and the discomfort of the adjustment period.

The new soft lenses stem from the development in Czechoslovakia in the late 1950's of a plastic material, called hydroxyethyl methacrylate, that is hydrophilic, which means that it loves water. It can absorb up to 38.6 percent of its own weight in water and in this hydrated state is soft, pliable, yet strong and able to transmit more than 98 percent of the light reaching it. This is the material used in the Bausch & Lomb Soflens, which has been cleared for vision-correction use by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. Another material, used in Warner-Lambert lenses cleared for therapeutic use, consists of a combination of hydroxyethyl methacrylate and polyvinylpryolidone and is even more hydrophilic, absorbing up to 55 percent of its weight in water.

Wafer thin, from 0.1 to 1.0 mm in thickness, soft lenses are a few millimeters larger in diameter than hard lenses and cover little more



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than the cornea, which they gently hug.

Not everyone can wear them. At this stage, there is no soft lens designed for the correction of farsightedness nor are soft lenses available in bifocal form or in tints. Rather, at this point in time, they are for the nearsighted—and, even then, for many but not all of the nearsighted.

Right now, soft lenses are for the nearsighted with limited astigmatism. Because they are flexible and wrap themselves to the cornea, soft lenses do not, as hard ones do, allow for a sufficient layer of tears to cancel any major amount of astigmatism. But many nearsighted have little or no astigmatism and can wear the soft lenses well.

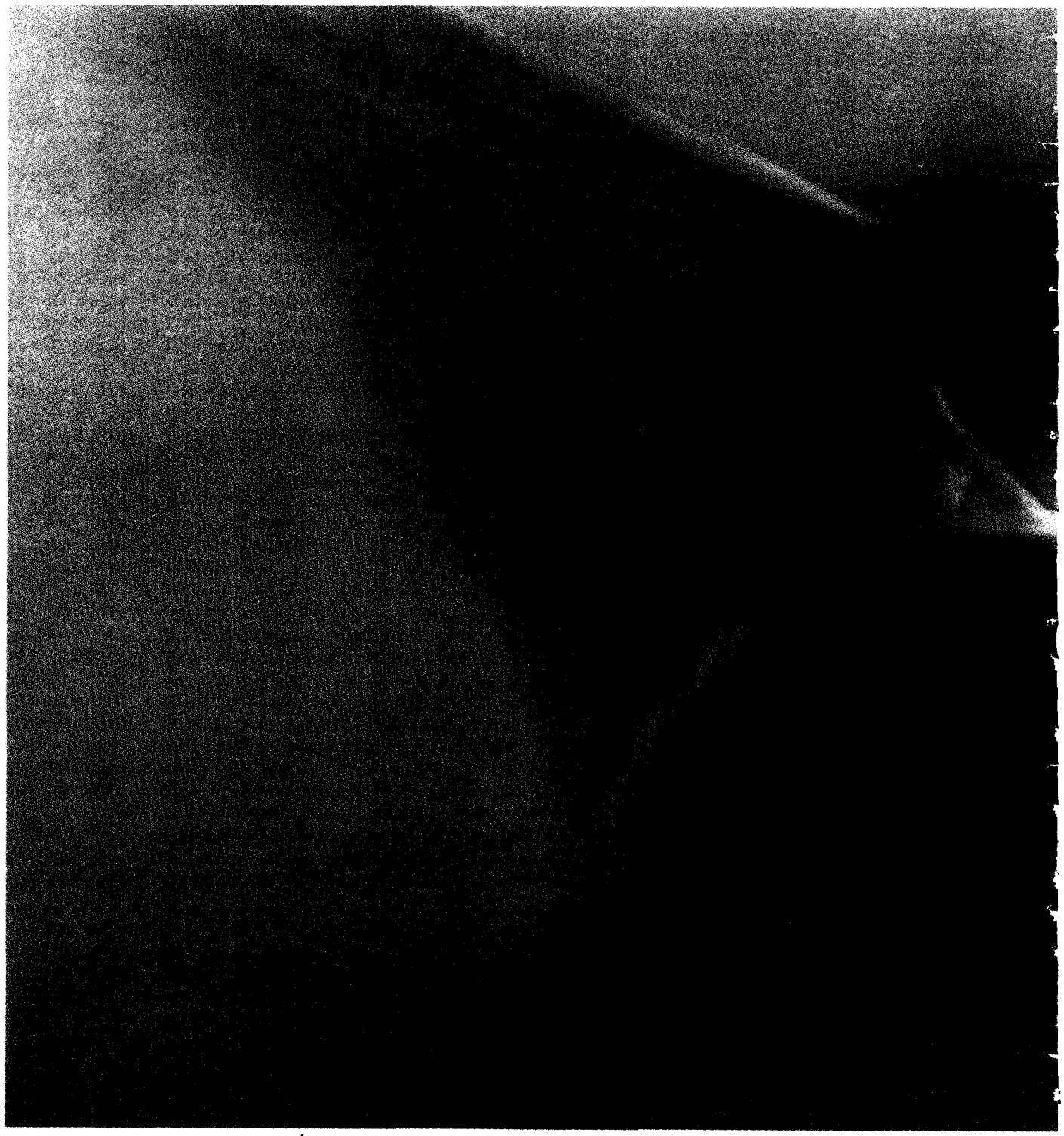
Aside from their use in correcting nearsightedness, there are many possible therapeutic applications for soft lenses. Because they hug the cornea, they can serve, in effect, as a corneal bandage. As such, they have proved valuable for bullous keratopathy, the only therapeutic use for which they have thus far been licensed by the Food and Drug Administration.

But other therapeutic uses are expected. Investigators have been reporting that their protective dressing or bandaging effect is valuable for other injuries and diseases of the cornea. They protect against the traumatizing effect of normal blinking in cases of corneal abrasion or erosion. In dry-eye problems, well-hydrated lenses not only protect the cornea but also retain moisture. Ulcers of the cornea, resistant to healing with conventional treatment, have healed in as little as a week with use of soft lenses.

By absorbing liquids, the soft lenses can concentrate medicine on the cornea and they have been used with pilocarpine to treat glaucoma. Drs. Herbert E. Kaufman and Antonio R. Gasset of the University of Florida Medical School and other investigators have reported on glaucoma patients whose ocular pressure, after resisting lowering by all other medical treatment, came back down to normal through the use of soft lenses.

But the new soft contact lenses have some disadvantages, too. Not only are they expensive to begin with, but they may also need replacement every year or so. The lenses become coated with difficult-to-remove eye secretions. Another factor is that foreign materials small enough to actually get into the plastic—and some eye makeup materials are that small—are difficult to get out. Soft lenses are also more easily damaged than hard—by long fingernails, for example. Soft lenses require a different care routine than that used for eyeglasses or hard lenses.

A frequently used procedure calls for the wearer, after removing the lenses each evening, to rinse away mucus and other foreign matter with a fresh salt solution he makes himself, using distilled water and salt tablets. The lenses then go into a case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filled with salt solution which is placed in a small automatic electric Aseptor unit filled with distilled water. When the activator light on the unit goes out after fifteen minutes, the lenses have been steamed and are ready for reuse. Many wearers carry out this procedure just before going to bed.

Easy as soft contact lenses are to wear for extended periods, even around the clock, from the beginning, doctors caution against such use except in the case of patients who need the protection of the lenses while an injured or diseased cornea heals and who are under close medical supervision. Although there is no short-term danger in continual wear, says Dr. Gasset, "we can't be sure about the long-term effect. Anyway, there's no more reason to go to sleep wearing your contact lenses than there is, wearing your shoes."

Many ophthalmologists and optometrists consider that soft lenses broaden the base for contact lenses and provide opportunity to fit many more people with them. But they hardly antiquate the hard ones, which still very much have their place.

When it comes to the choice between hard and soft for an individual patient, several factors have to be considered. Where astigmatism is great, of course, the choice must usually be hard lenses.

How visually discriminating a person is can be a significant criterion. It is not always possible to achieve the same crisp vision with soft lenses as with eyeglasses or with hard lenses. The reason, Dr. Baum points out, is that soft lenses "cannot yet be made to precise optical specifications."

Actually, visual discrimination is an individual matter, notes Dr. Lawrence N. Kline, a New Haven, Connecticut, optometrist and lecturer in the Department of Ophthalmology at Yale University School of Medicine. If, for example, a patient says his vision is not sharp with his present glasses which actually provide 20/20 or 20/25 sight, Dr. Kline believes that the patient is a better candidate for hard contact lenses than for soft. On the other hand, if a patient's vision is 20/25, 20/30 or 20/40 and he does not complain about blurring, he is likely to tolerate soft contact lenses.

Patient sensitivity is important. A patient sensitive to having his eyelids touched should have soft lenses. For patients wearing well-fitting contact lenses who complain of being constantly aware of the lenses, or of sensitivity to light, soft lenses would be prescribed.

Another important criterion is how the lenses are to be worn. "If an athlete participating in contact sports desires contact lenses," says Dr. Kline, "we advise soft lenses."

The present soft lenses are, of course, not the ultimate. Already, research is moving ahead and almost certainly will bring further improvements, quite likely within just a few years.

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THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART ISN'T

By Dollie Cole

It will not surprise anyone who knows author Dollie Cole that she has blithely tossed into an article about cooking, tidbits about men, horses, fashions, woman's lib, money, and raising a family. The photos, taken over the last few weeks, are of the "just plain folks" and neighbors who might drop in to Dollie's for potluck. Just a peek at a typical Detroit housewife's day-to-day schedule.

When you don't show up at an editorial meeting, you may get a call from Cory SerVaas, the boss lady and executive editor of the *S.E.P.* who specializes in difficult assignments for the no-show editor.

This time our conversation went something like this:

Cory: We liked your breast cancer.

***Dollie**: Pardon?*

Cory: Sorry, I mean your story on breast cancer.

***Dollie**: Thank you. Now, my next idea is a serious look into fund raising for charities.*

Cory: Forget it. Write a humorous story about women in their daily lives. Add something for the men, too, or about the plastic veneer of our society—but be funny.

***Dollie**: Cory, my dear boss, asking someone to write a funny story on April 15, Income Tax day, is like telling some ugly, dumb girl to be beautiful and bright by sundown. How about the life story of my great-grandmother, who was so cheap she would refuse an anesthetic during surgery if it cost extra?*

Cory: All of your relatives are pretty funny, but no family stories, please. Why don't you take a crash course from your friends Bob Newhart or Marty Allen? But I want it by Tuesday.

***Dollie**: I have a great lead into my cookbook, how about using that?*

Cory: Let's hear it, but make it fast, this is long distance. And we aren't *Time* magazine, you know.

***Dollie**: My book starts with:*

I want it clearly understood that my favorite and most recommended recipe is to have my husband take me out to a good restaurant or to someone's house who has help in the kitchen.

If all else fails, there is always Colonel Sanders or Chicken Delight (which I take out of the bucket and quickly put in a skillet and place on the stove to give it that "I have slaved over the stove all day" bit).

To further add credence to the hot-grease chicken-frying experience, I dot my hands with a little red lipstick, simulating burns, because when I hover hot and heavy over that frying pan that hot grease always seems to find me.

So now you know I will never make the ranks of the gourmet cooks but I am rather proud that none of my family have died of ptomaine and only one suffered briefly from frostbite on the lips due to eating too many TV dinners.

I categorically deny that when my can opener broke I convinced my whole family to go on a diet.

Okay, so far you are a winner, but let me give you some motherly advice.
(Author Dollie Cole; Dr. William Walsh, head of Project HOPE; U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger.)

It is true, however, that my oldest son said he was facing malnutrition and planned to leave for India where he felt his chances for a square meal were somewhat better than at home.

It is also true that there are some women who breathe hot and heavy as they run their fingers through sifted flour, or get a wild rapturous gleam in their eye when they see clarified butter.

There have been reported cases that some uptight gourmet cooks become orgasmic at the sight of a perfect Hollandaise (I have to check this out with Masters and Johnson), but believe me, that is not my bag.

Luckily, my husband is a mediocre cook's dream, as he will eat anything that hasn't started to turn green in my Frigidaire.

At first, I was highly complimented when my husband showed such pleasure over my first attempt at cooking after our marriage, but the elation was short-lived, when I discovered his taste buds were either killed by his first wife or died from overexposure.

Whatever the reason, he eats good and bad food with the same enthusiasm and good humor.

For me, this has been a boon, as dinner at our house can occur from seven to eleven o'clock p.m. and your chances of getting a taste-tempting delight are about the same as seven and eleven at the crap table—slim to none.

This is not entirely my fault, as my first attempt at serving is at seven, when most executives arrive home, drop a quick drink down, join their fun-loving family and partake of a sumptuous repast. At our house, just as I am straining the lumps out of the gravy, the phone rings and Bev, my husband's secretary, tells me the Boss will be a little late (a little late in this case may be twenty minutes or two hours), and I am to hold dinner (as one might hold a loaf of bread).

Believe me, there are few light and fluffy soufflés eaten in General Motors households as most of these men don't know how to leave a paper unturned, and heaven forbid if some job were left until tomorrow, because it might disappear overnight.

This is a harsh judgment; for they do control the employment of one out of seven people in the country and if they don't put every effort into

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ALWAYS THROUGH HIS STOMACH.

their work, then others will surely suffer.

The above statement is one I repeat over and over as my meat dries out, my lettuce wilts, and the gravy returns to its original lumpy beginning.

The microwave oven has improved my family's nutrition 100 percent, as even my youngest can whip up a sizzling hot dog and usually does so for three friends, a large dog, and a lop-eared cat who prefers ball-park franks.

For the new wife, or the old one who is still trying to impress her husband with her concern for his dietary well-being without having it interfere with her morning paper-reading ritual, I have a recipe for orange juice:

Buy a good grade of frozen juice (preferably with pulp).

Buy one orange, known to have a lot of seeds.

Mix frozen orange juice according to directions.

Cut orange—remove seeds.

Fill glass with frozen juice.

Put in at least three seeds (carefully save others for future use).

Serve with a smile and a sincere reminder to watch out for the seeds, then add that it will be wonderful when they develop seedless oranges.

There should be a special cookbook written for women with small children, as I have found that in motherhood I cook more and enjoy it less.

It is a severe shock to the ego to find children would rather have peanut butter and jelly than your finest attempt at cordon bleu.

Today I would like to bake a chocolate cake.

It is most difficult to sift flour when a young child is trying to flush his shoes down the toilet, but, of course, I thank my stars it is not the cat going down for the third time.

While brushing the flour off the dog's tail, I overheard my son talking to his little friend next door and dropped the buttered cookie sheet (which I retrieved from under my son's car), when I heard him refer to me as the happy hooker.

It fell buttered side down, of course—Murphy's Law—buttered toast falls buttered side down.

Well, I listened more closely and sure enough my son kept referring to me as the happy hooker.

"Great Scott, child, what are you saying?" I yelled.

He calmly explained that he was telling Kirk how much I enjoy crocheting my new bedspread.

Calmly, I removed the cat's head from the cup of milk I had carefully measured, and poured in additional milk.

I then accepted the offer of my child to fish out the marbles he'd put in the batter—he had heard me tell his father I was making a chocolate marble cake and he was just trying to help.

Thank goodness I didn't say sponge cake.

Remove cat from cup of milk and add more milk.

Look for electric mixer blades.

I wonder what Euell Gibbons would use when he discovered he didn't have enough sugar to complete the recipe—my children and friends had opened a Kool-Aid stand yesterday and my kitchen was raided first.

Remove cat from cup of milk.

Throw the whole mess down the garbage disposal—turn it on.

Well, at least I found out where the mixer blades were.

Remove mangled blades from disposal.

I now have mixer blades that match numerous spoons, forks and one watch.

Wash my hands, wash dog's tail, wipe off cat's mouth, put child in car and go to the bakery.

I really need a large cake as it is my birthday. When you put all those lighted candles on a cake you have the distinct feeling of Joan of Arc being burned at the stake.

While I was looking over the cakes in the bakery, the owner remarked that since the gas shortage people have stopped taking Alka-Seltzer because they wanted to keep any gas they could.

If his cakes aren't any better than his jokes, I'll have to see if I can get a family rate on the stomach pump at the hospital.

On the way home, my son solved that problem when he stood on the cake box in the back seat of my car while trying to get a better look at a local streaker. The fellow was known previously as just a dirty old man and before streaking became the in thing was simply arrested for indecent exposure. Now he has a ski mask and sneakers in matching colors for every day in the week and is in great demand for dull parties and political rallies.

He's almost as sick as one of my friends who likes to give "different fun parties"—but unfortunately, her idea of a different fun party is to spike the fruit punch with prune juice and put Vaseline on the bathroom door knobs.

O.K., it takes all kinds.

During my lifetime, I have met some wonderful, fabulous cooks and hostesses and some have been repaid for their great talents with a size 20 body where once lived a size 8.

To those overweight pan jokies I say: "Man does not live by bread alone—or chocolate cake, or pie a la mode, or scalloped potatoes. So for goodness' sake, shed those extra pounds!"

If you are fat and have no medical reasons for being so, you are spoiled rotten.

Number one—you trust your husband or boyfriend or roommate—whatever they are called today—too much.

Believe me, dear, if he married a size 10, he doesn't want to double his money and get a size 20.

You certainly can't think that dragging forty pounds of too much weight around is good for you.

But that's all right, there is always a size 8 looking for a widower.

Men are scarce.

In Bloomfield we have a saying, "If you don't go to the wake, you don't have a chance at the bereaved husband."

Remember, a second on the lips, five years on the hips.

This is on my Frigidaire door.

The history books say that the Pilgrims, despite a starchy diet, were not a fat group.

The women chopped wood, worked in the field, scrubbed on washboards and herded and milked the cows.

Since we can't, and thank goodness for that, I suggest a hard push away from the table as a great exercise.

If all else fails, tape your mouth shut, or, as in the case of a lady in Detroit, have your mouth wired shut.

If that ever happened to me, my husband would think he had died and gone to heaven.

When you are sitting at your desk or at home working, your brain is working but your bottom is just sitting there hanging all over the chair.

So shape up!

And choose your clothes to fit your bottom and not your brain or your heart.

Buy that full-length mirror and see yourself as others see you as you are walking away.

See no evil. Speak no evil. Be no evil. Hear no evil. (Well, not much, anyway.)
(Governor William Milliken of Michigan; Edward N. Cole, President, General Motors Corporation; Vice-President of the U.S. Gerald Ford; Dollie Cole.)

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Your backside might look like two cats fighting in a sack.

When you are in a store and a clerk says, "Honey, that dress is you," take it off. It's one they couldn't sell.

When you take a friend shopping and she tells you that the dress you have on is marvelous, a dream—well, forget it. That dress may look like a nightmare on you.

So know what your good points are and face up to your bad ones.

Those you can't correct—*disguise.*

You know, it's a very strange thing about husbands and their taste in clothes. You married ladies will know exactly what I mean. When I'm dressed in a mini, my husband looks at me in horror and says, "You don't want to wear that dress, do you?" Of course, anyone else wearing it he admires greatly. In fact, he may never see her face.

No one can tell you what is best for you.

Let me offer you a few simple rules when you buy your wardrobe.

1. Don't shop in a hurry.

2. Take a good look at yourself. Just because it looks great on a model doesn't mean it's for you.

3. If your underarms have begun to sag (and you look too young for that), be sure to wear sleeves and lift weights.

4. If your bottom is big, stay away from large prints, plaids, ice cream, chocolate cake and pie, or people will think the hippies or flower children have pitched a tent.

I'm sure you all have heard this remark: "I never eat a thing and I gain weight." Baloney!

I tell you every woman that says that has a sandwich in her desk drawer and cookies in her purse.

Think of it this way. Don't you want to be around to rear your children, collect Social Security and Medicare?

In case you thin-as-a-rail girls think you have gotten off—forget it.

No man likes to hold a bag of bones.

I've seen a lot of women who have less shape than my broom.

When a very thin woman gets old, she ends up looking like a little old man, and is afraid to go around large dogs for fear they might carry her away.

Regardless of their lifestyle or shape, women have three things in common:

1. They never have the right thing to wear, so they always need a new dress.

2. There is never enough closet space to put away all those wrong things they don't have enough of.

3. Their bottoms are either too big or too small, they weigh too much or too little, they are too short or too tall.

It's endless, but whatever your problem is, you have lots of company.

That is why Weight Watchers has been such a success.

People love to know that other people can't cross their legs in hot weather or can't sit on their husband's lap.

They also like to know that others are as weak as they have been, and through group work many can achieve what they could have done alone if they had really wanted to.

So, remember, if your backside looks like a sack of fighting cats, it's time to shape up or, as they say, sing as a group.

Buy yourself a full-length mirror. It will be more honest to you than your best friend, who, incidentally, just might have her eye on your husband, boyfriend or roommate.

When women work all day in an office or keep house and chase children, it's hard for them to find time to keep their bodies in shape.

But do yourself a favor.

It's the only body you have—take care of it—but, if you have decided to give up on your body, how about working on your personality?

Many of us have a dual personality—one for our office, one for our home and family.

I am sure each of you will recognize yourself in the following examples:

There is good old Charlie Charm who may live in your house.

Charlie Charm is the boss who:

Smiles all the time at the office, says please and thank you to his secretary, and never fusses if she comes back late from lunch.

Just says, when she misspells a word in a letter, "Oh, *please* just do the letter over, dear, and it will be fine."

Never fusses about forgotten messages.

Lets her off early to have her hair done for a special date.

Says, "of course," when she asks if he will speak to the Girls' Club. (He'll have to wear a tux, and he will love every minute of it.)

Helps her move or open that heavy filing cabinet.

Well, when Charlie gets home, it's a different story.

His first words are: "What have you been doing all day, Mildred? Shopping? Where's my paper?"

You would think he was William Randolph Hearst.

"Mildred, why are there so many lights on in this house? Don't you know about Nixon's request to turn off the lights? And he wasn't trying to be sexy.

"Mildred, who made the spot on the carpet?

"Either housebreak that dog or buy a yellow carpet.

"Why didn't you move the sofa?

"Mildred, why are we having fish for dinner? I had fish for lunch.

"Mildred, why don't you carry out—or in—those garbage cans?

"Mildred, you spend too much money on your hair and your clothes—and the car needs washing.

"Mildred, why do we have to go to the Joneses' for dinner Saturday? You know I hate to wear a tux."

Well, for all of you husbands who are Charlie Charm—remember this: your wife picks up your dirty socks, irons your underwear, makes your half of the bed, and she looks forward to your coming home as the real beginning of her day. Don't make it sound like the Spanish Inquisition.

Treat her as if she were on your staff payroll or belonged to a very strong union.

Now, ladies, don't think for a minute I'm not going to tell you about Helpful Helen—alias Dollie Cole.

At the office or the club, she looks like Elizabeth Taylor, Raquel Welch, Jackie Onassis all rolled into one, and talks like Alice in Wonderland.

Sugar drips from her lips—"Miss Sweetness and Light."

At home, with the girdle off, the wig on the table, eyelashes in the drawer, and dressed in her sloppy slacks, T-shirt and houseshoes, she looks like the Wicked Witch from the North.

You know, I've just described myself except for my hair—I'm a seaside blonde, dyed by my own hands.

Every month the color changes a little. I belong to a sort of "color-of-the-month club."

Our Helen is never too busy to bake cookies for the Boy Scouts, PTA or the church. However, it's a bakery for the family.

She can always hem a dress for her friends, but never gets around to the buttons on her husband's shirts or to finding the sock the washer digested last week.

She plays golf and tennis like a pro, plays in the 90's and cheats only on Fridays.

She serves on the Do-Gooders' Committee, but won't use fresh vegetables because they take too much time to prepare. So it's canned or frozen.

Seriously, we all must help in our community, we must each give to make another person's life better, but we must first make our family unit a strong one, as this is the basis and real strength of America.

A long time ago, in another age, grandmother

Okay, break it up, boys. Whatever you say may be grounds for antitrust.
(Edward N. Cole, President, General Motors Corporation; Mrs. W.F. "Connie" Rockwell, Jr.; Lee A. Iacocca, President, Ford Motor Company.)

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knew who she was—what she was expected to do—almost what she was expected to say and feel.

I'm not saying this was better, only that she knew herself.

The woman of 1974 has been made to feel guilty if she is content to cook her husband's meals, make her own clothes and be at home when her children arrive from school, and, heaven forbid, if she feels that a man is the most important part of her life. Especially guilty if that man she adores and lives for is her very own husband.

From all the new books out on marriage, I understand that the one-wife-at-a-time way of marriage is on its way out.

Well, not in my house it isn't!

The women's magazines, newspapers and TV have led us to believe that if we march four abreast (no pun intended) with locked arms into an all-male bar, we will find instant womanhood and divine happiness.

I would like to tell you that I think that's a bunch of garbage!

Well, I believe we can find happiness somewhere in between.

Some women find complete fulfillment in making motherhood and wifehood a full-time, all-encompassing, lifetime job.

They experience achievement and success through the accomplishments of their husband and children and for that type of woman it is a complete, healthy and secure world. So let them be.

If I were that type of woman, I would get darn sick of reading almost daily what a shallow, unfulfilled person I was.

Happiness is different for us all as God made us like snowflakes, no two alike.

I guess what drives me out of the house and into the streets of the business world is the great fear that when I die, my tombstone will read: "Here lies Dollie Cole, wife of the retired president of General Motors."

Actually, my husband says it will read: "Here lies Dollie Cole. Being of sound mind, I spent it all."

I believe that each of us, regardless of our plumbing characteristics (that's sex to those of you who are slow) must make our little mark in this world, no matter how small, in the best way we know how.

Even if it is only that you are known in your neighborhood as the lady who bakes the best cake (with or without a cat, a small boy and marbles).

Or, if in your office you're the gal who can spell any word correctly.

If you are a socialite and you have a reputation as being "one hell of a fund raiser."

Or, as in my case, you're known as the fastest mouth in America.

Whatever it is, you have attained an identity.

Identity is a precious thing, for it sets you aside as one who is a doer—one who has attained recognition not by virtue of someone else's accomplishments but your own.

So make it happen.

I once knew a man who attained his identity by becoming the fourth richest man in the world.

They were talking about him in Mexico, while we were there, and said he was so rich that while in Mexico he hired someone else to be sick for him.

Money isn't everything but it surely keeps you from being nervous.

Today, young people don't look upon money as their parents did (taking eating for granted as there is no depression), and they know if each of us would treat our family with the same respect that we give our boss, our secretary, or our friends, this would be a lovely world.

We all have a responsibility to our fellow men, and the good Lord never expected life on this earth to be a free ride.

If you have been blessed as I have with three boys—short-haired boys—a kind and considerate daughter and, as we say, "the good life," you have a debt to pay to that big bookkeeper in the sky.

By working with Project Hope, Public Broadcasting, American Cancer Society, T.B. and Health Society, Michigan Humane Society and even the Zoo, in my way I am trying to give to others some of the many blessings I have had.

May I leave you with a few thoughts:

1. A woman who lives with constant criticism, learns to condemn. If criticism could make you perfect, I could walk on water.

2. When a man lives with hostility, he learns to fight, and he hits harder than you do.

3. If your children live with ridicule, they learn to be shy, withdrawn and timid, and will never learn to communicate.

4. A family who lives with tolerance acquires patience and forgiving.

5. If your wife is encouraged, she will have confidence and try harder to please you.

6. If our lives are filled with praise, we learn to appreciate others and do not envy the good fortune others may have.

7. If marriage is based on fairness, the children of that union will believe that marriage is good.

8. People who live together and feel secure learn to have faith in themselves and others.

9. If a man finds approval at home, he learns to like himself and is less likely to wander off. As Ben Franklin said, "If there is marriage without love, there will be love without marriage."

10. If we all could live with friendship and faith, there will be love in the world.

As a parting shot, may I share with you a letter from my daughter whom I like to think of as so secure that she doesn't find it necessary to write her parents except in time of monetary need. (So you can imagine my surprise when I received a letter from her with no postage due.)

Dear Mother and Dad:

Since leaving for college I have been remiss in writing and I am certainly sorry for my thoughtlessness and lack of communication; however, I will bring you up to date now. But before you read on, dear Mother, please sit down.

You are not to read any further unless you are sitting or lying down, okay? (It would be even better if you and Dad read this together.)

Well, then, I am getting along pretty well now, considering!

The skull fracture and the concussion I suffered when I jumped out of the window of my dormitory when it caught on fire shortly after my arrival here is almost healed now and the stitches will be removed Friday.

Miraculously, I spent only two weeks in the hospital and due to the superior skill of an ophthalmologist and special glasses, I can almost see normally, and the neurosurgeon says I will have the headaches once a day for only a short time.

My broken leg is mending nicely, too.

Fortunately, the fire in the dorm and my jump were witnessed by an attendant at the car wash near the dormitory, and he was the one who called the fire department and the ambulance.

Your horse gets seven miles to the bale, my 'Olds' gets fifteen miles to the gallon and no cleanup.

(Robert Ragsdale, President, RCA Rodeo Cowboy Association; Dollie Cole.)

This man also visited me in the hospital when I had sufficiently recovered. As I had no place to go from there because of the fire, he was kind enough to invite me to share his apartment with him.

It's really only a basement room, but it's kind of cute and homey.

He is a very fine man and we have fallen deeply in love and are planning to get married soon.

We haven't gotten the exact date set yet but it will be before my pregnancy begins to show.

Yes, Mother and Dad, I am pregnant.

I know how much you are looking forward to being grandparents and I know you will welcome the baby and give it the same love and tender devotion you gave me when I was a child.

We regret that the reason for the delay in our marriage is that my boyfriend has a minor venereal infection which prevents us from passing our premarital blood tests, and carelessly I caught it from him.

But knowing you, I know you will welcome him into our family with open hearts and arms.

He is kind and loving and, although not well educated, he is ambitious.

Although he is of a different race and religion from ours, and speaks a foreign language I don't understand, I know your often-expressed tolerance will not permit you to be bothered by those small differences in our backgrounds.

Now, dear Mother and Dad, that I have brought you up to date on my life, I want to tell you that there was no dormitory fire, I did not have a concussion or skull fracture or broken leg, I was not in the hospital, I am not pregnant or engaged, or infected, and there is no man in my life.

However, I am getting a "D" in History and an "F" in Math, and I want you to see those marks in their proper perspective.

Your loving daughter,
Josephine

So, may I ask you to accept my words in their proper perspective. . . .

***Dollie:** How about it, Cory, will that do?*

Cory: Dollie, that's the strangest cookbook I've ever heard of.

***Dollie:** I know, Cory, but I don't like to cook; besides, that book's already been done a thousand times. Mine is more of a recipe for living.*

Cory: Never mind, Dollie, we'll just ask Ralph Nader to do a story.

***Dollie:** Cory, have a nice day—but if you can't, don't louse up someone else's.* ✿

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THE U.S. ARMY IN

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Can the Army successfully convert from a drafted to a volunteer force? Can the traditional ugly duckling and unglamorous service-of-the-last-resort hack it without the crutch of conscription? What are the Army's future roles? Why do we need an Army at all?

SEARCH OF ITSELF

By Colonel Robert D. Heinl, Jr.

Following graduation from Yale College in 1937, Colonel Heinl saw active service with the Marines in the Second World War and the Korean War. He has written several books on the Armed Forces and presently has two more in various stages of preparation. Since his retirement in 1964 he served as a correspondent in numerous foreign countries and is now Military Analyst for the Detroit News *as well as a contributing editor to the* Journal of the Armed Forces.

With Vietnam to the rear, the U.S. Army, bruised, groggy, dispirited, distrusted, is fighting hard to get to its feet. As the public watches, there are a few boos, fewer cheers, and lots of apathy.

It is only three years since General Matthew B. Ridgway, the most respected living American senior soldier, told a Pennsylvania audience: "Not before in my lifetime . . . has the Army's public image suffered so many grievous blows and fallen to such low esteem in our society."

Vietnam, which all but destroyed the fine Army we sent there, exacted fearful costs on all the Armed Services, let alone the country, but nowhere cut deeper than at the institutional roots of the Army.

As a result, the post-Vietnam Army is deeply divided, frustrated, and unsure of itself and of its role and its future. As many officers perceive it (like the French officer corps after their own Indochina War and Algeria), the Army's battlefield accomplishments were frustrated by decisions of civilian politicians and bureaucrats who made the war unwinnable while the country at large ignored its sacrifices.

Now—at least partly because Watergate and the Middle East and energy have given people something else to think about—the memory of Vietnam begins to fade, and the Army, though still shadowed by a sense of alienation and public ingratitude, introspectively sees itself at a watershed. Where it goes from here is clouded by unanswered questions and uncertainties.

Can the Army successfully convert from a drafted to a volunteer force? Can the traditional ugly duckling and unglamorous service-of-last-resort hack it without the crutch of conscription?

What are the Army's future roles? How should it be organized to fulfill them? What does the Army do in time of peace? Why do we need an Army at all?

What should be the Army's self-image? Stern, tough, and traditional, like that of its own West Point or the Marines? Or should the Army—like Admiral Zumwalt's mod Navy—pursue its recent past line of permissiveness with recruiters assuring kids, "The Army Wants to Join You"? And does it really want to join them, anyway?

What is the Army's fighting effectiveness? It is only three years or so since a typical American division in West Germany amounted to little more than a gap in the line, disguised—except to the Russians, who knew better—as a division. Before it was withdrawn, the drafted Army in Vietnam all but quit fighting.

Even as the country asks (and the Army asks itself) these and similar questions, the answers and therefore the condition of the Army have to be weighed in light of post-Vietnam uncertainties which are mostly constraining and adverse.

In 1968, 1.6 million strong, the Army fielded over nineteen divisions. Six years later, now paying roughly 50 percent more for half as much manpower as in 1968, a 785,000-man Army, fielding a rock-bottom thirteen and one-third divisions, is the smallest since before Korea. For the fourth consecutive year—just as it used to during the long, thin years before World War II—the Army, like the old Washington Senators, has settled into the basement on the Navy-Air Force-Army budgetary totem pole.

Money and manpower shortages are old stories to the Army, but sustained attacks against its disciplinary and administrative systems, mostly mounted from outside the service by a determined, well-funded anti-military constituency, are a new phenomenon.

Another unhappily novel aspect of this most seditious of wars was the refusal without exception, on the part of both the Johnson and Nixon administrations, to bring a single prosecution under the laws expressly enacted by Congress to protect the Armed Forces against external sedition (18 USC 2387 and 2388). No Army in American history ever needed such protection more, or ever got less of it, from its civilian masters.

Moreover, few members of the public are aware that law, order, and the day-to-day discipline of the Army (not to mention the other services) even now continue to be dangerously undermined if not subverted under the impact of wide-ranging though little-noticed legal challenges by radical lawyers and left-wing anti-military groups consistently sustained on constitutional grounds by libertarian civil courts.

Originating in the 1950's but hitting stride only with the Vietnam war, a general constitutional offensive against the separate preserve of military justice and its distinct rules and laws is now being pushed through the U.S. courts. The central thrust of the attack, principally mounted by the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Lawyers' Guild, the NAACP, and by the radical-front Lawyers Military Defense Committee, is to impose strict application of libertarian and egalitarian provisions of the constitution upon the Armed Forces. Since libertarianism and egalitarianism strike at the heart of discipline (it was George Washington who said, "Discipline is the soul of an army"), these legal challenges have the potentiality, and certainly the intent, of literally crippling the Army.

Behind these continuing erosions of the Army's power to discipline and govern itself looms the fundamental question: can the Army fight and die, as on occasion soldiers must, if it has to be run like a country club?

Yet the Army today has to face an even more fundamental question.

"Why an Army at all?" is the way H.H. ("Bo") Callaway, the Georgia-born Secretary of the Army, puts it.

Answering himself, the personable West Point-educated (1949) politician says such questions really ask why we haven't found some way to resolve world conflicts without war. Or why do we need an Army if détente is such a great success? Or why can't we have a small 1930-style Army, simply a mobilization base, rather than the larger, high-readiness Army of the 1970's?

To these simplistic questions, Callaway replies that an Army has to be maintained "on a realistic appraisal of the demonstrated capabilities of potential enemies, not on our perception of their intentions." (It was, he might have added, our national proclivity for guessing intentions rather than analyzing capabilities that underlay the Pearl Harbor debacle.)

"If we are to avoid war," says Callaway, "we must be ready to fight." And being ready to fight at once to protect national interest, not after a two-year pre-war buildup like that before World War II, he underscores, demands an Army in being, not a cadre for some ultimate mobilization

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by the time the Russians have already reached the Channel ports or the head of the Persian Gulf, or seized Iceland.

If these are indeed the answers—war will never be abolished, we have to gauge its likelihood by the demonstrated war-making capabilities of other nations, and we have to be ready to employ armed force quickly, not two years after the event—then they add up to another question. What kind of Army does the United States need today?

All but two centuries ago, in 1780 after Horatio Gates's disastrous rout at Camden, George Washington despairingly wrote, "What we need is a good Army, not a large one."

What George Washington was underscoring is a lesson not a few members of Congress and even some in the Pentagon have yet to relearn: in war it is quality that counts.

Much of the controversy, negativism, and doubt that surround and obscure the whole question of a volunteer Army arise from confusion between mere numbers and quality.

In this conflict, the death's head that grins at Defense Department planners, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and, of course, the military manpower people is fear that, with the draft gone, we may be unable to raise the number of soldiers required to maintain thirteen and one-third divisions and "to meet our commitments."

Meet our commitments. The phrase is a portentous one.

Under current contingency plans the Army has to be ready to fight a major war in Europe or Asia, plus a brush-fire war somewhere else (the "one-and-a-half-war" requirement only recently scaled down from two-and-a-half). The Army has to keep eight divisions earmarked for NATO (four and one-third actually in position in West Germany), maintain one division in Korea, and retain a strategic reserve. X plus Y plus Z equals at least thirteen and one-third divisions.

Yet the hard reality is that, lacking morale, discipline, professional self-esteem, and battleworthiness—all attributes of quality, not numbers—the American army in its present state will not be fit to fight half a war let alone one and a half—nor would it be if it had thirty-three and one-third divisions and another thousand percent military pay raise.

And this, according to how you phrase it, is the challenge or the dilemma that faces the Army: How far can quality be sacrificed if necessary to maintain manpower numbers dictated by "commitments"? On the other hand, how far can the Army safely disregard numbers if we demand quality as an absolute priority for a fighting Army?

Aside from the numbers dilemma, other uncertainties have been raised over the "untried" volunteer Army (as if the United States had not precisely that for 167 years out of nearly two centuries). These fears are that a volunteer Army will be too black, too young, too poor, too uneducated, and too estranged from the American mainstream to serve with political reliability.

Opponents of a volunteer Army forebodingly ask, "Do we want a *professional* Army?" The short answer, of course, is—when the chips are down, who wants an *un*professional Army?

Senior Army officers (who, with Secretary Callaway, are deeply committed to making the new volunteer Army succeed), have answers to the hypothetical fears that are continually being draped, like funeral crepe, over the volunteer experiment.

Does experience so far confirm what Senator Kennedy keeps asserting—that the volunteer Army will end up predominantly black, either a racist elite in reverse or poor black "mercenaries" fighting whitey's wars, according to how one perceives it?

The facts suggest no. True, the Army, which, in line with national population, was about 13 percent black during the draft, is now 20 percent black. Last summer (July 1973), black volunteer enlistments peaked with an alarming figure of 34 percent—a figure anti-volunteer spokesmen continue to quote as if it were current; but ever since then, the percentage has declined steadily. As of this writing, with two months' figures in for 1974, black volunteers have so far aggregated 23 percent of the total, and the decline is continuing.

"Relax."

Worries that the Army will be overloaded with young soldiers reflect ignorance of two important facts: first, that the younger a soldier can be trained, the better the soldier he is; and second, that some of the finest fighting infantry this country ever had were teenagers. In the Civil War, almost half the infantrymen in the Confederate Army were under seventeen, while the figure for the Union was only slightly higher.

Is it "socially unfair" to expect the lower ranks of a volunteer Army to be recruited from the lower and lower-middle classes? In short, can or should a volunteer Army be too poor?

It is no more unfair to recruit the bulk of the U.S. Army's "labor force" from the lower or lower-middle classes than it is to recruit the bulk of Ford's, Chrysler's, or General Motors's labor force from the same strata of society. In any case, in time of serious war—at least if we have learned any lesson from Vietnam—we would build up our fighting forces into a truly national Army, first by mobilization of reserves, and then, if necessary, by conscription, so as to get all classes into any national conflict.

Whether enough human quality, in terms of inherent trainability and basic high-school education, can be recruited for a volunteer Army, or as Army manpower chief Lieutenant General B.W. Rogers put it, "Whether we can enlist the type of soldier we need in the numbers required," is so far being answered in an encouraging way.

Going by the Pentagon's manpower categories, numbered in descending order, 25 percent of the Army's volunteers are today in Categories I and II, 56.7 percent are in III, and 18.3 are in IV. These figures have remained steady for some time. Since 18 percent in the bottom level is what the Army has found acceptable and planned on, the notion that it will be swamped with Category IV volunteers doesn't hold up.

Other doubters (Senator Kennedy again among them) raise the elitist bugaboo that, to be socially hygienic, the enlisted ranks of the volunteer Army must include a representative percentage of upper-and middle-class enlisted men. Unless this is so, doubters insist, America will end up with a powerful yet socially alienated, independent military elite—a "mercenary" or "professional" Army.

Somewhat surprisingly, ex-Army Chief of Staff, General W.C. Westmoreland, recently said, "I do not believe that the services will attract the percentages of the sons and daughters of the affluent sector of our society. From a sociological standpoint I think our military forces should comprise a cross section of society." A senior general shortly rejoined: "Westy's not running the Army now."

Yet the fact of the matter is that, except for a few selfish doctors who had to be drafted, the officer corps of the Army is and always has been all volunteer; moreover, it is the officers—generals and colonels, not privates and corporals—that have historically mounted coups and putsches elsewhere. Nor has national conscription proved a prophylactic against military coups in Brazil, Greece, and Portugal, to cite only a few cases.

Clouding all the arguments, moreover, that surround the volunteer proposition is a very American misconception: Congress and the country seem to believe that the only price we need to pay for a good volunteer Army is in dollars. A corollary of this view—expressed by Representative F. Edward Hébert, the respected Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee—is that "this new Army is just going to cost more than we can possibly afford."

Mr. Hébert would certainly know. Congress two years ago nourished this very illusion by soldier pay raises (more than the Pentagon ever demanded) that start a recruit at $307 a month

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Aries

Mar. 21-Apr. 19

Your ruler is Minerva, Goddess of wisdom, war and the liberal arts. Your planet is Mars, called "the red planet." Your color is red, your metal iron and your element is fire! You are energetic, impulsive, enthusiastic, and steadfast. Your mineral is realgar/orpiment.

Aquarius

Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Your ruler is Juno, queen of the heavens. Your planet is Uranus, a primary planet, bigger than the earth. Your color is purple, your metal rare uranium and your element air! You are honest, curious, broadminded and humane. Your mineral is amethyst quartz crystal.

Gemini

May 21-Jun. 21

Your ruler Apollo, is god of light and heat. Historically he represents the highest form of masculine beauty. Mercury rules your metal quick-silver. Your color is blue-grey and your element is air! You are restless, versatile, clever and expressive. Your mineral, one half of a pair, is the geode.

Cancer

Jun. 22-Jul. 22

Your ruler is Mercury. Your planet is the moon—fitting for the sign of a water creature. Your colors: iridescents and the heraldic "tincture of purple." Your metal is silver and your element water. You are tenacious, patient, sympathetic and influential. Your mineral is chalcopyrite.

Virgo

Aug. 23-Sep. 22

Your ruler is Ceres, goddess of growing things. Your planet is Mercury, smallest star and nearest to the sun. Your color: grey-blues, your metal quick-silver and your element earth! You are good-humored, industrious, intelligent and tender. Your mineral is flourite.

Taurus

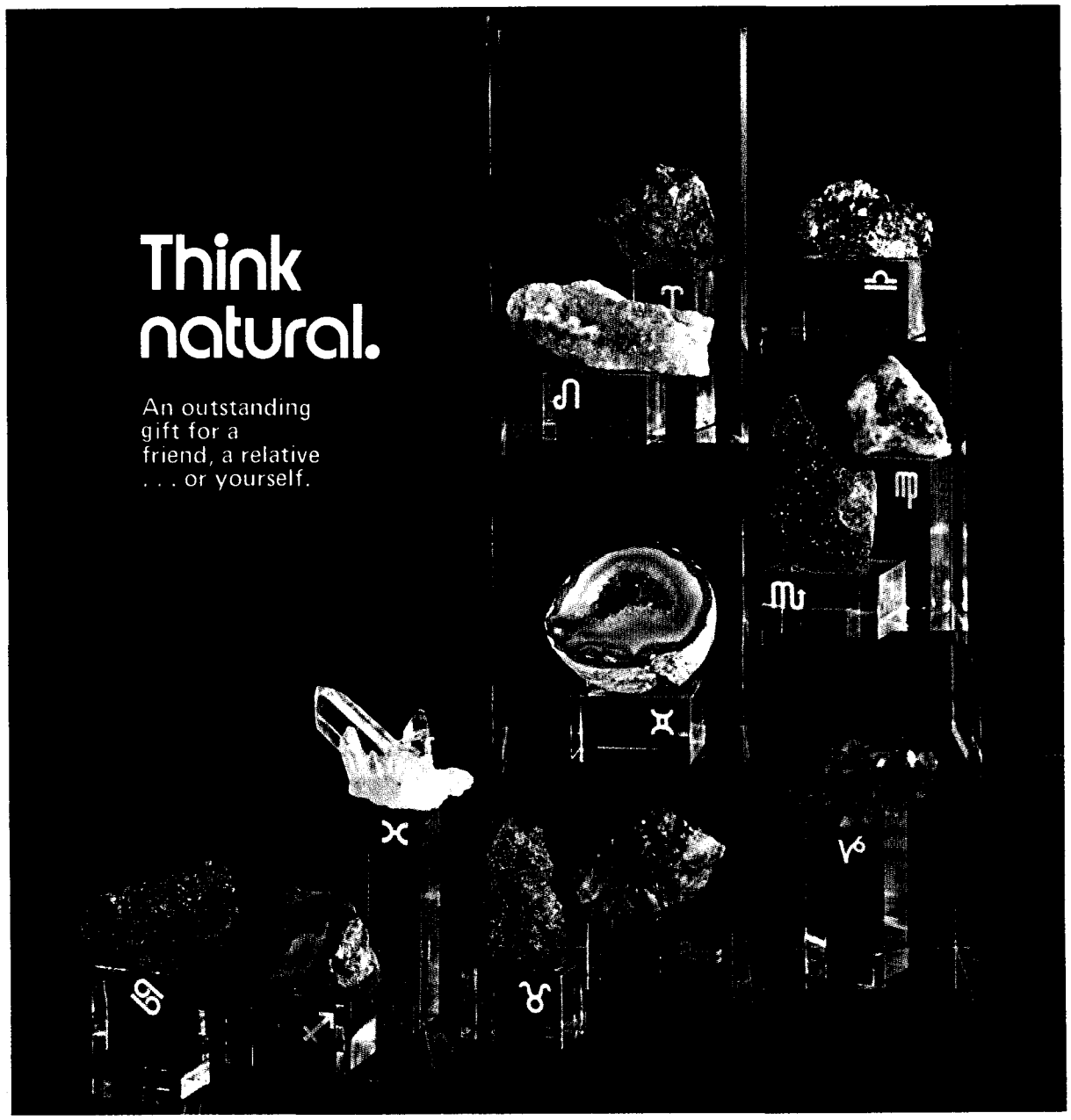
Apr. 20-May 20

Your ruler is Venus, goddess of beauty and love. Your planet is Venus—the most brilliant star. Venus rules your metal copper. Your color, from heraldry, is the "green tincture" verd. Your element is earth. You are adamant, persevering, kindhearted and musical. Your mineral is malachite.

Libra

Sep. 23-Oct. 22

Your ruler is Vulcan, god of fire. Your planet is Venus, "the morning and evening star." Your color is light gold, your metal is copper and your element air. You are just, artistic, painstaking and affectionate. Your mineral pyrite is commonly called "fool's gold."



Scorpio

Oct. 23-Nov. 21

Your ruler is Mars, god of war. Your color, from heraldry, is deep red as in the coats of sovereign princes. Your metal is steel and your element water. You are energetic, independent, genial, with strong likes and dislikes. Your mineral is vanadinite.

Capricorn

Dec. 22-Jan. 19

Your ruler is Vesta, goddess of the hearth. Your planet is Saturn. Your colors, from heraldry, are black and brown. Your element is earth. You are ambitious but cautious, diplomatic and have great understanding. Your mineral is dog-tooth calcite.

Sagittarius

Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Your ruler is Diana, goddess of the chase. Your planet is Jupiter, with a disc that's blue. Your color is bright blue, your metal tin, and your element fire! You are impulsive, candid, generous and sport and nature loving. Your mineral is chrysocolla.

Pisces

Feb. 19-Mar. 20

Your ruler is Neptune, god of the sea. Your colors: ocean blue or sea green, your metal tin and your element—water! You are sensitive, kind, ebullient, and idealistic. Your mineral, clear as water itself, is rock quartz crystal.

Leo

Jul. 23-Aug. 22

Your ruler is Jupiter whose domain is the sky. Your planet is "giver of life and energy and center of all celestial bodies"—the sun. Your color is yellow (as the sun), your metal gold, and your element fire! You are generous, energetic, proud and assertive. Your mineral is sulphur.

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before he even learns port arms.

Unfortunately, the moral price of a volunteer Army is steeper—for Congress, the Executive Branch, and for the country. Military service is again going to have to be made honorable and respectable in the eyes of America.

Much of this is up to the services. An Army with a past that includes chiseling generals and corrupt sergeants-major—even a handful—cannot command public pride or respect, or much self-respect either.

More important, however, the politicians, the commentators, some reporters, the vocal intellectuals who outflanked the draft from prep school to Ph.D. (and now rationalize their lives in doctrinaire anti-militarism)—these and many others are going to have to lift their cheap-shot drum-fire from the Army and the other services. Only when the country again gets behind its men in uniform can we have a volunteer Army, or any kind of Army at all. Even then, it may not be large.

But it can again be good. That is the important thing.

This question of the future quality of the Army surfaces in another, more oblique fashion in connection with the herculean efforts on the part of Chief of Staff General Creighton W. Abrams to improve the Army's abysmal "teeth-to-tail" ration, i.e., to get more fighting men and units out of the Army without raising its numerical strength.

At the height of Vietnam, when General Abrams took command, the Army had more than 500,000 soldiers, of whom, only 90,000 could be classed as combatant.

Since becoming Chief of Staff, Abrams, veteran fighting soldier that he is, has worked ceaselessly to reduce or eliminate unnecessary headquarters and convert resulting manpower savings into tactical units. This drive has eliminated plush headquarters all over the world, and this year has already squeezed an extra brigade onto the Army's troop list. Next year, Abrams hopes by this process to activate an extra division and he and his able Vice Chief of Staff, General F.C. Weyand, are ultimately shooting for sixteen divisions.

On its face this is a highly praiseworthy effort that can do nothing but improve the Army. However, the question comes up: wouldn't it be better to keep the same number of divisions (now thirteen and one-third), lower annual manpower requirements, thereby eliminating recruiting shortfalls, and use the Abrams/Weyland savings to reduce the overall strength of the Army while retaining divisional strength as at present and simultaneously enhancing quality?

Army spokesmen wince at this tough question: they would like nothing better than a sixteen- or eighteen-division Army (even though the Joint Chiefs of Staff top-secret "JASCAP" plan, setting out current force requirements for the services, now carries a thirteen-division, not a sixteen-division, Army.) Typical of many Congressmen who were asked the same question, Representative Hébert, like George Washington, said he would prefer an Army of higher quality rather than larger size.

Behind the question of Army quality lies a curious contradiction noted, for example, by many recent observers of our divisions in West Germany, namely, that while units seem to abound in good-quality officers and almost as many good-looking noncommissioned officers, the junior enlisted men, sad-sack, drug-ridden, racially polarized Pfc.'s and Spec. 4's, give the general appearance of listlessness, slackness and disaffection.

Even if this situation seems to be improving as the Army works hard to eliminate or reject misfits through every possible device, there still seems a long way to go.

Overshadowing all the overseas Army is the further question of how much of it will be coming home and how soon. Ever since 1945, the Army has been an overseas garrison Army. Now, however, pressures are mounting—aggravated by the miserable showing of so-called European "allies" in NATO during the Mideast crisis last fall—to cut back American forces in Europe. Such cutbacks, long demanded by Senator Mike Mansfield, the Senate Majority Leader, and many other legislators, gain strength from the 1958 assertion by General Eisenhower, surely qualified to speak, that the U.S. Army contribution to NATO could be safely cut back to one division with supporting troops. More profoundly, pressures to reduce our overseas Army gain accumulated force from NATO's long record of shortfalls, derisory national military expenditures, increasing neutralism toward the United States by the other members (who still expect us to fight for them), and from the unanswerable question posed several years ago by the *London Times*: "Why is it that 250 million Europeans have to rely on 200 million Americans to defend them against 200 million Russians with 800 million angry Chinamen on their backs?"

Behind the Army's drive for sixteen divisions lies a greater role for a much improved Army Reserve and National Guard.

One of the worst mistakes of the Vietnam war, one which blighted everything it touched, was President Johnson's refusal to mobilize reserves. Because of this the reserves and National Guard quickly became havens for draft dodgers and centers for anti-military disaffection.

(It was a sullen coven of Army reservists in San Francisco who in 1970, on government time, hatched up the class-action lawsuit, now before the Supreme Court, to bar members of Congress from membership in Armed Services reserve components.)

Another result of reserve nonfeasance in the Vietnam war has been a series of proposals looking toward Reserve and National Guard reductions both in roles and in forces. Pointing out in a recent study that we spend some $4 billion annually on Reserve forces, a Brookings Institution analyst, Martin Binkin, has called for a one-third cut in Reserve forces, which would eliminate 300,000 "Weekend Warriors" and save the taxpayer $1.4 billion a year.

Now, in a process not unlike dialysis for a kidney patient, the Army is flushing out Vietnam-induced Reservists, while state National Guard units are doing the same, trying to replace wartime draft dodgers with successors who are more like the high-spirited Reservists of World War II or Korea. The Guard is now up to strength, but the Army Reserve, a collection of unglamorous specialist and supporting units, has some way to go.

One of General Abrams's programs has been to group all organized Army units, whether regular, Reserve, or Guard, into a single "Forces Command," divided into "Readiness Regions" under live-wire commanders who are working to raise the military quality of their units. In certain regular Army units qualified National Guard organizations are actually assigned to bring the division to full strength. The 25th Infantry ("Tropic Lightning") Division in Hawaii, for example, has only two regular brigades, augmented, however, by a third "affiliated" National Guard brigade.

Progress can also be seen in a former disaster area, the ROTC. Save in the Ivy League, which collectively turned its back on the common defense at the height of the Vietnam War, ROTC enrollments are up, applications for new units are coming in, and unproductive units are being closed out. Naturally the Army misses the high quality and elite spirit of the Ivy League schools (never major contributors in numbers, however), but there is no drive on to get Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Columbia, and others back into the fold. "We can do without each other for a while," said one general.

Behind every program and problem of the U.S. Army lies a single imponderable. Is the Army capable of meeting its two greatest challenges—the challenges of discipline and morale? "Discipline," to quote George Washington again, "is the Soul of an Army."

The Army that filed home from Vietnam was

Continued on page 40

"Just as I'm about to retire, the bottom has fallen out of the war-memories-market!"

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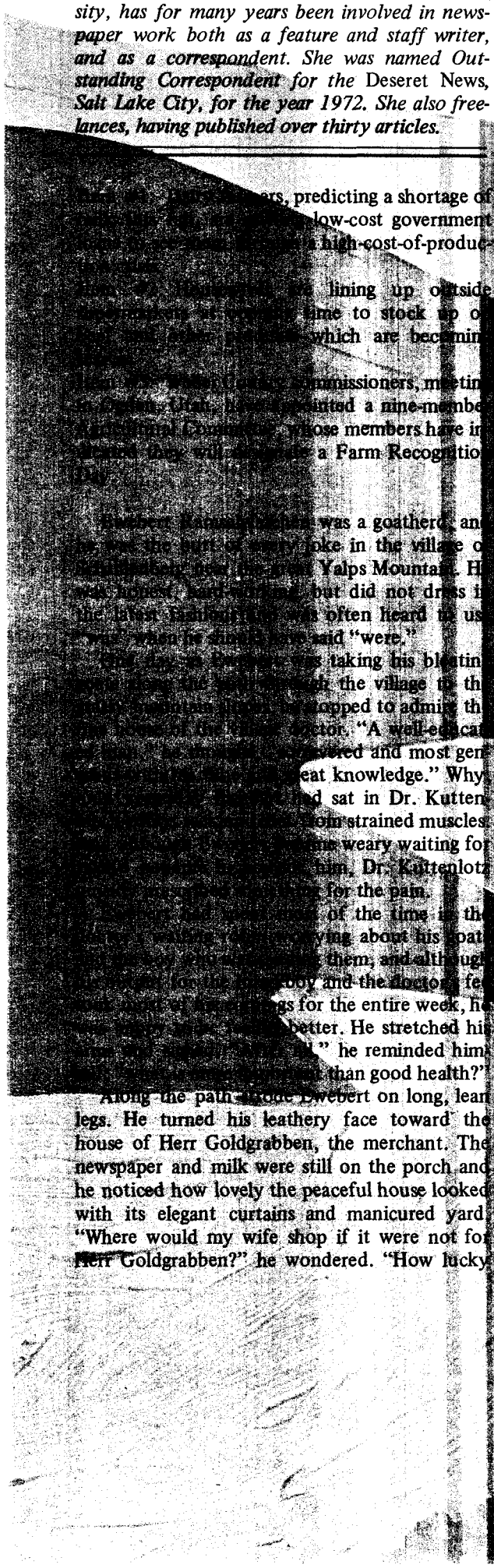
EIN SWITCH

By June F. Krambule

Illustrated by Bill Ware

June Krambule, a graduate of Utah State University, has for many years been involved in newspaper work both as a feature and staff writer, and as a correspondent. She was named Outstanding Correspondent for the Deseret News, *Salt Lake City, for the year 1972. She also freelances, having published over thirty articles.*



[illegible] ers, predicting a shortage of [illegible] low-cost government [illegible] high-cost-of-produc- [illegible] lining up outside [illegible] time to stock up o[illegible] which are becomin[illegible] commissioners, meetin[illegible] pointed a nine-membe[illegible] Committee, whose members have in[illegible] they will consider a Farm Recognitio[illegible]

Ewebert Ratzenberger was a goatherd, an[illegible] the butt of every joke in the village o[illegible] berg over the great Yalps Mountain. H[illegible] was honest, hard-working, but did not dress i[illegible] the latest fashion. He was often heard to us[illegible] "were."

[illegible] was taking his bleatin[illegible] through the village to th[illegible] stopped to admire th[illegible] home of the town doctor. "A well-educa[illegible] cultured and most gen[illegible] great knowledge." Why[illegible] had sat in Dr. Kutten[illegible] from strained muscles[illegible] time weary waiting for[illegible] him, Dr. Kuttenlotz[illegible] for the pain.

[illegible] of the time as th[illegible] worrying about his goat[illegible] them, and although [illegible] boy and the doctor's fe[illegible] gs for the entire week, he[illegible] better. He stretched his[illegible] ," he reminded him[illegible] than good health?"

Along the path strode Ewebert on long, lean legs. He turned his leathery face toward the house of Herr Goldgrabben, the merchant. The newspaper and milk were still on the porch and he noticed how lovely the peaceful house looked with its elegant curtains and manicured yard. "Where would my wife shop if it were not for Herr Goldgrabben?" he wondered. "How lucky we are to have such a businessman in our small town."

Ewebert walked slowly, marveling at the sunrise and noticing how crisp and beautiful the village looked in the long, cool shadows of morning.

At last he came to the home of Herr Limburgmacher, who owned the cheese factory at the edge of town. "Such wonderful cheese," he thought. "But, oh, how nervous he makes me feel," he thought, hoping not to see Herr Limburgmacher. "I am lucky he buys the milk from my goats. However, I do not like it when he tells me he has all the milk he needs for the better cheeses and must pay less for mine."

On went Ewebert through the village and up [illegible] green and lavender slope[illegible] passed Von Richtermieren home with t[illegible] cy- on the porch, and the home of [illegible] ter- whose children took flute less[illegible] ber- ed at every wedding. "How I [illegible] like things for my little Gretchen an[illegible] he ught.

"Everyone is getting richer except [illegible] I sider the other goatherds down in [illegible] y," pondered. "Why is this?" wonde[illegible] ert, zled. "Everyone in the village dri[illegible] nd cheese for supper."

Ewebert thought about this as he [illegible] the He thought about it as he unwra[illegible] nd- of thick brown bread and [illegible] He ught about it as he drove the goat[illegible] wn full and in toward town. He looked again at homes of the merchant, the doctor and the cheesemaker. His legs were tired and his feet hurt, and the stately houses leered at him in the twilight sun. When he reached his own humble home, it was smaller and more worn than he had remembered.

Each day after that, Ewebert brought the goats home by way of the Furchegehen trail instead of through town. It was a little longer, but after passing the shacks of Eric Schlumpskopf and Fritz Weintrinken, Ewebert found his little home comfortable indeed.

And so the summer passed, until something happened several miles down the valley at Blattenburg. The way Ewebert heard it, Peter Herdemehr, who had the largest goat herd in the entire valley, was following his goats up the steep trail along the bank of the new Wasserholden Reservoir early in the morning. It had rained heavily the day before, and without indication, the bank of the reservoir gave way, dumping the goats into the water and drowning all but three.

Next day the cheesemaker, Herr Limburgmacher, needed all Ewebert's goats' milk for his finest cheese, paying him top price and being, Ewebert thought, less impatient than usual.

The following week Herr Milchbringen, who lived across the valley and was known to Ewebert only as the goatherd with two sheds, decided not to buy winter feed for his goats, saying that the price of feed had risen every year since he and his family had come to the valley. Instead, he drove his herd over to Grossestrom Valley and sold it, then moved to the city to look for a job.

Ewebert had wondered if he should do the same, and discussed it with his wife. But he avoided the thought of leaving the good people of Schtillenwald. Even Herr Limburgmacher had become so friendly that Ewebert was sorry he had misjudged him.

Then came late summer and the opening of the Schmoetzen factory at the far end of the valley. Many of the goatherds were delighted to get jobs that began after daybreak and ended before setting of the sun, so they sent their goats to the city stockyards and hired them out to young boys, who did not take good care of them. Often the goats did not produce enough milk to pay for the boys' wages.

Ewebert was astonished. Herr Limburgmacher

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Don't Let This Summer Destroy Your Complexion

The summer months may be a recreation season for you, but a near-disaster for your complexion. You enjoy a change of pace that ought to bring your face a relaxed, younger-looking expression. But instead you may end the three-month summer season looking decidedly older.

A single summer day can be a little like a whirlwind tour through all the climates of the world. You swim, then bake yourself on a sandy beach under a desert-like sun. You take windswept car rides. You step from sun-baked pavements, squinting against the glare, into chill air-conditioned restaurants or stores. A sudden summer storm leaves the air steaming and humid. Your complexion is exposed to a wide variety of environments, each with shocking suddenness.

Is it any wonder that your skin becomes dryer as the days pass? The dryer your skin, the more that dryness emphasizes little lines and wrinkles. And the older you look. But there's no need to despair. It is possible to enjoy the pleasures of summer and still maintain your youthful look.

Many younger-looking women, from Acapulco to Sydney, discovered that they can barely get through the summer happily without their beautiful secret, the unique fluid known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion. This summer, share the secret, the lovely benefits of this world-renowned blend. Oil of Olay was created by beauty researchers to soften and silken a woman's complexion. The complexion-cherishing lotion contains a wealth of natural moisture, tropical moisturizing oils and other emollients.

Oil of Olay, available at drugstores, penetrates the important surface layer of the skin quickly, working with nature to ease away the dryness that can make you look older. The beauty blend helps maintain the oil-moisture balance, an essential element necessary for your complexion to look as young as possible. The skin-loving liquid also sets up an effective barrier to keep nature's own moisture from surrendering to sudden environmental changes.

You will know when your skin would welcome Oil of Olay. Whenever it feels dry or slightly tight or rough to the touch, your complexion is asking for, and needs, all the help it can get from the beauty blend.

No matter how often you soothe on cherishing Oil of Olay during the day, apply at bedtime, so it can work its wonders during nocturnal hours. And in the morning, as a moisty, non-greasy make-up base that lets cosmetics stay fresh for hours.

Summer Beauty Hints

Gently bathe away your sun protective lotion after sunning. Pat your body almost dry, then soothe your still-damp skin with Oil of Olay wherever the sun's rays have reached you.

* * *

If you wear sunglasses, your skin can seem dry where the frames touch your nose, temples and ears. More frequent use of Oil of Olay on these sensitive spots will be welcome and helpful.

* * *

During these months when the need for Oil of Olay® is great, always carry a bottle with you . . . to the beach, on weekend trips, when going shopping.

continued from page 36

neither proud nor victorious nor very formidable. Its last months in that awful war were blemished by units which refused or avoided combat, murdered strict or unpopular officers and NCO's, a drug-ridden, racially divided, disaffected and dispirited if not a near-mutinous Army.

Elsewhere than in Vietnam—in Germany particularly—conditions were hardly better.

Intolerably clobbered at the end of the war from without and within by social turbulence, pandemic drug addiction, race war, sedition, civilian scapegoatism, draftee recalcitrance, barracks theft and common crime, all but abandoned by government, by Congress, and by the public it thought it was defending, the Army found itself battered by a crisis of discipline, lowered self-esteem, and negative morale unlike anything ever found in its past experience.

In postwar search for its soul, the Army resorted to such unprecedented if not bizarre expedients as elected soldier soviets (known euphemistically as "Enlisted Men's Councils") at all levels throughout certain units. These councils, heading up, for example, in the 4th Mechanized Division at Fort Carson, Colorado, in 1971, in a presidium topped by an articulate, college-educated draftee Spec. 4 with two years' service, outflanked the normal military chain of command, all but displaced senior non-commissioned officers from traditional functions and leaned hard on unit commanders.

Nothing like this had ever happened in the U.S. Army nor in other armies before except in that of the Bolsheviks in 1917. Encouraged by General Westmoreland, these and other hyperdemocratic experiments have now been quietly put to sleep by General Abrams.

The traditional, the supreme and ultimate remedy for anything that afflicts an army has always been comprised in one word and one concept: leadership. Napoleon truly said, "There are no bad regiments, only bad colonels."

All progress in the post-Vietnam Army—the quiet application of weed killer to the Westmoreland "reforms," the equally quiet retirement of inefficient generals, the commonsense return to traditional Army ways, the unremitting cutback on headquarter fat while reviving fighting muscle—stems from the top.

In the words of Representative Hébert, "The Army today has the finest top leadership—in General Abrams and General Weyand, and also in Secretary Callaway—I have ever known."

Below this august level, at least if Abrams and Weyand have anything to say, as they do, the caliber of post-Vietnam regular officers and NCO's is steadily shaping up. The Army is again training hard as it did in the halcyon days before Vietnam.

But training and battle drill, however much they suggest the way an army will fight, are not the final answer, for the reason stated more than two centuries ago by France's Marshal Saxe: "The starting point for all matters connected with war is the human heart."

In the soldier's heart lie the wellsprings that make him fight: discipline, loyalty, unit pride, spirit.

These are the very things our post-Vietnam Army is struggling hard to regain, and the field of battle where the decision will be reached is not Germany or Fort Benning, but still and always, as General Abrams knows, the soldier's heart.

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THE BIG SCOOP AROUND WASHINGTON

Senator Henry Jackson thinks about things other than the presidency.

By Gwen Dobson

A Washington journalist for many years, Gwen Dobson specializes in writing perceptive portraits of people in government and other walks of life. Her article on Father Nicola appeared in the June/July issue of the Post.

The gasoline crisis meant many things to many people . . . mostly bad.

But for Senator Henry M. "Scoop" Jackson it might not have been all bad.

In fact, it might even be considered good, for it provided just what he was lacking . . . identity.

It was a nationwide blight; worse in some areas than others, but everyone was concerned with it.

Henry and Helen Jackson (above): a warm, committed couple. They met in a Washington elevator thirteen years ago, the day he was sworn in as Senator. Hyman G. Rickover (left), admiral, naval systems expert, educationist chats with a man who has made all concerns his own, from Russian emigrés to commodity quotas.

Television cameras rolled their cumbersome way into the Senate hearing room; the press gallery was cheek to jowl with reporters, transcribing every word, and in the congressional corridors radio people, with microphones and tape recorders at the ready, waited for any word they could snatch from any of the principals.

This was coast to coast; it touched every person holding a driver's license, and it was specifically touching a man whose greatest shortcoming in his 1972 bid for the Democratic presidential nomination was that the nation didn't know him.

But they know him now. That short fellow, with a slightly elongated face and a brisk manner, who asked all those tough questions.

They know him now and they hail him because they liked the way he took on those big industry giants . . . "the sacred cows, who had never before been called on for public account . . . under oath."

It could be heard in many places: cocktail parties, ladies' luncheons, men's meetings. "That fellow asks the right questions," the questions these same people were sitting at home asking. They liked his bold, sometimes sarcastic, often caustic challenges put before these by-the-barrel billionaires, for all the world to see.

And so with 1976 drawing closer and closer, things look quite different for the previously little-known Senator, Scoop Jackson.

This difference is reflected in Jackson's office.

The outer office is brimming with visitors; four airline men are squeezed together on a couch, with briefcases in laps; they huddle together and talk quietly among themselves.

Two VFW vice-commanders wait their turn hopefully; a candidate from back home has come for a word of encouragement and an autograph on a cartoon that will be auctioned off to benefit his campaign; several folks from home who "just want to say we met him" wait and admire the color pictures that proclaim the beauty of Washington state. And a Senator waits too.

Meanwhile, the staff is nonstop . . . so is the phone.

And so is the man for whom they all bustle.

For Senator Jackson is a man on the run—not completely certain he will run, yet running hard.

"I must decide this year because I need something to tell the people . . . the mail, the phone calls, the visitors . . . they all want an answer," he says.

He is slightly behind schedule this day; he handles the worried airline and flight-curtailed men with great dispatch; he invites the Senator in quickly for a brief word; the VFW fellows get an outer-office pat on the back and a quick smile that transforms his face into boyishness; he shakes hands warmly with his visitors from Washington; and it's off to lunch in the small Senate lunchroom.

This is a hurried affair too. The Senator has a bill on the floor and he's anxious to get back to vote. The waitress brings "the usual": chopped steak, mixed green salad and tea.

Around the room, Senators Hatfield, Tunney and Ribicoff are each surrounded by two or three other men, creating private little islands of thought and interests.

There is nothing relaxed about the atmosphere; only more bustle and a sense of pressure.

That is precisely what his mother feared as she listened to his plans to enter public life. "She wanted me to stay there; be at home . . . find a quiet corner for myself."

Jackson entered law practice in Everett after his graduation from the University of Washington, which he had attended by "saving up $2,000 from summer jobs . . . that got me through one and a half years. Then I waited on table and washed dishes. That was during the Depression, you know, and it was murder. Things were rough and I was lucky to even be in school."

His legal activities led him to run for county prosecutor and one of his first major cases was the famed Matson kidnap case. "That was the first time in my life that I'd had contact with the FBI. . . . They are one of the most professional groups in the world."

From that post, he moved to "clean up the gambling and corruption in the county," and from those successes was elected to Congress at the age of twenty-eight. Scoop served six terms before running and winning the Senatorial seat in 1952.

He recollected his 1941 arrival in Washington.

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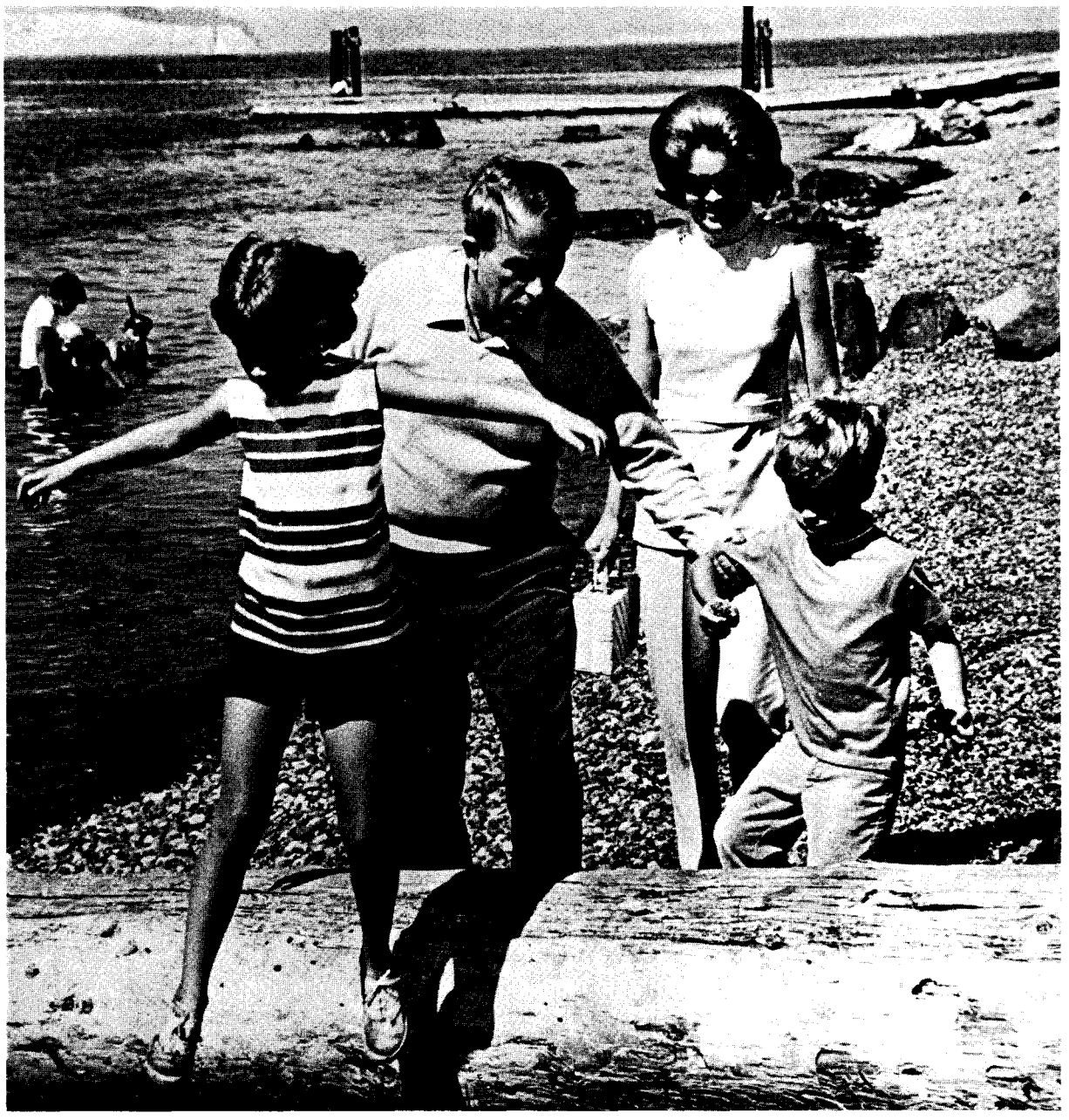
SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER
Why, of Course, Scoop—That Was It
By "HOP"
WONDER WHAT'S EATING THAT POOR HAM—HE ACTS LIKE HE WAS IN A TRANCE.
MY WIFE TIED THIS FINGER UP SO AS TO REMIND ME TO DO SOMETHING—BUT BLESSED IF I KNOW WHAT IT WAS—
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, HIGBY?
IF YOU CAN REMEMBER WHERE YOU LIVE—WE MIGHT GO HOME AND ASK YOUR WIFE WHAT IT WAS—
GOOD IDEA
WHAT WAS IT MADAM THAT YOU WANTED YOUR HUSBAND TO REMEMBER?
TO VOTE!
ZOOM
BANG
CRASH

The inside scoop on "Scoop": delightfully, "Scoop, The Cub Reporter," was a cartoon feature on page one of the Everett (Washington) Herald, *on March 12, 1912, just two months before Henry Martin Jackson was born. Henry, who became a carrier boy for the* Herald *in the 1920's, was such a gung-ho go-getter that his older sister Gertrude couldn't resist affectionately dubbing him "Scoop," the boy wonder of the press. The nickname clung, even after Henry went to Congress, perhaps because "Scoop" says something about the man as well as the boy.*



Like their parents, eleven-year-old Anna Marie and eight-year-old Peter find obstacles can be exciting.

"It was the first time I'd ever been here. When I got off the train at Union Station, I asked where the Capitol was," indicating what a bumpkin he considered himself, since a good pitching arm could almost hit it with a stone.

As did most members of Congress of his age, Scoop enlisted when World War II was declared, and was shipped to Alabama for boot camp. "That's where I first met George Wallace. The next time we met, all we could remember was how we all got chiggers."

His Army career was shortened when President Roosevelt recalled all members of Congress.

Scoop Jackson spent his first twenty-one years in Washington as a bachelor. Then, on the opening day of Congress as he was about to be sworn in as a Senator, he met Helen Hardin on an elevator.

It was in January 1961 that Senator Clinton Anderson introduced them, and thus began "a wild and heady romance, filled with clandestine tea dates in the Senate cafeteria and bike rides along the C & O Canal," as Helen puts it.

Helen was working on Senator Anderson's staff at the time.

They were married the following December and moved into Helen's apartment, where they remained "until Anna Marie (now eleven) was almost born."

Their next residence was in Georgetown until the purchase of their Spring Valley house "just before Peter's birth." Peter was eight in April.

On the heels of a recent rash of Congressional splits, separations and psychological problems, Helen Jackson serenely brushes those problems aside.

"Scoop already was what he was when we married and I knew what to expect . . . especially the long hours. Demanding it is, but I think it was easier for me than someone, say, who had married in college and then came here and had to adjust."

Helen Hardin Jackson was accustomed to a comfortable life. She was an only child, the daughter of M.M. Hardin, a New Mexico mining executive who before his retirement was chairman of the board and director of the American Gypsum Company, and of the late Mrs. Hardin.

She attended Vassar for one year before transferring to Scripps College, a small all-girls' school across from an all-boys' school.

Before coming to Washington to join Senator Anderson's staff, Helen received her M.A. from Columbia University and worked as a secretary to the medical editor of the Oxford University Press.

Helen admits that her entry into political life came at an easier time, "when women used to ask for an occasional recipe or what it's like to go to the White House.

"That's all changed now. Women voters are more informed. It is harder and more demanding and they expect the wife to know almost as much as her husband.

"But I think it helps a marriage; a political wife can participate in what her husband's doing. She wouldn't know nearly as much being married to, say, a businessman. Her role is important too; much like that of a minister's wife."

She admits "it is not always easy . . . it is demanding, but it's never boring. The only requirements are nerves of steel and a sense of humor."

When Helen Jackson talks about 1976, she is more positive in her answers than is her husband. "Well, I got through 1972 and so I know what to expect. It is not going to be easy." Which seems to say Scoop will run.

"A national campaign is rigorous; it requires understanding and a cooperative family. You are away quite a bit and then you're either traveling with your husband or splitting up and going separate places."

And at that point Helen recalls with dread their 1972 forays in what she called "puddle jumpers. . . . I'm a wreck in airplanes anyway."

The Jackson children accompanied their parents only on several trips in 1972. "We took them with us to Florida during a school holiday and it was fun. That was old-fashioned politics . . . on the back end of a train . . . visiting small communities.

"We do have a baby-sitter who helps with the children, but in '76, the children will be older, capable of understanding."

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For Helen's necessary activities in such a campaign, Dorothy Stimson "from back home" is ready and waiting in the wings to help again as she did in '72 as Mrs. Jackson's press secretary.

When Helen talks about back home, she genuinely means Scoop's back home, where she spends as much time as possible.

At one point, she and the children lived there for the better part of three years, "when there were family problems, poor health, and when Scoop's sisters died within a short period of each other.

"Every December 1, we pack up and head for Everett, where we spend all our Christmases and where the children and I spend most of the summers. I think it's important for our children to know where their roots are."

With only one small exception, Helen Jackson could be called the perfect political wife. She is soft-spoken, ladylike, well groomed, slender of figure, gentle of coloring and thoughtful in her statements. However, she did step out of party and family lines once in her life, when she voted for Dwight D. Eisenhower. "My father has always been a staunch Democrat and he just couldn't understand it. But I liked Ike . . . but do you have to say that?"

It's doubtful that one slight infraction could do any harm to her husband.

Mrs. Jackson speaks quite freely on some of today's movements and urgent problems, and the two that interest her the most seem to be women's activities and education.

On Women's Lib, she says: "I think most of their requests are pretty reasonable. I would like, for instance, to see more women in law and medicine . . . in all the professions. My one fear is that they may become too strident, too shrill, and drown out all the progress. I would like to see more women run for public office and become more active as civic representatives. After all, they've done all the work in the background for years . . . mailers, door-to-door drives, telephoning . . . it's time they were in the forefront."

On education: "We are both vitally concerned with education." And according to published records, most of the $40,000 Senator Jackson received for speeches and writings was given to various educational funds, causes, and in memory of his sister, "Gertrude, who taught in a rather underprivileged community for forty-three years."

Their own children attend Horace Mann School in their neighborhood. "We just had a PTA meeting at our house the other night. We are faced with a terrible problem. There are six schools in our ward and not enough children to fill them. We were discussing a sweeping, innovative plan to make the schools into specialized learning centers . . . arts, languages, plays, scenery, and so forth. It is a creative PTA aided by a vital faculty. It is made up of interesting parents who pitch in and run the library, do the cookery, conduct C & O Canal Research projects; some are newspaper people and there are diplomatic families and they all help.

"What we'd really like to do is lure people back to public schools."

Such a move would be in complete accord with Scoop Jackson's social thinking.

He will describe himself in a variety of categories, but his number one premise is: "I am a human being and you can't catalogue a human being. That is perhaps our one great virtue . . . that we are individual. The good Lord made us that way."

• On domestic issues . . . "I take a forward position."

• Foreign affairs . . . "I believe in a tough policy. I have a deep commitment to freedom. This is no time for tyrants . . . of the left or the right."

• Social legislation . . . "My most general interest."

• Environment . . . "A pioneer in that area."

• Problems . . . "I love solving them."

And when he chooses the country's number one problem he gives it subheads. His selection of the top four domestic problems facing the nation are the economy, inflation, shortages, and unemployment.

"Full employment would be the greatest social program in our history. This still evades us after all these years of effort . . . for every able-bodied person to have employment.

"We have to put first things first. It is at the heart of everything, and is central to all our other problems, such as the need for more health programs and a better environment.

"I think we must pause and think . . . what do we really want? Raise a family in a good neighborhood; live in a good home in a good environment; send our children to the best schools possible; have good health care, both preventive and curative, and have leisure time to live in a peaceful world.

"It will require full employment to create the best possible standard of living for all our people, without discrimination. Meanwhile, we must work to preserve and extend our great human values: individual liberty, dignity and the integrity of the individual. There is a danger that as we (the government) do so many things, the individual can get lost in the nature of things. Programs should be a means to an end, rather than the end. The government's role should be to enhance the opportunity of all our citizens . . . as individuals.

"There is one great area where help is needed that is overlooked. That is help for the people who are struggling to provide for their families . . . they're proud . . . not on

Continued on page 132

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OUR READERS WRITE—OR WRONG.

By Mort Singer

To the Editor:

Here's how to do some real good. Get me my tax refund. It's been a year since I filed my tax return and the Internal Revenue Service has yet to send the $422.00 it owes me. Now don't tell me about the paperwork load it has, and how its clerks are too busy enforcing price and wage controls. Just tell me how I can collect my refund.

W.M.

Dear W.M.:

We called the IRS in Washington and were told your refund is being processed and would be in the mail shortly. Meanwhile, please accept our check for $422. When you get the check from IRS, just endorse it and send it back to us.

The Editor

To the Editor:

I wish you would do something about inconsiderate drivers. Roadhogs. Men who dangle their left arms out the window. Women who make up in their rearview mirrors. Sneaks who shove their way in at the head of the line. The tailgaters. The weavers. The signal runners.

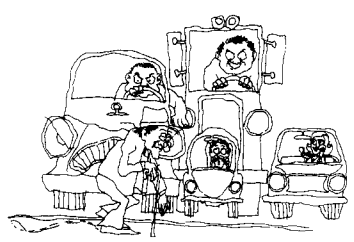
Tell us what can be done about these menaces to life, limb and emotional stability.

M.S.

Dear M.S.:

We showed your letter to the police. They are going to invite you to travel around with a police cruiser, sound a siren and arrest any of those drivers you mention. When their cases come up in court, you will be the star witness.

The Editor



To the Editor:

Why don't you get on your soapbox about price gouging at the supermarkets? My friends and neighbors are fed up with high prices for food. I got them to sign the enclosed petition protesting these inflated prices. Over 100 names. Do something, will you?

Housewife

Dear Housewife:

We took your petition to the local supermarket association and after a quick membership meeting, the decision was made to roll back all food prices 10 percent this week and 10 percent next week, and thereafter until prices are back to preinflation levels.

The Editor

To the Editor:

Your editorial on world peace was good but it didn't go far enough. What needs to happen is for the big powers to do some collective bargaining like unions and employers and arrive at a compromise agreement. They give a little and take a little and thus learn to live with each other. Trade-offs. "We'll junk our tanks, if you junk your bombers." And then put the money spent for arms to peaceful uses. How about that?

K.M.

Dear K.M.:

We sent a telegram to the Secretary General of the United Nations, quoting your letter. Next thing we knew a special session of the General Assembly was scheduled. There, all nations will sign the following agreement:

1. *Scrap all arms including nuclear and hydrogen bombs.*
2. *The Russians, Cubans and Chinese will declare a "people's election," calling for general elections via secret balloting supervised by the U.N.*
3. *All countries will trade the best products they produce at minimal cost, so that each can enjoy the utmost prosperity and thus eliminate inflation and recessions and raise the standard of living all over the world.*

Your letter struck just the right chord. The whole world is grateful to you.

The Editor

To the Editor:

The governor of this state is a crook, and you know it. You've written about it time and again. You say the evidence is "incontrovertible." You've received more letters from your readers on this subject than anything in recent weeks. The charges against the governor are piling up. His closest associates are all squealing on him. Don't you think something ought to be done about this crook?

G.K.

Dear G.K.:

Yes, something is being done about the governor. We took your letter and hundreds like it to the state legislature and tomorrow impeachment proceedings will be started. By the end of this month, we think the governor will be out, and a special election will be called. Your letter tipped the scales. Congratulations.

The Editor

To the Editor:

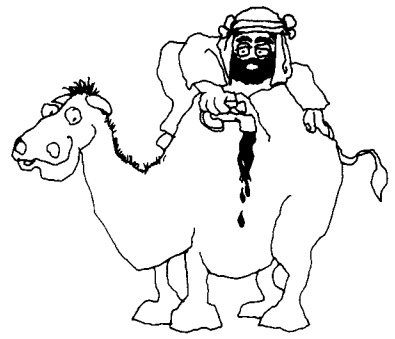
Don't you think it's time the giant oil companies stopped profiteering from the energy crisis? You wring your hands editorially but just what are you doing about the problem? We've had enough of the high prices of gasoline. Enough waiting in long lines at gas stations. Enough promises of better things to come when the Arabs end their boycott, when "new sources of fuel are developed," when this and that. Let's get after those oil corporations.

O.L.

Dear O.L.:

We forwarded your letter to Congress and it broke the camel's back, so to speak. The Arabs just decided to turn on the tap. The oil companies will start giving the stations all the gas they need. They will begin cutting prices and giving away kitchenware and trading stamps again. And they will turn all their excess profits over to the Treasury Department, enabling it to cut income taxes for everybody.

The Editor



To the Editor:

In these days of shortages of paper and energy, why don't you reduce the size of your newspaper? People don't need all that reading matter, and you will be doing the patriotic bit you have urged others to do.

R.S.

Dear R.S.:

We agree with you. We will cut back on paper. Not only that. Because reader K.M. got the world to solve most of its problems, we have hardly anything to write about. And businesses don't need to advertise. They're too busy supplying materials to the world. That cuts off our major source of income. So we have decided to stop publishing. We thank our many readers for showing us the light.

The Ex-Editor

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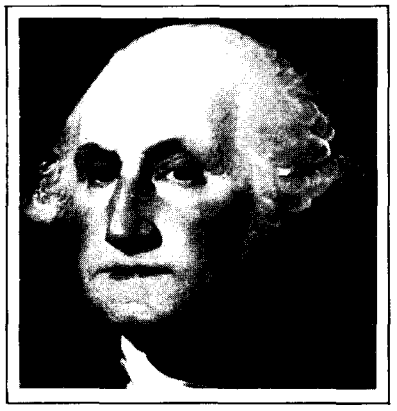

AN APPEAL FOR FAIRNESS

HANGMEN ARE NOT ELECTED

TENTH IN A SERIES

April 19, 1792

"The high-fliers in and out of Congress . . . talk of nothing but impeachment . . . as if Congress were wrapped up in the cloak of infallibility. . . ." (Philip Freneau, National Gazette, April 19, 1792).

The year is 1792 and we are there . . .

In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, George Washington complained that his enemies "have embraced without restraint every opportunity to weaken the confidence of the people" in him. At one time, according to Jerome Davis, author of *Character Assassination*, "Criticism was so scathing and so unfair that Washington declared that he would rather be in the grave than in the Presidency."

Washington often reflected on the "malignant industry, and persevering falsehoods" with which he was assailed. His countrymen, however, eventually bestowed upon him the highest honor within their power: "Father of his Country." And while the office has its perils as well as its rewards, the tragedy is that the perils come to the President when he is alive and the rewards come to him when he is dead.

From a letter by Rabbi Baruch Korff to Mrs. Julie Nixon Eisenhower— New York Times, *Sept. 9, 1973*

In these calumnious days of the hangmen, the 37th President of the United States stands alone against the "malignant industry and persevering falsehoods" that have assailed the presidency from Washington to Nixon.

Washington bitterly complained that his enemies "have embraced without restraint every opportunity to weaken the confidence of the people" in him, and we see the same happening now—with deadlier impact and foreboding consequences. We have, after all, come a long way from an agrarian society of four million to an industrialized nation of 214 million souls, and the weaponry too has changed from the scaffold to the hydrogen bomb; assassination is no longer a stealthy trade—it's big business, made legitimate by big interests, media's demigod's, George Meany, Ralph Nader, John Gardner, and a consortium of politicians, most of whom are beneficiaries of the *complot* to destroy an American President.

A. **The election of 19 members of the House Judiciary Committee has been partially subsidized by George Meany's organizations, a principal beneficiary being Chairman Peter Rodino, with $31,000. These are the men and women charged with the "impeachment inquiry."**
B. **Meany's AFL-CIO mails it "weekly" to 13 million members urging them to bludgeon the President of the United States.**
C. **Ralph Nader, using his legions and tax-exempt funds in a massive attempt to corrupt the electoral process, subverted the American consumer with 250,000 pamphlets calling for impeachment of the President.**
D. **The so-called American Civil Liberties Union lubricated the wheels of impeachment with more than 1,000,000 copies of its tracts.**
E. ***John Gardner and his Common Cause* are among the worst offenders. After his stint as an objective champion of puritanical government, he emerges as a counterfeit, a self-seeking Trojan horse. His distribution of a half-million sheets inciting impeachment of the President is a cruel hoax on his followers.**

There are literally hundreds of impeachment groups that are being clandestinely financed by the President's would-be pallbearers.

We pride ourselves on being a nation that has never been defeated by our enemies—and yet we are at the brink of defeating ourselves, standing at the edge of national suicide!

"It would be a real tragedy for our area and for the world if he were impeached. . . . Yes, it would indeed be a terrible tragedy if the American people lost sight of the global considerations." (President Anwar Sadat, Newsweek *3/25/74)*

The Egyptians and Israelis are in agreement—"it would indeed be a terrible tragedy," etc. They know first hand of the era of peace launched by the Nixon Administration; they know that for the first time in 25 years of war they are talking instead of shooting at each other.

Outrageously, in defiance of rudimentary decency, the media have made instant stars of the President's detractors. Men and women we've never heard from before have become celebrities, vying for attention in a popularity contest to tear at the very fabric of this nation. One thinks more of 1789, rather than 1974, when the Parisian mob cheered and shouted as the tumbrels deposited their victims before the guillotine. History will judge these reporters, columnists and newscasters for what they are—ASSASSINS.

A WARNING: After a lynching the lynchers scatter in search of anonymity, but there will be no anonymity for the President's lynchers, and no escape. The same people who have been traumatized into a lynching stampede will retreat, and the Congressmen who would vote impeachment will stand alone, faced with the calumny of their deed.

The year is 1974 and we are here . . .

What We Must Do

1. **Dollars:** Send your maximum contribution to help us reach more Americans.
2. **The President:** Write to the President at The White House and tell him of your contribution to the Committee and your wholehearted support of our objectives.
3. **The Vice President:** Write to Vice President Gerald R. Ford, United States Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510, encouraging him to speak out for the President and the presidency.
4. **The Networks:** Write to the TV networks urging them to invite the Chairman of the National Citizens' Committee for Fairness to the Presidency to be on their programs. It is important to be emphatic in your request because, with rare exceptions, we are being shut out by the electronic media.
5. **Local Radio Stations:** We have prepared cassettes ranging from five minutes to fifteen minutes for use by local radio stations where our point of view has not been aired. Please contact your local radio stations asking them to request from us a cassette for use in your area.
6. **Local Newspapers:** Write to your local newspapers—Letters to the Editor—quoting from our material and giving our full name and address for other readers who may wish to contact us.
7. **The House Judiciary Committee:** Write to Peter R. Rodino, Chairman, House Judiciary Committee, Washington, D.C. 20515, supporting the President.
8. **The Congress:** Keep writing to your Senators and your Representative expressing your views. Write to: Speaker Carl Albert, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515.
9. **Literature:** Reproduce and distribute this message. If you have a group who will sponsor one of these ads in a local paper, we can provide mats or glossies.
10. **Petitions: IMPORTANT!** The petition is our lifeline. This is a massive effort to secure millions of signatures to counter the grossly exaggerated claims of the opposition.

NOTE: We will furnish material and render every assistance to all affiliated and nonaffiliated supportive groups everywhere. Mats or glossies (please specify) are available for reproduction of this message in its entirety in your local newspaper. Reprints of our series "An Appeal for Fairness" which appeared in key cities and towns throughout the country may be obtained for local distribution. Petitions with instructions thereon and boycott labels will be mailed to contributors.

NATIONAL CITIZENS' COMMITTEE FOR FAIRNESS TO THE PRESIDENCY

NON-PROFIT INCORPORATED NON-PARTISAN

INFORMATION CENTER: 918 INDUSTRIAL BANK BUILDING, PROVIDENCE, R.I. 02903 TELEPHONE: 401-331-3952

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EDITORIALS

The Big Bad Bear

As all know who know them, bears are solitary animals, separating after mating, likely to be dangerous if threatened, prone to attack without apparent provocation—but with a sweet tooth for honey. It was not for naught that the mammal chosen to best personify the temperament of Russia was the bear.

Said the immortal Tocqueville, comparing Russia and America:

> All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and they have only to maintain their power. These two alone are still in the act of growth; they are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which no limit can be perceived. The American struggles against the obstacles of nature; the adversaries of the Russians are men. The former combats the wilderness and savage life—the latter, civilization with all its arms. The conquests of the Americans are therefore gained by the plowshare; those of the Russian by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centers all the authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom—of the latter, servitude. Their starting point is different and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.

Today, the United States shares with the temperamental bear the awesome capability of destroying civilization. There is no military or political power possessed by America which could deter either a sane or an insane Russian commander intent on a suicidal launching of that nation's intercontinental warheads on the West.

Suicide would be the proper word for it. Suicides occur primarily among depressed and paranoid people. The first thing a doctor, policeman or fireman does to deter a suicide is to talk to him. Talk and more talk—with offers to help.

Détente is a funny French word which means a slackening or relaxing of strained relations between nations. Détente infers not only talking but trading, which usually results, among men, in the peaceful conduct of commerce and personal relations.

People and nations (substitute Russia) with persecution complexes are apt to shoot first and think later. So it is not because of weakness or lunacy that we cater to the bear. It could better be termed prudence.

And the bear is not so dumb either. He notices that there is a great deal of commotion in the American eagle's nest, with feathers flying all around—but the bear is wary, for he knows the eagle could scratch his eyes out and he would starve.

It's a mismatch, sure enough. That bear and that eagle—a-lookin' at each other with baleful eyes.

But should the eagle find some honey for the bear high up in a tree, and should the bear share part of his evening meal with the eagle—well, maybe "détente" is just what we need to make the tension tolerable and allow us a hard day's work and a good night's sleep.

The Sacrificial Lamb

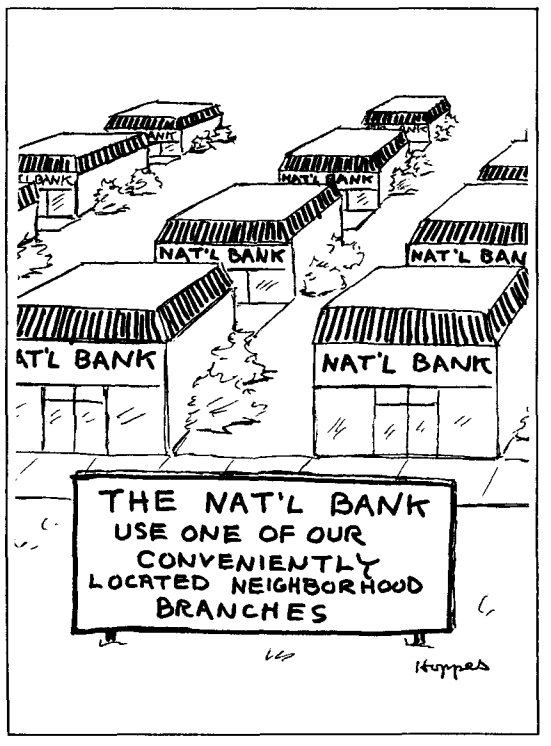
There once was a German internist, aristocratic, conservative, brilliant, who deviated from his successful and lucrative practice to experiment with a ludicrous theory. He wondered why sheep had so little cancer. Curious, he took blood from a lamb fetus and injected it into certain patients with terminal cancer. Spectacular remissions were sensationally reported and claims of rejuvenation were rumored in high circles. Herr Doktor Paul Niehans went on to become physician to Pope Pius XII and to the monarchs and chiefs of state of Europe.

Medical science does not understand why Niehans's experiments have sometimes been successful nor, on the other hand, why cellular injections are not consistently helpful. Still, although cellular therapy is banned in the United States it is flourishing throughout the world, particularly in Germany, where preparation of freeze-dried lambs' blood cells is rigorously inspected by the government and clinicians are licensed to treat elderly patients to improve mental ability or to deter infirmities by stimulating the body's natural cellular defenses.

Now comes Dr. W. T. Kniker, a microbiology researcher of the University of Texas in San Antonio, who has reported to the 58th annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology that he has evidence suggesting cancers may have a special "biological shield" that enables them to thwart the body's chief natural defenses against foreign invaders. Dr. Kniker in his report said that if his concept is confirmed, the protective shield itself might prove vulnerable to some specially designed chemical counterattack, thus providing a new approach to cancer treatment. Specifically, he said that the new research suggests that both cancers and fetuses have special "biological shields." That is, they manufacture and continuously release into the bloodstream materials capable of suppressing the action of the body's lymphocytes. Kniker said that he and his two colleagues were prompted to undertake their research through existing knowledge that "fetal and cancer cells share many other common features" including the release of so-called "fetal antigens." The latter are materials which tend to arouse the body's defenses against invasion.

Now we can only surmise that Dr. Kniker and his colleagues may have forged a new link in our understanding of the body's defenses against the barbarian cells which we call cancer, and certain other degenerative diseases which seem to come about because the body's natural defense mechanisms slow down or fall below a vital threshold.

We urge that our Food and Drug Administration, which presently prohibit clinical experimentation in cellular therapy on humans, modify the rigidity of their position to permit selective clinical trials of Niehans's theories, now given increasing scientific credence through mounting evidence such as that submitted by Dr. Kniker. Said the latter at the conclusion of his report, "The $1,000 question is: do tumor and fetal cells make more of these materials than do normal cells—thereby giving them an edge against being destroyed by the body's defense?"



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FORUM

James Scott Kemper, Jr., received his B.A. at Yale and his law degree at Harvard. He practiced law in New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles for some twenty years before assuming an executive position in a Chicago insurance company. He is now the president of Kemper Insurance Companies and a member of the Board of Directors of the National Council on Alcoholism.

The Corporation

In producing goods and services, the American corporate structure has become the model for the rest of the world. Other countries have adopted our corporate structure, management style and experience to their own cultural and political systems. Japan, France and West Germany are outstanding examples. Even the Russians are finding ways to apply American corporate management practices to a communist society.

The success of the corporate form of organization in producing goods and services derives from the fact that it provides the ideal environment in which planning, organizing and controlling work can flourish, and in which rewards and penalties can be assigned in direct relation to performance. It also provides a unique framework within which each unit can be made accountable for performance, while at the same time preserving the flexibility required for individual and group creativity.

Corporate power has kept pace with corporate performance in the past century. The managers of today occupy the positions of power held by the great landowners of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the legions of the Roman Empire, and the leaders of tribal hunting bands 100 centuries ago. And the reason is essentially the same: We are in charge of the system which offers the best means of getting things done.

As always, material rewards have followed power. Corporate managers are paid more money than any other large group in our society. We have more perquisites and privileges. We can experience the ultimate in job satisfaction. In a very real sense, we manage the future of the world for as far ahead as anyone can see—excepting only the consequences of a nuclear Armageddon.

And we are under attack from all sides. Government imposes shackles on our freedom to determine priorities, to innovate, and to allocate resources. Unions restrict our ability to organize the work. Consumerists attack our record of performance. Lawyers and legislators escalate the punitive sanctions imposed upon us for our mistakes.

The public regards us with suspicion and distrust while at the same time enjoying in growing numbers the material benefits made possible by the corporate system and corporate management.

It is interesting to me that almost nobody wants to abolish the corporate system itself and, strangely, very few people say that managers are paid too much. It is also interesting that nobody faults corporations for their record of producing goods and services. Yet criticism and restraints are based on dissatisfaction with our performance. What performance?

I think there is a widespread feeling that corporate managers, as a consequence of their accession to great power, which itself is the reward for exemplary performance in producing goods and services, must now be held accountable for the manner in which corporate power impinges upon our social institutions and social problems. How should we respond?

First, there is the matter of ethics. A crooked or unethical businessman can do more harm to the corporate system than all the sanctions of a decade of hostile government. In fact, it is the crooked or unethical businessman who usually produces the restrictions that affect us all.

I believe corporate management and trade associations should establish clear policies requiring the practice of a high standard of corporate ethics, subject to appropriate and effective internal procedures for imposing accountability.

The corporation is the finest instrument ever conceived by man for organizing the work of large numbers of people toward the achievement of stated goals. It beats any government agency by a country mile. It is far more efficient than any military structure. It will consistently out-perform any so-called voluntary association.

No shoddy or unsafe merchandise, no misleading advertising, no consumer fraud or misrepresentation, no political payoffs. There should be specific and enforceable sanctions within trade associations, similar to the disbarment and grievance procedures established by bar associations, so that (as one example) the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and their local and state affiliates would publicly expel from membership those corporations or individuals not complying with corporate ethical standards.

Public law provides punishment for corporate crooks, but there is a gray area in which unethical conduct may not be criminal conduct, and in that area we must police ourselves. We have totally failed to do so. I suspect the public understands that an occasional crook within the ranks of business managers simply indicates that managers, too, are human. The disturbing probability is that large numbers of people believe practically all managers are at least slightly unethical; and they demand that people who possess great power should conform to ethical standards higher than their own.

A second area concerns the use of the corporate system to solve the great problems of society: hunger, pollution, crime, disease, inadequate housing and education, and the like. Some may agree with Professor Milton Friedman that a corporation has no social responsibility to commit resources toward the solution of these problems (although I personally do not agree with him), but his arguments are irrelevant. Responsible or not, we are in fact being held *accountable* for performance in these areas because the problems are there, and the public knows we are better equipped to solve them than anyone else. It is even becoming a matter of general opinion that some part of the after-tax profits flowing from the production of goods and services should be devoted to the welfare of the society which paid the money that produced the profits.

Arguments pro and con on this subject are stimulating but largely theoretical. If we do not act, we will ultimately be shorn of the power which enables us to act. A hungry, or disorderly, or sick, or polluted society will not permit the healthy functioning of private business endeavor. We will not be allowed to point to the great material progress we have engendered, and to the growing affluence of most Americans, as evidence that we have fulfilled our responsibilities as managers. We will be told: "That's fine, but the problems are still there, and your expertise mandates that you assume a leadership role commensurate with the power you possess."

It is in the clear self-interest of the corporate system, and of its owners and managers, to accept the burden of accountability for social action.

Beyond ethics, beyond social accountability, there is another kind of mandate that I find it very difficult to express. There is a Biblical warning that says the more power and money you have, the harder it is to get into heaven. I think there is need for a kind of corporate spirituality, which might be defined in terms of trusteeship.

We are trustees for decency and fair play. We are trustees for the poor, the hungry, the sick and the disadvantaged. We hold our power in trust, with the responsibility to exercise it with prudence, with restraint, but also with bold and imaginative creativity.

Finally, and this to me is the essence of corporate spirituality, we are trustees for the fulfillment of our own potential.

James S. Kemper, Jr.
Guest Editorialist.

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HOWARD THE HUMBLE

The great Cosell sometimes steals the show from the show he's reporting.

By Nick Thimmesch

Nick Thimmesch is a syndicated columnist for the Los Angeles Times Syndicate and author of several books on politics. A graduate of Iowa State University, he has written for many national magazines including Sports Illustrated *and* The Saturday Evening Post. *His article on Harold Hughes appeared in the June/July issue of the* Post.

There he sits, in the sterile, plastic press booth high over any one of a score of American stadiums, his face and voice an assault on the senses, the most hated, gaped-at, and listened-to man in sports broadcasting (and he thrives mightily on it)—Howard Cosell, master of the audacious, the superlative, the staccato and the braggadocio. Perhaps he was inevitable in big-time, big-buck sports, whose enormous audience is so Middle American, but whose headquarters is in Mid-Town Manhattan where the communications industry, the sports industry, and the big deals and big bucks are.

The overwhelming irony is, of course, that Cosell screams so loud and so often about commercialism, crassness and the perfidy of big-buck sports that he causes his audience to look here and there for the sinners; yet Cosell himself has richly profited from big-buck sports, and managed to artfully slither through its dangerous jungle. His income is estimated at $300,000 a year.

So there he sits, baggy-eyed and hound-faced, his voice ranging from a whine to a bellow to a roar, while millions listen and watch, and Cosell's handsome co-hosts mingle in the chemistry which makes ABC-TV's "Monday Night Football" a remarkable entertainment event in big-time television. Sometimes the game is good, sometimes it isn't, but the program is always a commercial success. Three million watts burn to brilliance and bathe the stadium in a rain of incandescence. Scores of the strongest young men in America play their roles of contemporary gladiators in glorious bright outfits and help to satisfy the vicarious urges of Americans of all ages. The instant replays provide a technocratic delight to the aficionados, as do Cosell's interjected boomings, which are a subjective comment on that action-moment, frozen in time.

The emotion generated by these televised spectacles of body-contact-sport-for-a-buck spills over, understandably, onto the image and reality of Howard Cosell, mostly because he asks for it. He is a provocateur of the first order, and must know that. Yet he protests mightily, in public, and in private (as he did in his kitchen late one night with an old friend), that he is not *controversial*. If any one word triggers Cosell, it is "controversial," a term, by the way, which makes some network executives wince and assume cold-sober looks.

He feigns shock and concern that some sports fans really hate him. In the far smaller world of sportswriters, athletes and broadcasters, he insults, "puts people on," bucks up depressed souls, causes hurts and happiness, but everybody knows it's *Howard*. In the outside world, however, he doesn't quite know what to expect, and has been terrified by real, and imagined, danger.

"We have gone too far with the notion that we need escape [through sports] at any cost," he told me in his office one day, "and that therefore

Howard Cosell (center) is flanked by the other members of the trio who made ABC's "Monday Night Football." Don Meredith (right) has left for NBC but Frank Gifford (left) is slated to be back.

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we should throw ourselves totally into the escape. If we do that, national emotions are aroused out of all proportion to the reality of what they were intended for.

"It's dangerous when you see people threatening the lives of people over sports, when you see a reaction at Shea Stadium [violent] against Pete Rose [of the Cincinnati Reds], when a man like me makes a fight for Muhammad Ali and receives letters threatening my life, and saying, 'We're in the Hilton Hotel across the street [from ABC], and when you walk out, we're going to shoot you dead.'

"I had security protection from three FBI agents this past season in Buffalo when some kook threatened my life. The FBI intercepted the letter, and recently they arrested the guy.

"I don't want the people of Miami threatening my life and Chet Forte's life [Forte is Cosell's producer] because at half time there's only twenty seconds of Miami footage when we play the half-time highlights.

"It's time that countries said, 'Let's go out and enjoy the game.' But goddam it, there's nothing more transitory in life than the game. Who talks now about Miami's victory over Minnesota in the Super Bowl? You couldn't find 2,000 people who remember Mazeroski's home run in 1960 [it won the World Series for Pittsburgh].

"I would love to see some of this fervor placed into much broader channels of life; this is why today, however much I am in sports—and will be—I concentrate on how I'm doing on issues involving public welfare and individual rights. That's what's important in sports today because sports is nothing more or less than big business."

So Cosell talks against the consuming passion for sports that much of America feels, against what he calls the "Old World" ways of sportswriters who he says display childish adulation for athletes, against the "establishment," whether it be in sports, business or politics. For that reason, he wrote in his autobiography (*Cosell*, published by Playboy Press) that he identifies with anti-establishment athletes like Joe Namath, and Muhammad Ali, of course. Besides, Cosell doesn't want the national anthem played before athletic contests.

But when it comes to the crunch, Cosell is there, defending ABC-TV, which must be in the same network television jungle he deplores so vociferously in his book, as an enterprise has the right to interview players during a game because the network paid "millions of dollars" for the rights, and the dreary, ink-stained sportswriters shouldn't expect as much because they got into the stadium free, and probably got lunch and a beer gratis, besides. Cosell moans about jungles, but the animals individually are his best friends, and if they aren't, he'll soon cozy up to them.

He is terribly sensitive to criticism, begging his long-patient wife to tell him how good he is, fishing for the same from family and friends, mindful and fearful of ratings, reviews and criticisms by TV critics and sportswriters. He is a confessed adolescent, addicted to name-dropping, and can outdo the Soviets in claiming he invented it, or was there first. Cosell, as his book reveals, mentally compiled an "enemies list" long before some foolish knave did that at the White House. Those who know him well say that he is terribly insecure, that, while he protests about his grueling schedule, he must keep in motion or perish.

Cosell has become transparent to the public after years of being heard and seen, especially the four years of "Monday Night Football." Consequently, wherever he goes, his personality is instantly perceived by crowds, and he is swarmed over, cheered and cursed. His faults hang out, like his toupee over his forehead. So does his bluster and wit. Cosell's manifesto: "Arrogant, pompous, obnoxious, vain, cruel, verbose, a show-off. I have been called all of these. Of course I am." And all of us are too, at times, or would like to be. Through television, Cosell has made us feel the urgings which he expresses. There is a little of Cosell in all of us, so it's hard not to like him some—if only secretly.

It is not at all unusual for a man in his fifties like Cosell (fifty-four), who has attained professional and financial success in a field he really isn't that interested in anymore (in Cosell's case, sports), to see himself in that age-old role of doing good and saving mankind, hence as involved in politics. And Cosell is on the threshold of making that plunge, now.

Last spring, Cosell came as close as he ever has to announcing his political debut, when he spoke to a roaring audience of cadets at the U.S. Naval Academy. "There are not ten people in the

Continued on page 72

Cosell shoves a microphone under the nose of Muhammad Ali, once known as Cassius Clay. Cosell gained much of his prominence through a long-lasting series of interviews with Ali.

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THE JULY 4th MAPLE STREET GAMES

By Dennis Brindell Fradin

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

Teacher and author of some dozen published short stories, Dennis Fradin finds he can create a story with impact when he is writing of something close to him. The present story arose from a baseball game played with some old friends in the beginning of the season when "I was horribly out of shape. As I lay on the ground after making a pathetic error, I heard one of my teammates laughing at me and implying that I was an old man." Mr. Fradin makes his home in Evanston, Illinois.

As a kid, I lived to play ball. Our field was a bumpy triangle between three busy streets. Saturdays, we began when the dew lay on the grass and stopped when the sun set behind Walgreens. We played evenings after long days of cutting lawns and doing odd jobs, and Sunday afternoon we played "big games" against other neighborhoods.

I was a pretty good third baseman, willing to stop the ball with my throat. But my prime quality was an honesty as strong as my competitive desire. As much as I enjoyed winning and doing well, I got a bigger thrill out of playing hard and fair, calling a ball foul that curved foul, and not arguing if I was out on a close play.

I've often tried to analyze what happened. It's not unique to my job, but like a lot of men I often get the feeling that I'm not *exactly* honest. Of course, you've got to make a living, but I know that a lot of the world's troubles stem from people getting away with what they can, playing the angles, stomping on our neighbors. It happened to me like my stomach. Slowly, and before I knew it.

Jim, Jr., is worse than I was. The only time he takes his baseball hat off is to eat. When he was small we'd play ball in the backyard, Jim always firing me questions like "Is a homer as far as a mile, Dad?" "Could you hit a ball over the Harlowes' roof?" When he was eight he started Little League, and even though I travel a lot I'd see two or three games a year. All summer he plays in the park near our house, and in the evening he usually has Little League or practice. At night he'll turn on the spotlight and bounce the ball off the side of the house, and if I'm reading the paper or telling Lisa a story I overhear him talking to himself, jumping against the fence to catch flies and throwing bullets to first that make the house rattle. When my wife calls and he says, "Just a minute," I know he's in the ninth inning of a World Series game, so I just sit there wishing I could command him to come in or play the game with him.

Since there was no chance of taking Jim from baseball, I decided to spend my vacation relaxing at home. One evening I went to see a Little League game. Jim played second base, fielding every ball, getting two hits, and playing with a determination that made me proud but upset. Maybe I felt old watching him, but he seemed to play too fiercely for a twelve-year-old.

The next day I went out to the park and watched the kids from behind the backstop. Without an umpire, they tried to get away with everything they could. A boy clearly out at first kicked dirt and wouldn't get off the base until he got his way. A drive curved down the line. The boy who hit it swore it was fair, the fielder who picked it up insisted it was foul according to the blades of grass where it hit; the pitcher, who couldn't have seen the angle, swore to God it was foul; and the runner on second, my son, said it should be ruled fair because his team had already been cheated on one call. Pretty soon they were kicking their expensive gloves and threatening to quit.

"Say, boys, I'll umpire for you," I offered.

They looked queerly at the talking fossil, said, "No thanks," flipped a coin, and resumed playing. In the last inning my son was rushing home with the tying run. Billy Harlowe, running in to take the throw at the plate, clipped Jim's shoulder with the tip of his glove.

"You're out! We win!" Billy yelled.

"Bull! I didn't feel any tag!"

There was a tremendous argument. I looked on as my red-necked son righteously insisted that he felt no tag. This time, the game suspended bitterly with all the kids stalking off the field.

He walked home lost in his own thoughts, annoyed, I thought, that I was by his side. Passing the school, I wondered, when did it happen? Maybe I couldn't believe that he was no longer a baby. Maybe, like a lot of men, I let my wife raise him. Maybe I was afraid that he would succeed in ways that I had failed. But it seemed to me that Jim was driven by grades and batting averages to claw for anything.

"Say, Jim, I really thought he tagged you." Maybe, I hoped, he hadn't felt it.

"Yeah, I guess so." His face and hair were an angelic golden orange as he squinted up at me. He was fiercely chewing gum. "I felt it. But we had no umpire. Those guys'll cheat *you* whenever they can."

"But that's why you've got to be honest, Jim. There's nothing wrong with playing hard, but when you've got no umpire you've got to be honest or the game'll fall apart. It's still just a game." He looked at me closely, as if he knew I fudged a little on the income tax. He mostly read the sports pages but he knew there were scandals in the government, that grown-ups cheat in a million different ways. All the way home I wanted to say something to him, but I wasn't sure exactly what I should say, so I just felt bad.

I sat around the rest of my vacation feeling discontented. We took Lisa to the zoo, but Jim played ball, and he was playing ball when we went to the museum and the aquarium.

July 4th was the last depressing day of my vacation, the day before I had to hit the road. In our suburb, July 4th is a day for block parties. The village police block off certain quiet streets with sawhorses. The block party on Maple Street consists of a barbecue, street games, bragging about promotions and golf, and flirting with neighbors' spouses. At sunset we gather on someone's lawn and watch the fireworks, the adults drinking gin and tonics, the children sipping ginger ale with maraschino cherries.

At two Bob and Betty Harlowe made shish kebab, I helped Cynthia with the marinated steaks, and others barbecued chicken, hamburgers, and hot dogs for the kids. This year there seemed to be more interest in the flirting. It was perfectly safe, exciting, and excusable. Bob Harlowe had been real careful about his hair, and made sure that his black chest hair showed at the top of his knitted shirt. When Cynthia talked to Bob there was a twinkle in her eye, and I remembered that they were in college together while I was in the army. Mary Novak wore a dress with a slit down the side, and I was getting a thrill out of freshening her drink. When Harry Smythe, a salesman like myself, made innuendos about the advantages of our jobs, I winked, suggesting that I might have a girl in every town. "Yeah, bein' a drummer's O.K.," I said.

"A what?" asked Mary, pulling back her auburn hair.

"A drummer. A salesman. Didn't you ever read Theodore Dreiser, honey?" George Novak said. Enjoying my moment in the sun, I nodded, as if I had read it. It was fun, even though you later regretted much of what you said, but it was also work to keep up.

After eating, the smaller kids played horseshoes and roasted marshmallows, while the bigger kids threw softballs around or sat on bicycles flirting with members of the opposite sex. At about four, Jim and some of the bigger boys were ready for baseball.

Harry Smythe patted his stomach and said, "Hey, how about a father-son game. Like when the kids were small?"

My heart beat harder.

"Hardball?" the boys asked.

"Better be softball," Harry said. He looked at Bob Harlowe, who was younger and played tennis. But he was kind of bleary-eyed after his fourth drink, and he was far more interested in flirting with Cynthia. But when Bob saw the women and children waiting for his reaction, he

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PRINCESSES OF THE CENTER COURT

A member of the tour de force of women's professional tennis reveals the game plan.

By Trish Bostrom

Patricia ("Trish") Bostrom, a recent Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Washington with a major in political science, takes time out while on international tennis tours to write for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. *A winner of several tennis championships and a highly ranked professional tennis player herself, Trish gives an inside view of what it is like to be on the women's tennis circuit today.*

It was three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, June 25, 1973 . . . there came a knock on the locker room door—a most efficient knock. A stout man with a heavy English accent intoned solemnly, "Miss Bostrom, I have come to escort you to your court."

I had finally made it to Wimbledon. Yes, Wimbledon, the traditional center of all tennis. In a few minutes, I was going to be standing on Court One . . . the center of that legend . . . playing one of the top five female tennis stars of the world. My escort led me through a maze of narrow passageways hidden under the courts. A chill went through my body as the enthusiasm of the thousands of spectators engulfed the entire area.

To my considerable surprise and shock, I saw Virginia Wade, who was to be my opponent, sitting on a couch in the small room to which my very British escort brought me. In order for Wimbledon to be run with the proper precision that the national norm demands, opponents are placed in the waiting room prior to the finish of the match going on. But, from the standpoint of a player, the last thing in the world you want to do before a match is to be alone with your opponent. As I groped desperately for something to say to Virginia, the experiences and dreams of my life flashed through my mind.

It was a late Sunday evening again, complete with one of Seattle's continuous downpours. There I was, standing in the YMCA handball court, hitting the tennis ball at a newspaper taped to the front wall. My father, an avid handball player, fortunately had the keys to that indoor court and stood by with encouraging advice: "Try not to hit the fence on every shot! One more bucket of crosscourt forehands!"

And how I remember Bill Daniels, a native Indian of the area, coaching me at Seattle's Lincoln Park. After three hours in the hot sun, I was more than ready to stop the drills and take our Kool-Ade break. Later in the afternoon, practice sessions with Janet Hopps Adkisson lasted until we both could see the ball no longer.

I remembered that when the alarm went off at a quarter to five in the morning, I knew I had to dress in a hurry; sneaking into the Seattle Tennis Club to practice required some cunning and finesse.

Suddenly, all of these headaches and hardships seemed worthwhile as I regained my sense of the present and blurted out to Virginia, "What do you think about the weather?"—a penetrating question if there ever was one. Her answer was equally unmemorable. We were saved from further vapid verbalisms by another knock on the door and another English gentleman.

"Ladies, your court is prepared," he pronounced with the same solemnity a white-wigged bailiff would use in announcing the opening of another kind of British court.

As we walked onto that hallowed court with 10,000 English fans cheering for their British heroine, I—an unknown American—felt I could probably walk under the net if I tried. But, still, I had arrived. I was "where it's at," the most famous place in all the realm of tennis. The hours of practice and hard work that had been necessary to get me there became negligible.

I cannot truthfully tell you that Virginia and I played one of the classic matches of women's tennis annals. We both held serve until five-all in a tense first set. Then, with more experience, Virginia broke service. She proceeded to win the set 7-5 and went on to an easier second set victory at 6-2 to take the match. As we left the court, I realized that this match, besides being a fantastic learning experience, was also the beginning for me of a future in the world of professional tennis.

I am glad I was not born in the days of Hazel Wightman or Helen Wills Moody or Maureen Connolly Brinker. Women's tennis has not always offered one the career opportunity it does now. The Virginia Slims motto, "You've come a long way, Baby," is ideal in describing the evolvement of women's professional tennis. We were not always competing in such gorgeous 5,000- to 10,000-capacity arenas as Detroit's Cobo Hall, Philadelphia's Spectrum or Los Angeles's Forum.

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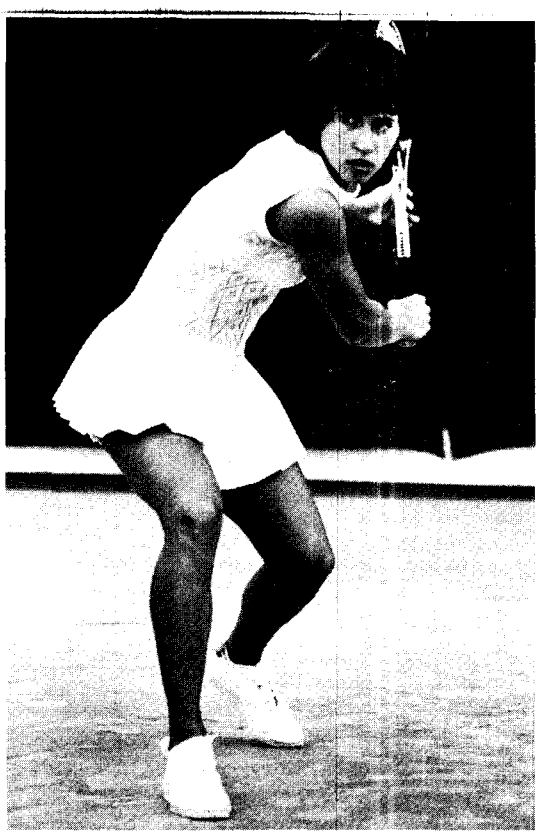

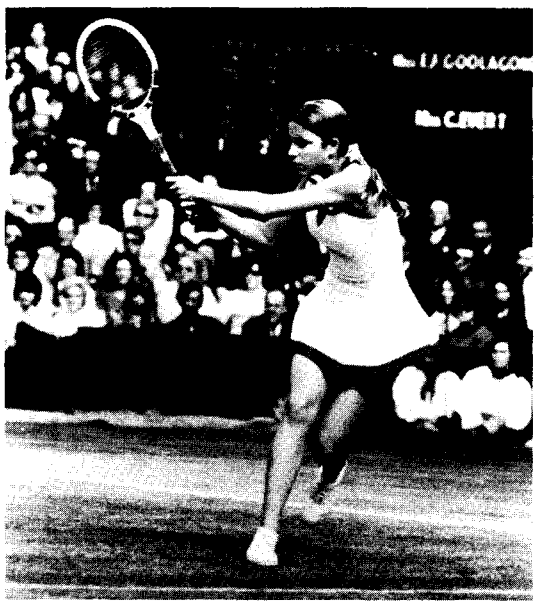

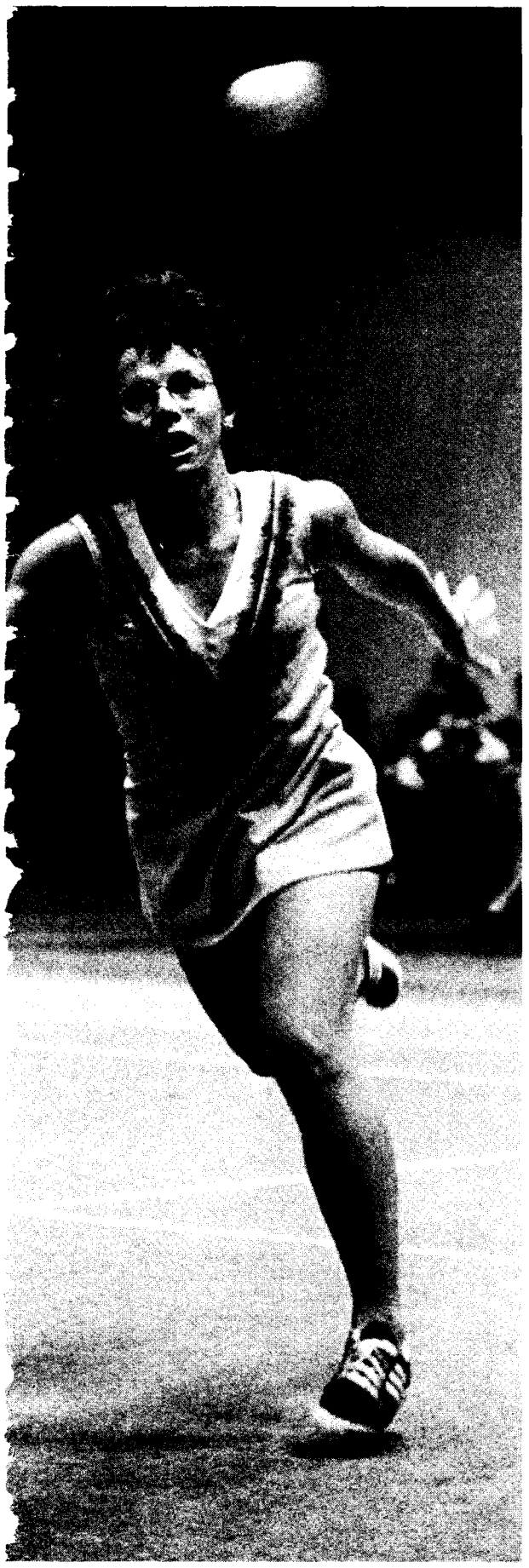

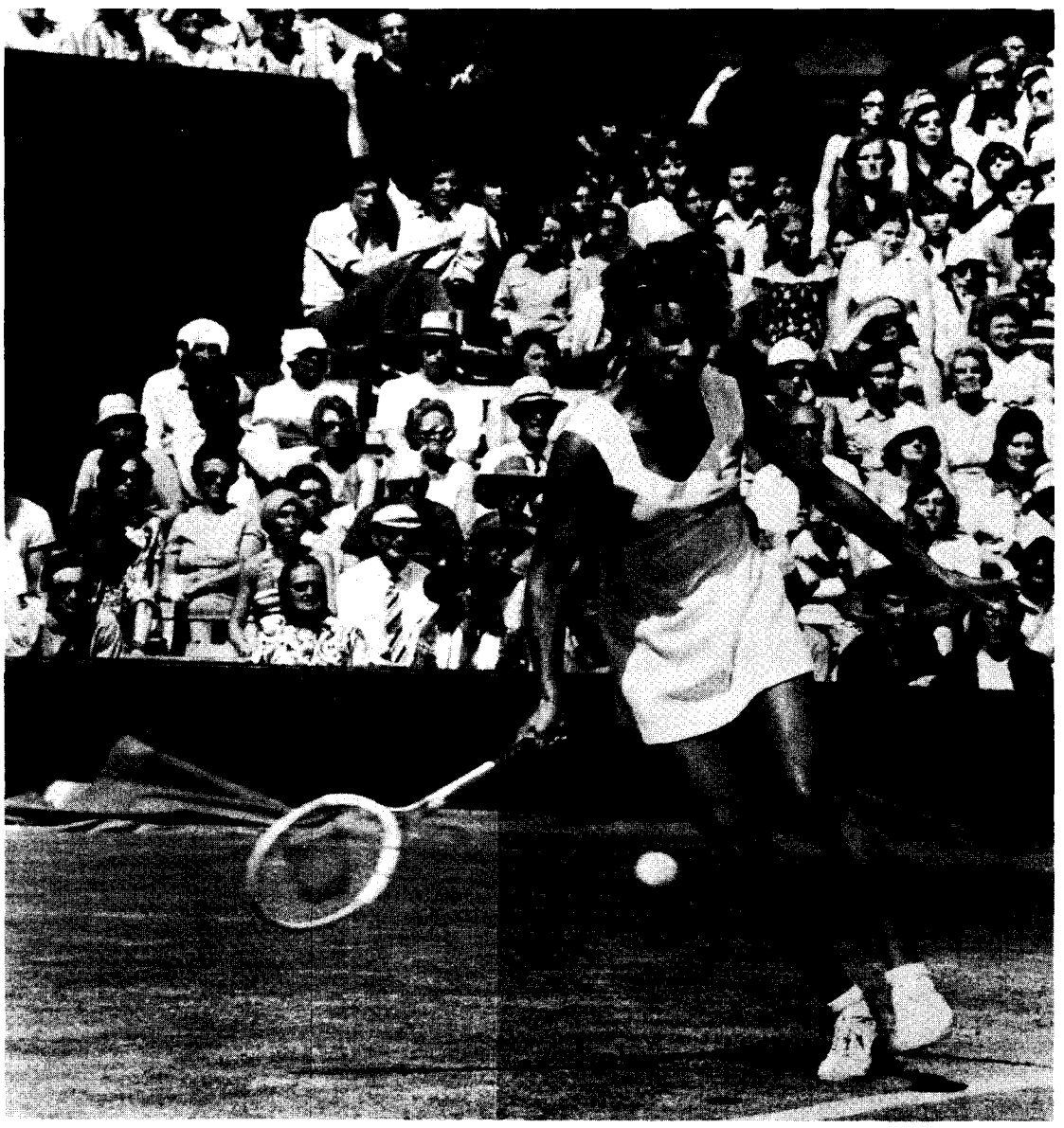

Three of the reigning heads of women's tennis are grouped around the author of this article, Trish Bostrom (upper left). Billie Jean King (left) sprints toward a ball hard hit by her opponent to make a sparkling retrieval. Chris Evert (top right), the current glamour girl of the tour, uses both hands on the racket to drive home a killing shot. Evonne Goolagong (bottom), the Australian champion, demonstrates some precise footwork as she prepares to make a ground stroke near the baseline.

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I can remember playing with the women on the back courts at Merion, Pennsylvania, at Orange, New Jersey, and at other stops on the USLTA National Circuit. The only spectators were those who had the curiosity to search for the back courts. At that time women's tennis had no validity and was considered an extra headache that the tournament promoters had to contend with.

In September of 1970, Jack Kramer offered the women a 12-to-1 prize money ratio, that is, $12,000 to the men's winner and $1,000 to the women's winner. The women could not tolerate such a lopsided distribution and that forced the break. Nine women players decided to take the risk of bans, suspension and possible failure and organize their own tournament. They were Billie Jean King, Nancy Richey Gunter, Rosie Casals, Kerry Melville, Judy Dalton, Kristy Pigeon, Julie Heldman, Peaches Bartkowicz and Val Ziegenfuss.

With $7,500 from Virginia Slims, tennis courts donated by the Houston Racket Club and the help of Gladys Heldman (Julie's mother), the first Virginia Slims tournament was born. This initial success led to formation of the Virginia Slims circuit in 1971. Now, four years after the break, the circuit is pushing toward the million-dollar mark. Women have been taken off the back courts and placed in the major arenas of the largest cities in the United States. The loot has risen from an initial purse of $7,500 for the Houston tournament to a twenty-two-week circuit with minimum prize money of $50,000. Before the break, a woman champion was pleased to earn $800 for winning a USLTA title. Last year, Chris Evert won $30,000 for a week of play at Boca Raton, Florida, and the present schedule offers the women two $110,000 tournaments.

It has not always been an easy road. Players have been suspended a number of times. Billie Jean and Rosie hold the world record for suspensions, having been banned six times each by the USLTA. Margaret Court, on the other hand, has been lucky with only one threat of suspension and one actual ban. Despite the threats, bans and suspensions from the USLTA, we have held together and proved that women's tennis can survive and become an enjoyable spectator sport.

Recently on the tour 8,000 people turned out for a tournament in San Francisco's Forum, which seats only 6,000. In Detroit, 5,000 people attended the semifinals while 10,000 enthusiastic fans cheered at the finals. In the locker room the other day, I heard Rosie Casals and Val Ziegenfuss laughing at how they had hoped, prayed and almost paid to have people come and watch them play in 1970. We have come a long way and the women's pro tour now ranks as one of the more successful achievements in sports history.

Unlike other professional sports, tennis is well organized throughout the world the year round. Players are now finding it difficult to take a break. With the existing circuits, plus the advent of team tennis and new professional concepts such as the successful Dallas International Mixed Doubles Tournament, players are enticed to compete almost constantly. Last year I somehow managed to salvage three "free" weeks.

Most tournaments last a week, with the players arriving on Saturday evening. The hotel room usually looks fantastic after flying all day with my six rackets and five suitcases. When you are on the road nearly fifty-two weeks of the year, you know every inch of your suitcase. Usually on Sunday there is a mad rush to sign up for practice courts. Since the number of such courts often is limited, players have various drills suitable for sharing a court. Realizing that the tournament begins the next day, most players try to get to bed early in order to prepare themselves mentally and physically for their matches.

On Monday, the fanfare begins. Preparations for the tournament have been completed. Tennis enthusiasts fill the stands. We prepare for tournament play on Monday morning by eating a high-protein breakfast and following that with a thirty-minute warm-up on the court. Several players escape from the noisy locker room and clubhouse for a few minutes of mental "psyche-up" just before going on the battlefield. If a player happens to lose early in the week in singles, she usually stays to play doubles and to practice. By Saturday, all of the players except those in the finals have caught flights on to the next city; this general pattern is quite consistent, though complications do sometimes arise. Last year, I arrived in Akron, Ohio, at 8:30 p.m. for a tournament. As I alighted from the plane, I was told that my match had been rescheduled for 9 p.m. *that* evening. After a wild ride, we arrived at the arena in time for me to change and step onto the court. I played a grueling three-hour, three-set match, finally winning in the tie breaker of the third set at 12:30 a.m. Even though I went to bed at 1 a.m., I kept hitting crosscourt volleys in my dreams; my body would not slow down until hours later. Fortunately, I was scheduled to play in the afternoon the next day rather than the morning.

This hectic schedule on the tour is accepted differently by the players. I happen to love to travel, so I don't get too upset when I lose my passport or cannot find a hotel in Paris at midnight. Some players get annoyed with the constant movement and compete for only a few weeks before taking a rest. Chris Evert prefers to play two consecutive tournaments and then leave the tour for a week. Rosie Casals, who has become a new box-office star even though the spectators come to boo her because of her commentary on the King-Riggs match at the Astrodome, can play continuous tournaments for several months. From the constant traveling, you quickly learn to catch a plane in two minutes. The tour, however, also offers you a fantastic opportunity to meet people throughout the world and to play under various conditions. When I think about my rookie season as a professional, I sometimes can't believe all of the countries I played in. Heaven help me if I should try to count the cities. Let's see. There was New Zealand, Fiji, England, France, Germany, Rhodesia, South Africa and, of course, much of the United States.

Although I graduated from the University of Washington, there is no way I could replace the educational value I have derived from my travels. Visiting the Louvre in Paris . . . watching native Africans leap from a train and disappear into the bush . . . listening to a German *Biergarten* band on the street corner . . . witnessing a lion attack a family of giraffes in the vast open land of Rhodesia . . . descending into an ancient New Zealand glowworm cave. . . . When I begin to reflect, the list appears endless. With my interest in political science, the traveling involved in tennis also offers me the opportunity to get an "inside look" at the politics of the many countries we visit.

Last November it was fascinating to observe how the South African government and people reacted to Arthur Ashe, the first black tennis professional allowed in the country. The South Africans appreciated Arthur's skill; the government, however, was very efficient in seeing that separate "black only" entrances had been constructed at the tournaments on the circuit.

While I was in New Zealand, a Japanese fishing vessel was caught within the country's territorial limits. When the New Zealanders brought the ship into port and saw the deplorable condition of the people and the ship, the government restocked it and sent it back to Japan.

Even though the traveling can become a grind at times, the opportunities it offers far outweigh its disadvantages. The constant movement causes most friendships to be superficial. You continually meet several people for a short period of time. To counteract this, players often travel with someone. Evonne Goolagong, who is extremely gregarious, is accompanied by her guardian, Vic Edwards. Chris Evert usually travels with her parents, sister and—whenever either has a free week—Jimmy Connors, one of the top male tennis players in the nation and her fiancé. Francoise (Frankie) Durr, the No. 1 player from France, travels with her most loyal fan, Topspin.

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An Airedale, he is never left out of the act. He has been trained to carry Frankie's rackets to the court whenever she plays. When you see players running *from* the locker room, you know where both Topspin and Danny Court, Margaret's two-year-old son, can be found.

Even though we do not have the time to develop deep friendships when we are in a different city each week, we do learn to make friends quickly. We always have the feeling that we'll meet the person again somewhere in the world. For instance, four years ago I played mixed doubles with a good friend, John Gardner of Australia. Recently I met him again in Dallas at a discussion of a successful international mixed doubles tournament he promoted. Tennis friendships actually are merely interrupted and often are renewed at a later time.

When I was in college, I thought I experienced pressure and learned how to react to it. The kind of tension on the circuit, however, is quite different from that arising from term papers and finals, for you live on a daily basis with your competitors. Players react differently to the pressures of the circuit. The more you compete the more you learn to accept pressure. Throughout each week there is the mental pressure of thinking and analyzing your matches. Chris Evert has often been described as the only player capable of hitting a dollar with a crosscourt forehand and giving you twenty cents change while playing under pressure. Billie Jean King thrives on pressure. She is an expert at psyching herself up for the big ones such as Wimbledon and, of course, her Astrodome victory over Riggs. The "old lady," as we call her on the circuit—even though she doesn't appear to be slowing down—places additional pressure on herself by creating and molding the Women's Tennis Association.

Vanilla ice cream is definitely Billie's pressure release. A few months ago we had a WTA meeting in Detroit that lasted until three o'clock in the morning. During that time, Billie consumed a half gallon of ice cream. Evonne Goolagong seems to sing her way through pressure. Sometimes, however, she becomes more involved with her song than her match and goes into what the press calls a "walkabout." For years Nancy Richey Gunter would never talk to her opponent until after her match. (It must have been awfully clumsy when they were closeted together in that little room at Wimbledon.)

Virginia Wade has a tendency to explode on the court; but in the last year she has successfully restrained herself. For me, the pressure on the tour adds to the excitement of life. To ease the pressure, players surf, ski or play golf during their free time. Their catalog of off-season activities runs the gamut from horseback riding to needlepoint to doctoral dissertations.

The glamour of professional tennis is extensive, overshadowing the pressure and constant movement of the nomadic life. Whenever you arrive in a city, people are expecting you. They have arranged cocktail parties, theater tickets and other activities besides the tournament. Sponsors, promoters and organizers love to cater to the professionals. At one tournament an official drove me to a drugstore. I think I offended the man when I did not accept his money to pay for the personal articles I bought.

On the circuit you are always in a crowd or being watched by spectators as you perform on the court. It is easy to become enthralled by the excitement of the tournament, a new city and new people. When I have a few weeks off, I prefer to go alone to the beach in Seattle or to be with a few close friends. You find that after a few days of such peace you begin to crave the circuit life even though it means hearing the whack of a tennis ball even in your dreams.

While I'm on the tour people are constantly asking me who are the top women players in the world. At the end of each season, this question of ranking the players always arises. Margaret won most of the Virginia Slims tournaments . . . but Chris is the best on clay . . . however, Billie Jean wins the important tournaments . . . remember Goolagong and Wade have wins over all of them . . . and so the debate continues. All of these factors are significant in ranking players; but if I were told tomorrow to rank the top five players in the world, I would base my decision on the Wimbledon results. This tournament still retains its mystique among the players.

"It's really potatoes."

As we enter the grounds we realize that this is *the* tournament of the world and the adrenaline starts pumping. Prestige, tremendous pressure, and a high caliber of play are all involved in this tournament. If Wimbledon were played tomorrow, I would predict Billie Jean as the winner since she performs so well under pressure. Margaret, assuming she controlled her nerves, would give Billie a tough match in the finals, while Evonne and Chris would reach the semis. I also see Virginia Wade and Kerry Melville as top contenders for a spot in the semis. My top five world rankings would, therefore, be King, Court, Goolagong, Evert and a tie for position number five between Wade and Melville.

The individual who has probably affected life on the tour the most is Billie Jean King. While professional tennis is booming for both men and women, it is doubtful that any of the top male players—even such glamorous ones as John Newcombe or Ilie Nastase—could approach the recognition that Billie Jean has achieved. Despite numerous business commitments, Billie Jean still takes time to practice with players on the tour. Last year I was in Hawaii with her for a small tournament. After realizing that she was planning to stay in Honolulu for a few days, I called her to ask if she wanted to hit balls. Our practice session that afternoon turned into a three-hour lesson. Over the years Billie Jean has devoted much of her time to the Women's Tennis Association, which hopefully will provide the players with a voice as to how the circuit should be managed. The potential of women's tennis is, as Billie Jean says, unlimited. Two major circuits are planned for 1975, offering more players an opportunity to play and exposing more cities to women's tennis.

The growth of women's professional tennis has also contributed immensely toward the emergence of athletic programs for women of all ages. A few years ago when I traveled on the amateur circuit, I noticed that very few schools throughout the United States offered athletic programs for girls. Only limited sports activities were offered to us when I attended both high school and college. It is encouraging to recognize the tremendous change that has occurred in this area throughout the country. Many athletic programs for girls are now being organized in high schools. Colleges are now publicly offering scholarships for women. The entire philosophy toward women's athletics has been changed to full acceptance of the idea that women can and should be athletes with the opportunities to enjoy the mental and physical stimulation of sports.

In my opinion, this is one of the most significant happenings in the whole broad spectrum of the emergence of women as full persons.

With the fantastic growth of tennis, women professionals have signed contracts to participate on men-women teams in the new World Team Tennis format. Now that tennis teams are associated with various cities, tennis will be brought out of the clubs and to the people. Wimbledon, which falls in the middle of the WTT schedule, will be respected with no conflicting WTT event, for it is still cherished by many of us and will continue to be the dream of most future players. When I was batting those balls around at Lincoln Park eleven years ago, I never dreamed that it would lead to a professional contract with the Boston Lobsters.

Thank goodness I survived the rigors of a developing tennis player's life. The excitement of the crowd, and the match, and the thrill of hitting a perfect shot outweigh the hassles of a tennis life.

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STRICTLY PERSONAL: PART II

The second sequence from the memoirs of John Eisenhower, now newly published in book form. Revealing observations of Ike's illustrious years as President, of Khrushchev and other Russian leaders in diplomatic maneuverings, of the courtly De Gaulle, of the British Royal Family, and of Belgian Kings Leopold and Baudouin.

By John Eisenhower

A recent portrait of author John Eisenhower, by Bill Ware.

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Editor's Note: John Eisenhower, one-time instructor of English at West Point and already author of one best-seller, The Bitter Woods, *has in this new book demonstrated a rare facility for combining the stern attributes of a historian with the Boswellian byplay of a diarist rubbing elbows with world figures. Resisting any temptation to bask in reflected glory, he has written a chronicle of great events with a rare and serious insight into the men who made them happen, not overlooking the humorous incidents which so often lighten even the center of the world stage. Having started life as an "army brat" and continued on as West Point graduate and career officer, the author opens his book with the wry sentence: "I am certain that I was born standing at attention." But John Eisenhower found his own ways of standing at ease and being his own man warmly and modestly. Above all, he is stringently candid. In the book's introduction:*

"I have long been conscious that mine has been a privileged life. By the sheer circumstance of being the son of a prominent public figure, I have been thrust into situations and witnessed events that have deeply affected my life and outlook. With this consciousness, I have long harbored an ambition to share some of these experiences with others, realizing that anything I have to say of interest pertains to what I have seen rather than what I have done. As time has gone on and my appetite for writing as a profession has been whetted, this ambition has gradually approached the proportions of an obsession.

"This desire to put certain impressions on paper is not completely altruistic. The fact of having lived for periods of my life in an atmosphere where contact with such world figures as Stalin, Churchill, De Gaulle, Adenauer, Khrushchev, Dulles, Patton and Marshall–to name a few–was common, has given me a certain loneliness and difficulty in making small talk. One does not drop such names in casual conversation except among intimates. But in a book of this type–recognizing it for what it is–one can do so freely."

Here is the cast of the history of our time, personified by the man who knew them.

Portrait Of My Father: The Later Years

How Ike Relaxed: Paris, May 1960

By the time the guests began arriving for dinner at 7:45, Dad was already hard at work charcoal-broiling steaks in the small backyard of the Embassy Residence. Cares were past; and he was relaxing. The Old Man, a gourmet, loved to cook, and he went about this hobby with the same concentration he brought to bear on everything else. It had a therapeutic effect on him, and Mother has remarked that whenever something important occurred, Dad's inclination was to head for the kitchen. (On hearing of the news of Pearl Harbor, for example, Dad went straight out to the kitchen and began to make some vegetable soup.) He conversed lightly with all, especially with Mrs. Norstad, who had returned from Munich, and with Laura Houghton, doubtless one of his favorite hostesses. As always, however, when the steaks were about ready, he gave a sharp announcement–command is more accurate–for the guests to drop what they were doing and head for the dining room. The initiated knew that this was nothing idle. Everyone had to be in his place so that the steaks, when served, would be to perfection. So it was this evening.

Good-bye to the White House: Washington, 1960-1961

The night of the election Barbara, Dad, a friend and I watched the returns on television. At about midnight, with the returns so discouraging, Dad gave up and went to bed. Barbara and I held out until about 1:30 a.m. The next morning we learned that the election had come out much closer than predicted by the commentators and their computers. Nevertheless, by about 9:00 the result was definite. Kennedy had won.

I went into the Oval Office and Dad and I sat silently, the Boss slumped in his swivel chair staring at nothing through the window to the South Grounds. I rarely saw him so depressed. "All I've been trying to do for eight years," he finally said, "has gone down the drain. I might just as well have been having fun." He had one small decision to make: whether to go to Augusta as planned or to stay over in Washington to meet the Vice-President when he returned that evening from California. Almost physically I shoved Dad into his car and rode out with him to the airport. His conscience assuaged, Dad needed little urging.

That evening I joined the crowd gathered to meet the Nixon party. The night was damp at Andrews Air Base and the dark was penetrated only by a few floodlights. The crowd in general had not yet realized the impact of what had happened. All were subdued but surprisingly cheerful. The camaraderie among people who, from different parts of the Government, normally had

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little chance to get to know each other, was remarkable.

When the Vice-President came down the steps of the plane, the floodlights were in his eyes and he could see very little. He finally recognized me—I had been shoved up front—and later recorded in his memoirs that I was there to "represent the President." Possibly he was a little disappointed; but I have always hoped he realized the circumstances that necessitated the Boss's absence.

* * *

After the election the atmosphere around the White House was subdued. Even in the face of the facts it was very difficult viscerally to realize that we would all soon leave. Few of the current staff would have remained in their jobs even had Nixon won the election; he would bring in his own team. Nevertheless, we could not help a vague feeling of rejection that the American people had disapproved of our own efforts over the past years. Given the circumstances of an active political campaign, of course, with neither candidate an incumbent, this feeling was irrational; nevertheless, it was inevitable. General Persons said once, slowly and thoughtfully, "I'm just going to keep my mouth shut. If I can't say anything good about the boys coming here, I'm just gonna say nothing."

On December 6, 1960, President-elect Kennedy was scheduled to come to the White House for a briefing. As one of my odd jobs, I was placed in charge of physical details for the visit. Nothing much was needed except to arrange for a military cordon to line the driveway from Pennsylvania Avenue to the door of the West Wing. All military services were represented. According to custom, no honors were to be rendered. General Persons did, however, discuss the matter with Clark Clifford, Mr. Kennedy's representative, to ensure that the President-elect understood.

Senator Kennedy arrived at the appropriate time, sitting alone in the back seat of his limousine. This was a thoughtful, perceptive move on his part. The sensitive people he was coming to see were expecting a flood of assistants to be with him—a sort of Roman triumph. Some of his future staff were already there, to be sure, but they had traveled separately and inconspicuously. Before the President-elect arrived, several staff people had sidled up to me and hinted that they would like to meet him. I asked the Boss if such might be possible; he thought it would be fine. Therefore, before the formal conference began, a sizeable group filed into the office to meet Kennedy. The Senator was surprisingly boyish-looking, probably because of his thick shock of hair. However, his warmth and modesty were impressive. He greeted each one of the staff as if it were a distinct privilege. After that, a restricted group met in the Cabinet Room to discuss the problems facing that nation at that particular time.

* * *

The night before Kennedy's inauguration, January 19, 1961, involved an odd combination of circumstances. I spent the latter part of the afternoon proceeding from office to office with two janitors picking up the last of the presidential papers, the few that had been considered necessary for operation up to the last minute. Once these eight safes of material were removed, the outgoing Administration would be occupying offices with no documents available. As with every change of Administration, the new staff would come into empty quarters and begin their own files. As I was finishing, a few snowflakes began to fall; it took little time to see that the snow was in earnest. At about 6:30 Secretary of Defense Tom Gates called. "Tell your Dad," he said, "that I'm turning out the whole Army to keep the streets clean." As it turned out, the streets were highly passable the next morning, and the Inauguration went without a hitch.

The evening of January 19, however, the conditions were so bad that a good portion of the White House staff was stranded and forced to spend the night in the bomb shelter of the White House, the only time that such had happened in eight years. I understood that something of a party was under way there, and I would have liked to join it. However Barbara and I were tired and turned in early on the third floor.

The morning of the inauguration, the atmosphere in the West Wing of the White House was eerie. With no papers to sign or examine, we simply idled away the time. Dad spent a good deal of the morning leaning on his safe talking with Ann Whitman and others. For my part, I had decided to wear Army uniform that day to avoid the top hat the President-elect had requested. I simply went to my desk—there was nowhere else to wait—and propped my feet up until the time to go from the office to the ceremonies. The farewells in the office were, not surprisingly, full of emotion.

When I arrived on the ground floor of the White House mansion, the servants, most of them in tears, were lined up saying farewell to Mother and Dad. They had, after all, been together eight years. Soon the Kennedys, the Lyndon Johnsons, and a small entourage arrived in time for a short visit and a cup of coffee. Sitting on a settee in the Red Room, I passed a few moments telling Jacqueline Kennedy how she would love the house and how great the servants were. I doubt that she heard much; her mind understandably was on the immediate future.

Mamie and Dwight Eisenhower hold hands on their 50th wedding anniversary, July 1, 1966. The photo was taken at John Eisenhower's house at a family party. Mamie has commented how, after a lifetime of epic accomplishment, Ike was still thrilled when he made a hole-in-one at long last, late in life.

Soon the group took their places in the procession to head for the Capitol. As the car carrying Barbara and me pulled out, the three military aides gave us a salute. I choked up a bit. Our direct connection with the magnificent White House was over.

Charles de Gaulle

A Different Point of View: France, 1944

Dad decided to take a look at the 15th Scottish Division. He had inspected this unit before, and troops moving to the front recognized him. The infantry were marching along in single file on the left side of the road while the vehicles were going along on the right. Our jeep made its way between them. When the soldiers would see Dad, some of them would grin; sentries would salute; some would lean out of trucks and yell, "Hi, Ike!" Dad enjoyed this activity more than any other part of his job. He would wave and yell back to them with a broad smile. Furthermore, it was obvious that his visiting troops about to go into action was a fine thing for their morale.

Only three of us made this trip. Montgomery's aide drove; Dad sat in the right front seat; and I perched in the rear. The conversation as we passed through the pleasant Norman countryside was casual until the aide told of a visit that General Charles de Gaulle had made to Bayeux. De Gaulle, the aide mentioned with a touch of humor, had entered the town the day before and had staged a parade, his first time to set foot on French soil. I could see the Old Man's blood pressure rise. This was the first word he had received that De Gaulle had come ashore. Nobody except the invasion troops, not even self-styled provisional heads of government, were allowed to enter the combat zone without Dad's permission. (Dad had, with the help of King George VI, prevented Churchill's witnessing the D-Day invasion from a British naval vessel—for his own safety.) As if this "oversight" on De Gaulle's part were not enough, the aide went jovially on: De Gaulle had gathered quite a crowd in Bayeux and had made an "I have returned" speech to the French. "The great virtue of the French," De Gaulle reportedly said, "was that they had never submitted to the Germans. Now *with the aid of the Allies* they were reconquering their lost territory." This was too much. Being an outsider, unaware of the struggles Dad had gone through in dealing with this impossible Gaul—reportedly Roosevelt and Churchill had now ceased all communications with him—I could feel a certain humor in the situation; Dad could not. He sat in silence, the back of his neck red, for a couple of miles.

With Le Grand Charlie: France, 1959

As *Air Force One* taxied up to the ramp at Orly Field, Paris, we all felt a certain uneasiness, although not very much was said. The reason for the suspense, of course, was the fact that we were now coming to deal with an almost unknown quantity: De Gaulle. To the best of my

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knowledge the Boss had not seen him since just after World War II—fourteen years earlier. Certainly the two had not met since De Gaulle's election to the French presidency. In the meantime, of course, the White House had been deluged with reports on De Gaulle's positions, particularly toward NATO and Algeria. We had no idea whether De Gaulle planned to play down the visit with a cool reception; we rather suspected that he did.

On disembarking, however, we found that our concern, at least as far as the warmth of the reception went, was unfounded. An impressive crowd was present, replete with all the splendor of the picturesque *Garde Républicaine.* The French Air Force band rendered their own arrangement of the "Star Spangled Banner," far superior I thought to the official American version. De Gaulle's speech of welcome contained cordial references to the Boss personally and to the U.S. in general.

On the way to town the crowds grew more dense. By the time we were in the city they were substantial, although they failed to duplicate the wild enthusiasm of those in Bonn and London. Along the route the motorcade stopped mysteriously for a moment and then went on. Soon we were being escorted into the magnificent Quai d'Orsay Apartments, the official guest house where President de Gaulle insisted on entertaining his important guests. For a few minutes after arrival, Dad and his handful of aides went from room to room exclaiming over the marble bathrooms and luxurious furniture. Dad's bathroom boasted a gold bathtub; my room next to his had an equally elaborate silver one. Soon a small group gathered to compare notes and go over the planned itinerary. It was to be, we noted, a highly ceremonial affair.

That afternoon at 4:00, after a formal but pleasant luncheon at the Elysée Palace, the talks between the two Presidents began in earnest. A group of fourteen people gathered in a rather modest room at the Palace of Foreign Affairs, Quai d'Orsay. The weather outside was pleasant, and the two heads of State sat facing each other across the middle of the oblong table. This session, we realized, was to be the critical moment of the Paris visit. Despite the pageantry and De Gaulle's effusive welcome, the question still remained as to how he would behave when settled down to discuss substantive issues.

As I was seated next to the wall a couple of feet to the left of the Boss's back, I was in a choice spot to observe every movement and change of expression that might flit across De Gaulle's face. To my relief—and somewhat to my surprise—De Gaulle presented his views in a quiet, objective, almost impassive tone, although there was no doubt of the intensity of the feelings that lay beneath this sober exterior. On the Berlin question and the Khrushchev visit De Gaulle had little comment. As we had learned earlier, his views and the Boss's were nearly identical on these matters. Having practically passed these matters over, however, De Gaulle's attitude intensified when he turned to the subject that bothered him the most: the relationship of France to the rest of NATO.

De Gaulle was, he claimed, a strong advocate of the North Atlantic alliance—as he chose to interpret it. He preferred to view the alliance merely as an agreement between independent countries and he was opposed to the existence of a unified international military command such as SHAPE. French soldiers fighting under the banner of an international organization would, he felt, lack the dedication and verve they would show if fighting only for France. (This view, of course, was well known to all of us, as De Gaulle had previously withdrawn the French fleet from the forces earmarked to SACEUR in the event of war. It would cooperate, he had said, but not be under SACEUR's command. The loss of the French fleet—hardly a potent force—had not been a major blow. Nevertheless, the principle that De Gaulle espoused was unacceptable to the United States as well as the rest of the NATO countries.) Both sides presented their thoughts with no expectation of swaying the other. The conversation was frank and the two cheerfully agreed to disagree. As it turned out, De Gaulle took no further action to withdraw France from the military side of NATO during the period of my father's Administration. (Later De Gaulle backed up his views by withdrawing all French forces from SACEUR and invited Supreme Headquarters to leave the country, although France remained theoretically in the NATO alliance.)

On the Algerian problem De Gaulle was adamant that the Algerian rebels represented only a small group of self-appointed revolutionaries. The situation was still in a state of flux, but De Gaulle still harbored hopes of retaining not only a French Community in black Africa but also Algeria, which he claimed was a part of Metropolitan France. As to the next meeting of the U.N., he refused to reconsider his refusal to discuss Algeria. However, in a couple of days he planned to make a statement promising free elections there.

That afternoon at the Hôtel de Ville, General De Gaulle pulled out all the stops. The crowds were tremendous and he spoke in phrases that only a Frenchman could provide. He ended his talk with these ringing words:

"Long live General Eisenhower! Long live the President of the United States! Long live America, forever the friend and ally of France!"

The day was long; the ceremonies at the Hôtel de Ville lasted until 6:50 p.m. As we were scheduled for dinner at the Elysée Palace at 8:30, Secretary Herter came to Dad's suite to compare notes. While we were talking Dad mentioned the reason for the pause on the way into town that morning. Frustrated at being hunched over in their convertible, the two Presidents had asked the driver to lower the top. The driver had been agreeable but had at least twice failed to obey.

Picture reflections of the John Eisenhower book. Left: John and Dwight Eisenhower, the father he called "The Boss," in Korea, December 1952. John was there as a career officer with the 3rd Division. Ike was fulfilling a promise he had made during the political campaign of 1952. Right: President Eisenhower, nearing the end of his second term, with Mary Jean Eisenhower, his youngest granddaughter.

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Eventually, at a predetermined point, he had, on his own volition, stopped the vehicle and complied. By this time Dad had surmised the reason: the motorcade had been proceeding through a Communist district and the *Sûreté* had given directions that the top be left up to prevent someone's dropping a grenade into the back seat. (The orders of the driver's immediate boss superseded those of the President of the Republic.) I remarked idly that any assassin worth his salt would know enough to hold a grenade for two or three seconds after pulling the pin, thereby achieving an airburst. Secretary Herter looked at me aghast: "Well, aren't you a nice fellow!" he gasped. I shrugged. I had been thinking only technically.

Khrushchev And The Russians

We Meet Them All: Geneva, 1955

Although four powers were present at the meeting (France, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and the United States), all eyes were focused on the Soviet delegation. Their party included the four who were supposed to be sharing the power, plus Andrei Gromyko. Dad, in particular, was trying to ascertain which of the four actually held the reins. He rather suspected that the real boss was the man named Khrushchev, the party chief, but he needed confirmation. In this he used me as best he could. Remembering that Marshal Zhukov had paid me a good deal of personal attention on the Moscow trip ten years earlier, Dad arranged for me to be in the marshal's company as much as possible. He just might, Dad hoped, drop something that he would otherwise withhold.

We received our greatest exposure to the Soviet group at a stag dinner held at the villa one evening early in the conference. Bulganin, Khrushchev, Zhukov, Molotov, and Gromyko arrived together, practically walking in step. All were smiles and cordiality, awkwardly so, I thought. During the cocktail period in the garden before dinner, Dad, Zhukov, and I found ourselves talking alone. Zhukov said that his daughter was being married that day but that he had passed up the ceremony because of this opportunity to see his "old friend." Almost reflexively Dad turned to an aide and sent for three gifts, including a portable radio, for Zhukov to take back as wedding presents. Zhukov was visibly embarrassed. He then said softly that "there are things that are not as they seem," and asked if he could see Dad some time alone before the respective parties left Geneva. They agreed to meet at the villa before the conference the last day.

On talking with Zhukov that evening, I quickly sensed that this was not the same cocky little rooster we had known in Germany at the end of the war. During the interim we had received stories that Zhukov had fallen out of favor with Stalin because of his unacceptable popularity with the Russian masses; we had heard at one point that he had been killed. With the Russian history of ungentleness regarding those out of favor, we had believed the rumors in varying degrees. But that evening Zhukov was there, alive but broken. He spoke slowly and softly, even a bit shakily. Dad and I concluded that Zhukov was being included in the ruling group only as a façade.

At the stag dinner Gromyko was given the unpleasant task of acting as interpreter between Zhukov and me. Gromyko was having the most difficult time of all adjusting to this new twist of courting the Americans, and interpreting between a marshal and a major seemed to do nothing to alleviate his pain. But he remained always much on the alert. At one point Zhukov told me, through Gromyko, that he had never, as some newspapers had hinted, been advising the Chinese and North Koreans in Korea. Without thinking, I responded, "Of course not."

Gromyko jumped and turned to me. "Why do you say that?"

Realizing that I had hit something sensitive, I shrugged and said, "Well, I simply never associated the marshal with the Far East." Gromyko seemed to relax.

During a large part of the dinner, attention was given to the conversation at the important part of the table, the base of the "U." Here Dad, with Khrushchev, Bulganin, and Molotov, was speaking frankly and loudly. "It is essential," Dad exclaimed so all would notice, "that we find some way of controlling the threat of the thermonuclear bomb. You know we both have enough weapons to wipe out the entire northern hemisphere from fallout alone. No spot would escape the fallout from an exchange of nuclear stockpiles." Molotov in particular, his stone face expressionless, nodded his understanding.

A Later Meeting With Khrushchev: Washington, 1959

Shortly after noon on September 15th the Boss, with a considerable contingent of officials and staff, was on hand to meet the gigantic Russian TU-114 transport as it ponderously sat down at Andrews Air Force Base and waddled its way up to the ramp. The plane, a turboprop, was reputed to be the largest in the world at that time. The day was warm and brilliant and suspense filled the air. A few children from the Soviet Embassy were on hand with immense bouquets of flowers.

The amenities were brief and formal. The Boss read his welcoming talk to emphasize the official nature of the visit. The merciless sun, reflected off the white concrete, added to the grim impression: the two squinting principals looked even more belligerent, probably, than they felt. On the way back to Blair House moderate-sized crowds stood impassively as Khrushchev went

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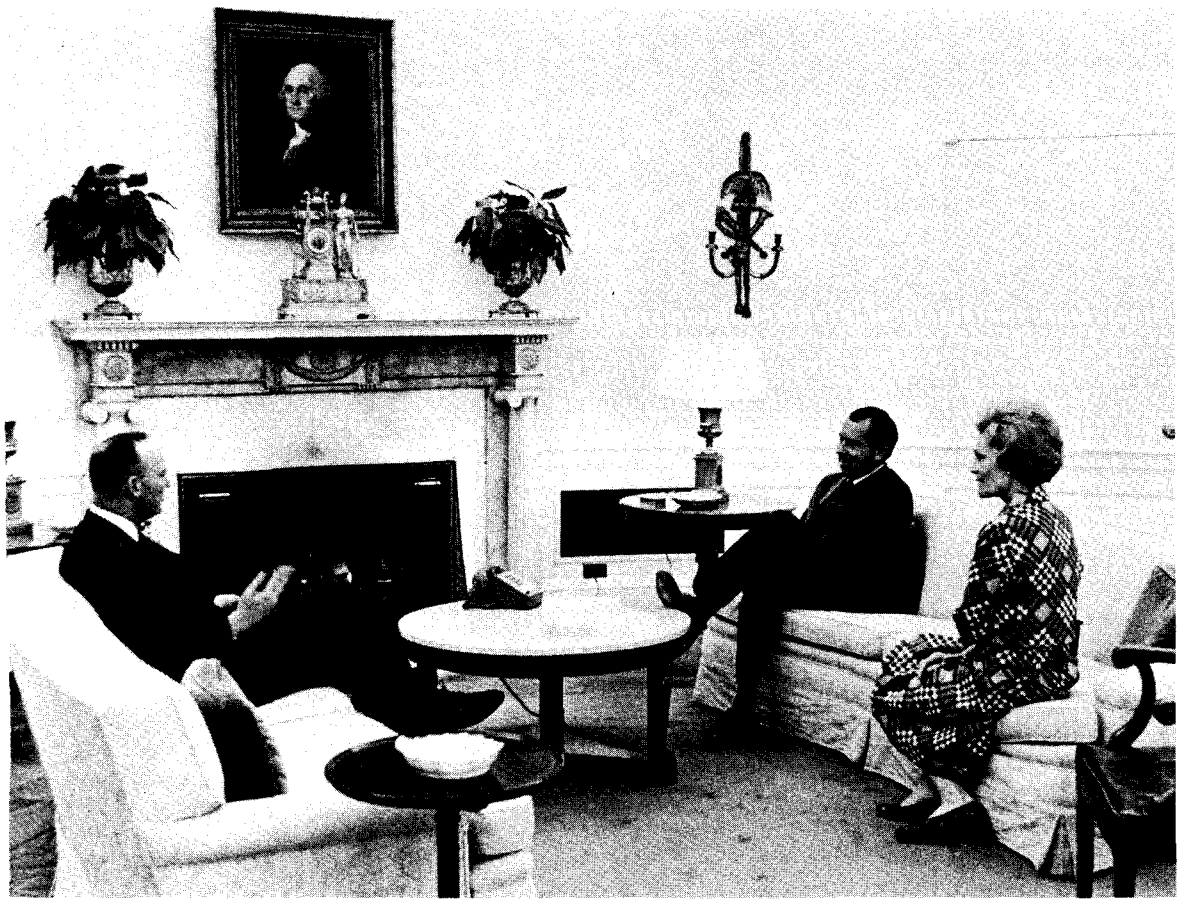

John Eisenhower pays an official visit to the Nixons in the Oval Office of the White House, as well as a personal farewell, before assuming the duties of his ambassadorship in Belgium, 1969.

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A JOURNEY TO MOUNT CLEMENS

A previously unpublished short story by the late distinguished American author of Butterfield 8.

By John O'Hara

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

We finished up at Number 4 in time for supper. The dining room closed at seven o'clock and we just made it. There were five in our party and we all sat at the same table. The food was good; the hotel had a reputation for good food, and we all knew that the next place where we would be stopping had no such reputation. Nevertheless, we were not sorry to be on our way. Nothing had gone right during the two weeks we had been at Number 4, on a job that should have taken much longer. Carmichael, the chief of our party, had been putting the pressure on us because he wanted to get back to the main office in New York. He would have two days in New York and then he would be off to another assignment in the Sudan, where the company was building a dam. Carmichael was known as a slave driver anyway, but during the two weeks at Number 4 he had outdone himself. Breakfast every morning at seven, lunches packed so that we could eat on the job, supper at the hotel, and then night work, and no time off on Saturday or Sunday. Carmichael wanted to have the Number 4 job all cleaned up before he went abroad, and he thus had an incentive that we had not had. It was characteristic of him that he had not a word of praise or thanks for the extra work we had been putting in; that made him look good but that did nothing for us.

Our work was not easy to explain. We were a valuation crew, which meant that we were putting a valuation on the entire physical property of an electric power corporation. Every item, from a box of paper clips to a steam turbine, had to be inspected and a price put on it. The purpose of the valuation was to enable the financial people in the main office to show what was being done with the corporation's capital. This information was doubly important: it was helpful when the corporation asked the power commissions for an increase in rates; and it showed the public that the corporation was a substantial enterprise when a new stock issue was offered. I was the only member of our party who did not hold an engineering degree, but even I had learned to identify such unusual items as a mercury arc rectifier and a Coxe traveling grate and a continuous rail joint. I was eighteen years old, knew nothing about electricity, had just been kicked out of prep school, and had got the job because Carmichael had been a patient of my father's. I was paid seventy-five dollars a month, but I was living on an expense account a good deal of the time, and I could count on at least five dollars a week from shooting pool with the other members of the party. They were not very good, and I was just enough better to win. But during the two weeks at Number 4 we had shot no pool, drunk no whiskey, chased after no girls. We had been working twelve-hour days, seven-day weeks; and we hated Carmichael, he knew it, and seemed to enjoy it.

Our bags were packed and waiting in the lobby as we ate our last supper at Dugan's Hotel. "Well, gentlemen, this time next Saturday I should be passing through the Strait of Gibraltar. No, not quite. I'll still be in the Atlantic week from tonight. King, you've been to that part of the world. How long before I get to Gibraltar?"

"Depends on the boat. Eight or nine days. You stop at the Azores, more than likely, but I doubt if you go ashore. I didn't."

"I have no particular curiosity about the Azores, but I would like to see Gibraltar."

"See it is all you will do. You won't be going ashore there either, according to my recollection. You keep right on till you get to Naples. You can go ashore there."

"I've been to Naples," said Carmichael.

"Yes, I was a lot younger then," said King. "You can have a high old time in Napoli. Is your wife going with you?"

"Oh, no. Not on this trip. I'm afraid she's had her share of the tropics."

"Well, not me. One more winter in the North Temperate Zone and I'll be ready for the Sudan. Keep me in mind when you're out there, Carmichael."

"I'll do that," said Carmichael.

We all knew that King had once been Carmichael's boss, and that their positions had been altered by Carmichael's ambition and King's fondness for the booze.

"I'd go there in a minute," said King. "I don't suppose you know that I was the first man the company sent out there."

"I didn't know you were the first," said Carmichael.

"Well, I had another fellow with me. Ken Stewart. But he died while we were out there. Got one of those tropical bugs. But the original survey was done by me. I learned to speak Swahili. It's not hard."

"I didn't realize they spoke Swahili in the Sudan."

"I didn't say they did. I just said I learned to speak it. There's no damn use learning to speak those other languages. There's fifty of them, from one tribe to another. But if you learn Swahili you can get along. It's like French. You go

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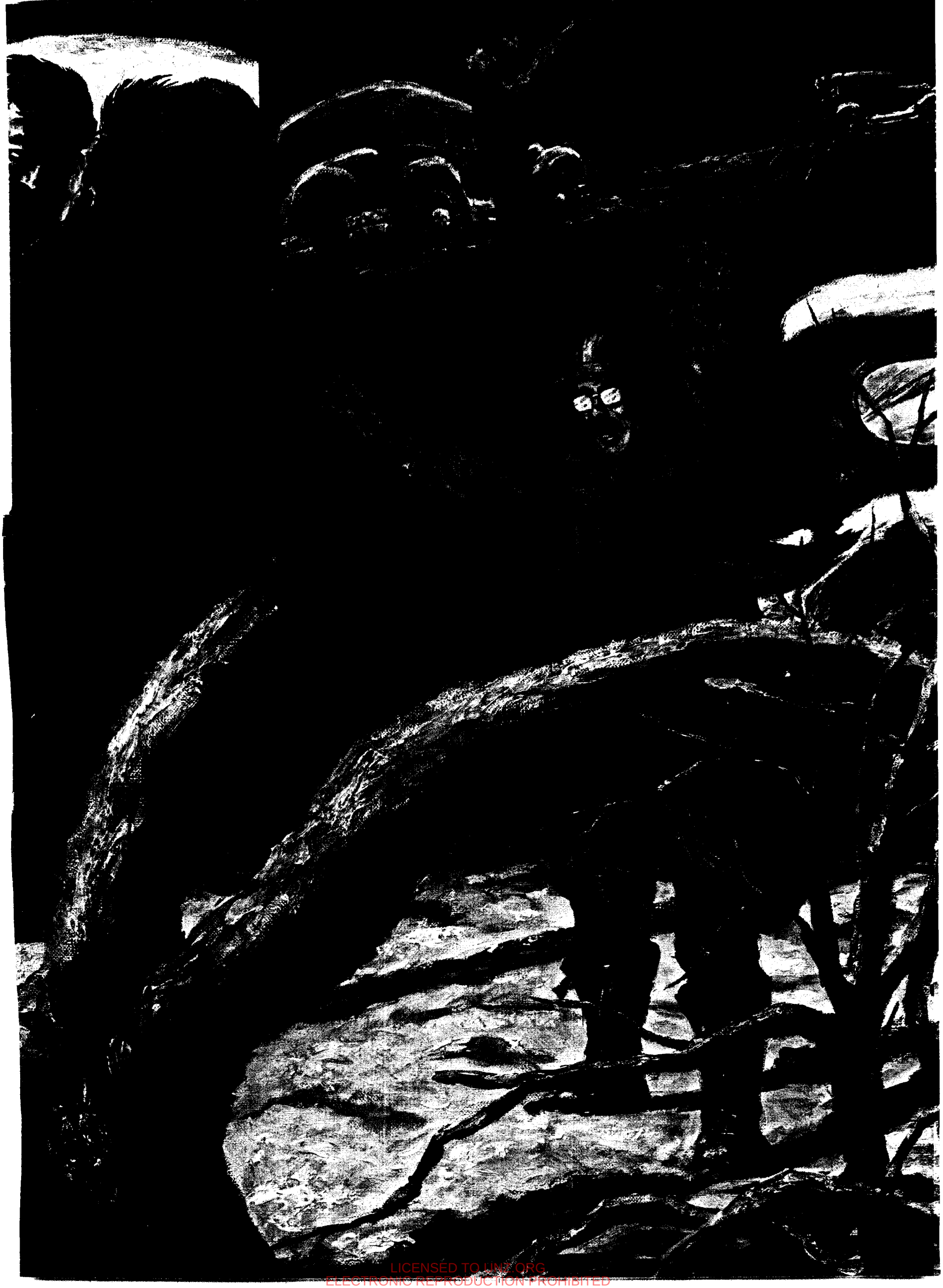

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anywhere in the world and if you speak French you'll find somebody to understand you."

"Swahili is like French? Come now, King."

"For Christ's sake, Carmichael. The French language isn't like the Swahili dialect. But if you speak Swahili in that part of Africa, it's like speaking French in the rest of the world. Now have I made myself clear?"

"Now you have, yes," said Carmichael.

King was the only member of our party who ever spoke that way to Carmichael. Indeed, I doubted that anyone else in the entire organization, regardless of rank, would be so disrespectful. The man was so austere, so inseparable from the tradition of efficiency of hard work, that no matter how much he was hated, his personal dignity was inviolate. We could share King's dislike of Carmichael, but I think we all felt that his behavior toward him was foolishness. But then there was a great deal of foolishness to be tolerated from King. To me, working at my first real job, one of the most fascinating things about the company was that it could include and retain a Carmichael and a King in the same organization. Could it be that there was someone back there in an office on Lower Broadway who remembered that King had once learned to speak Swahili and remembered also that Carmichael had not always been King's boss? Reluctantly, inexplicably, I was discovering that my pity for King could be changed into pity for Carmichael. I, eighteen years old, could see that Carmichael would someday be another King, and kept on the payroll in some minor job where former underlings would be disrespectful to him. In those days, on that job, I was fascinated by many things, but most of all by the subtleties and complexities of the relations among my superiors—and they were all my superiors. They were all anywhere from five to thirty-five years older than I; educated, experienced men who had, among them, been in just about every country on earth. Working with them, living with them, was rather like being a very junior officer in the regular army. As it happened, I was in home territory, never more than seventy-five miles from the place where I was born, but for the others in our crew eastern Pennsylvania was only less strange than Shanghai or the Sudan or Ecuador. Indeed, they were more at home in the distant places, where they had spent more time, than in the mountains where I lived. One night before Carmichael arrived to deprive us of our free time, I had sat with them in the lobby of Dugan's Hotel and listened to King and Edmunds trying to carry on a conversation in Chinese, but they had made no sense to each other because King spoke one kind of Chinese and Edmunds another, and a word that meant duenna in King's dialect meant prostitute in Edmunds's. Then they had turned to me and asked me to spell shoofly as in shoofly pie, which we had had for supper. Then we all went down the street and I beat them at pool. It was a great job, just great.

Now it was time to get in the two company cars and drive the twenty-eight miles to Mount Clemens, where there was a new substation. When we got outside the ground was covered with new snow. "Oh, dear," said Carmichael to the driver of his car. "How long has this been coming down?"

"A good two hours or more, ever since you was in the hotel," said the driver. "It's all right, though. I got the chains on."

"The chains? Will we need chains?"

"We'll need chains all right," said the driver. "We'd of needed them anyway, without this extra snow. Once you get off the main highway the road to Mount Clemens'll be slow going."

"Well, it's only about thirty miles," said Carmichael.

"*Only,*" said the driver.

"What?"

"You said it was only thirty miles, but I'm glad it ain't any more."

"How long do you think it'll take us?"

"Well, we better allow about an hour and a half."

"To go thirty miles?"

"I seen it take six hours, when there was big drifts. If I was you, Mr. Carmichael, I'd bundle up warmer than that. Don't you have a pair of arctics?"

"Not with me," said Carmichael. He was wearing a topcoat, fedora, and low shoes. "I've put away all my winter clothes. I'm on my way to Africa."

"Try Dugan. Maybe he has a pair somebody left behind. And maybe you could get him to

give you the loan of his fur coat. He has a big fur coat he wears. You ought to have a muffler to go around your ears. And warm gloves. You want *me* to ask Dugan?"

Carmichael hesitated.

"Mr. Carmichael, I know you only think it's thirty miles, but it's liable to be five below zero by the time we get to Mount Clemens. And if anything happens to the car we could be out there all night."

"It's been nowhere near that cold here," said Carmichael. "I haven't needed anything heavier than this coat."

"Yeah, but your office was only two–three doors away from the hotel."

"Well, I don't want to hold up the parade," said Carmichael. He returned to the hotel, having paid no attention to the rest of us who had stood waiting for him to assign us to the cars.

"Pigheaded fool," said King. "While we stand here freezing." He turned to me. "You and Edmunds might just as well get in the Studebaker. He'll want me and probably Thompson with him in the Paige."

Carmichael came back wearing a bearskin coat, arctics, and a sealskin cap. He was accompanied by Dugan bearing three Thermos lunch kits. Dugan gave one to Edmunds and me. "Don't know how long the coffee'll stay hot, but it's better than nothing," said Dugan.

"You don't happen to have a couple of pints of whiskey," said Edmunds.

"You know I don't handle it," said Dugan. "But you know where you can get it. There's two ham sandwiches in there for you."

"What about our driver? Doesn't he rate anything?" said Edmunds.

"Mr. Carmichael didn't say anything," said Dugan.

"I'll be all right," said our driver. He held up a pint of whiskey. "But thanks for askin'."

In a few minutes we were under way, and the moment we left the town we were in almost total darkness, broken only by the dashlights and the beam from the Studebaker's headlights. We lost sight of the Paige. "Carney must be in a hurry," said our driver.

"Carmichael," said Edmunds.

"No, I mean Carney. That's the other driver. But I ain't gonna try and keep up with him. I don't want to break a cross-link. The hell with that. You warm enough back there?"

"Fine, so far," said Edmunds.

"The secret is get one blanket under you and one over you. The best thing is if you have a dame with you. That keeps the old circulation going."

"The best thing is to stay home and have the dame in bed with you," said Edmunds.

"Well, you won't have a hard time finding them once we get to Mount Clemens. Lithuanian. Polish. Irish. But this being a Saturday night, some of them went to confession. Some of them won't go out with you Saturday night, or if they do it's a waste of time. They won't even have a beer with you after twelve o'clock midnight. Sunday night, that's an altogether different story. Talk about your hypocrites, them Catholics."

"You're talking to one right now," I said.

"Oh. Well, if you want to offer me out when we get to Mount Clemens."

"I will," I said. My stomach fell at the thought of having a fist fight at the end of our journey, but I had not learned to keep my mouth shut.

"I don't have anything against all Catholics. Carney's my best friend."

"Ah, shut up," I said.

"Both of you shut up," said Edmunds.

Conversation was suspended, but the absence of talk did not produce quiet. Now we listened to and thought about every sound, and most of the sounds were ominous, beginning with the rising and falling of the wind and the frequent changing down to second gear as we left the main highway. The side curtains were secure, we were not uncomfortable, but any minute we could expect the isinglass in the curtains to crack, and when that happened the wind and snow would rush in. Edmunds and I were dressed warmly in sheepskin-lined reefers, woolen helmets that rolled down over our ears and throats, and six-buckle arctics, the cold-weather clothes we had brought with us to Number 4. Our driver wore a plaid mackinaw and a helmet like ours. If the car broke down we would not freeze to death so long as we stayed inside—and the wind did not tear the curtains to shreds. We were moving slowly, very slowly. We came to a mining patch called

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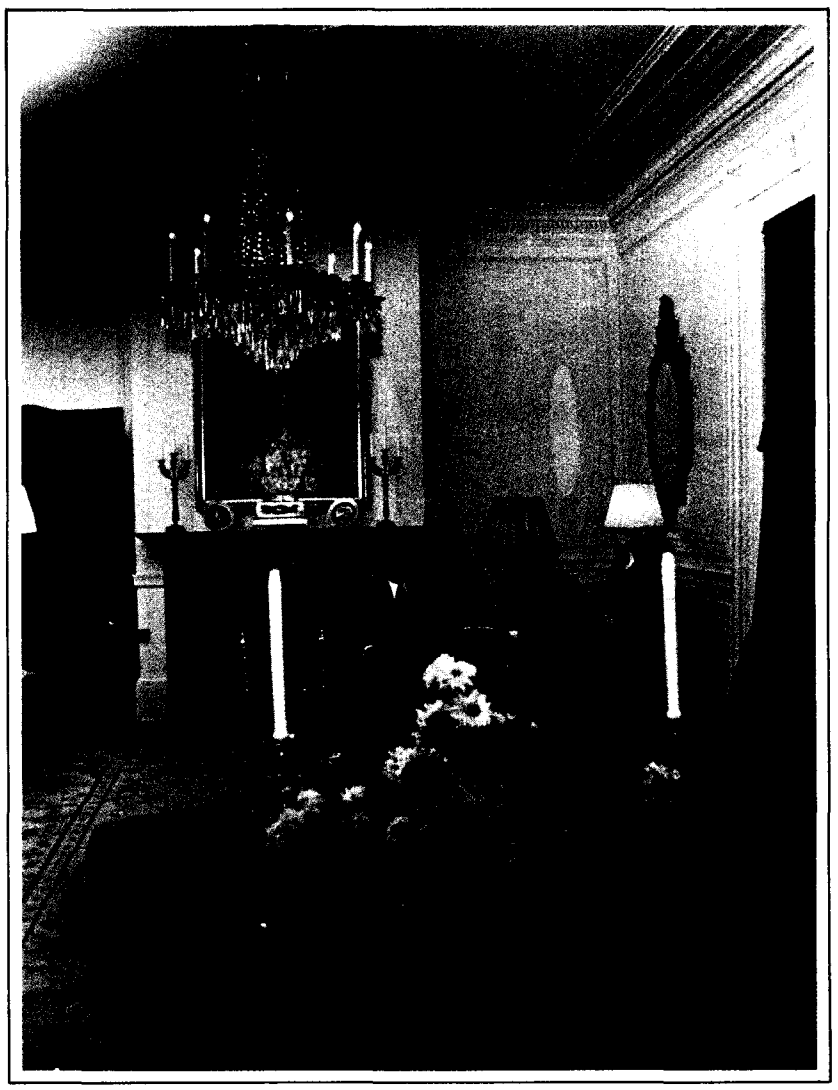

King Hussein of Jordan meets with his Prime Minister, Zayd al-Risa'i, in one of the Blair House parlors. Since 1968 there have been some seventy-five guests of state who have stayed at Blair House.

BLAIR HOUSE: RESIDENCE FOR PRESIDENTIAL GUESTS

Traditional Elegance for the Nation's Visitors

By Joy Billington

Photography by Glen Leach

JOY BILLINGTON is a reporter on the Portfolio *section of the Washington* Star-News *who covers Embassy Row for her newspaper. She is British born and has worked on newspapers as various as the Singapore* Standard, *the North Borneo* News, *the London* Times. *After seven years in Washington she has come to know the city and its workings well, and carries her notebook to Embassy receptions most nights of the week, where she is known for concentrating on the international political scene rather than on the purely social.*

Exactly 150 years ago, from the windows of a newly built house on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, Dr. Joseph Lovell's children peered out as their family friend the Marquis de Lafayette marched through the city triumphantly.

Their father, the first United States Surgeon-General, was involved in the welcome ceremonies. They watched Lafayette and his procession pass by on his way to his hotel. Their house was one of the few completed buildings, that summer of 1824, in the raw twenty-five-year-old city of 16,000 souls that had become the nation's capital.

Three and a half years later, from the same windows, the Lovells stared at the White House opposite, where newly inaugurated President Andrew Jackson's supporters were whooping it up with all the drunken brawling vigor that typified the early inaugural celebrations.

But twelve years later, the eleven Lovell children lost their window on this fascinating world. The Surgeon-General died. His wife soon followed him. In December 1836 this advertisement ran in the Washington newspapers:

> Spacious 2-story brick building with basement, built under the eye of the late proprietor for his permanent residence; has every convenience for a family in and about it; a well of excellent water in the yard; brick stable and carriage house adjoining the alley; flower and fruit garden tastefully laid out and carefully cultivated.

For the sum of $6,500 that same month, a newly arrived Kentuckian called Francis Preston Blair bought himself a foundation for his dynasty and a power base which was destined to last through several presidential administrations.

In the last thirty-two years, few children's noses have been pressed against the glass panes of those front windows. The shades have been drawn to a discreet uniform length. Faces glimpsed from the traffic-zipping street outside might have been bearded and Arab headdressed, moon-faced Asian or hard-faced KGB eyes guarding a Soviet leader.

For Blair House, as it became known in 100 years of Blair ownership, is the presidential guest house. In 1942 it was bought lock, stock and barrel, loaded with fine Blair furniture, silver, mirrors and paintings, by the United States Government for about $175,000.

Prior to that year, foreign heads of state generally stayed at the White House. But this custom got too much for Eleanor Roosevelt when she was embarrassed to bump into British Prime Minister Winston Churchill "walking up and down the corridor in his nightshirt smoking a cigar with a glass of brandy in the other hand," as Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., described the incident a few years ago while donating the Roosevelt Dining Room in Blair House.

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Top: The Victorian bedroom, which offers elegant peace and quiet to the weary guest of state. Bottom: The Dwight D. Eisenhower bedroom, part of the King's Suite, is decorated in Eisenhower toile.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower, President Nixon's daughter, describing the need for a presidential guest house, says: "It's amazing how few people know about it. I think most Americans assume that foreign leaders stay at the White House. But there just isn't room.

"The White House really has only two guest bedrooms, and most leaders are much happier if they can be housed with their own entourage in a separate guest house. I know from my parents' visits to foreign capitals how much more relaxed they can be during the short hours of unscheduled time during a state visit if they are in a separate guest house. I mean, can you imagine bumping into Secretary General Brezhnev as he walked down the hall in his nightshirt?"

Blair House, at 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, is more properly called Blair-Lee House. From outside, three distinct sections can be seen. Blair House is the center. To the left is the Lee side, which Francis Preston Blair built for his daughter Elizabeth when she married one of the Virginia Lees, Samuel Phillips Lee. The third and newest section extends right to the corner of Lafayette Square and around. This section, bought by the State Department years ago for security reasons, was not used much until recently when structural renovation was completed. It now houses lower echelon staff during a visit and contains a press conference room and a beauty parlor donated by Elizabeth Arden's and staffed by her during a visit.

The comfortable, elegant Blair and Lee—which are really joined into one house to the point where one doesn't realize when one is passing from one to another on the four floors and in the basement (Francis Preston Blair added two stories on to Blair when he bought it from the Lovells)—are a kind of "home away from home" for foreign visitors.

In today's world, the King's Room and Queen's Room are more often occupied by premiers who have risen from simple origins than by blue-blooded royals, although their tastes may have become similar. The surviving monarchs come and go also—sometimes with new wives exchanged for old, or pet dogs smuggled over international boundaries against veterinary laws, or perhaps with headaches about revolution back home.

For peasant or king, Blair House is a retreat amidst negotiations being held at the White House, State Department and Pentagon. There may be eyeball-to-eyeball "summit" sessions. Or those painfully frank discussions held among friends. Or the mission that has failed to get what it sought—the latest jet fighters or bombs. Whether failure or success is being achieved, Blair House must be a solace for those leaders who journeyed to Washington.

It has thirty-five rooms and can accommodate a party of up to twenty, although Mrs. Mary Edith Wilroy, the State Department protocol officer who runs Blair House, is happier with a party of twelve.

As well as serving as a presidential guest house, Blair House is used by cabinet officials for entertaining when there are no state visits. Perhaps 50 percent of the use of the house comes in teas, lunches and dinners in this category.

The State Department's Chief of Protocol, for instance, may entertain twenty ambassadors for dinner some dull February night when spirits are low, and bring a bewigged harpsichordist from Williamsburg to make after-dinner music. Or on a summer's evening, the Vice-President may throw a dinner in the garden, with the magnolias and other white blooming trees and shrubs glimmering in the dusk, the fountains playing and the political talk buzzing.

But when a state visit is scheduled, Mary Edith Wilroy shuts out everything she can and gets down to planning. In all likelihood the prime minister or president has been a guest at least once during Mrs. Wilroy's thirteen years in the job. If it is the Shah of Iran, King Hussein of Jordan or Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, they have become regular visitors. Her card files have been building for years and are the foundation for the book she may write some day. This memo, for instance, would go out to the permanent staff and the extra "visit" staff if King Hussein were due:

•

Visit of the King of Jordan

Food Likes and Dislikes:

No pork nor pork products can be served.

Rice is a favorite, they like lamb but without much fat, also beef and fowl. All meat must be *well done, and no pink showing.*

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Breakfast should include eggs, jam, cheese (they like soft cheeses like Philadelphia cream cheese and Lebanah, which is similar to cottage cheese without curds), olive oil should be on the table to be poured over the Lebanah. Favorite fruit is melon. Greek olives are well liked for any meal.

His Majesty is particularly fond of Hamburgers and Hamburger Rolls.

His Majesty likes strong black tea with plenty of sugar. He will most often take this in place of coffee. If he takes an alcoholic beverage, he may take brandy with ginger ale. Normally he will drink Coke or the hot tea.

Smoking

His Majesty smokes Chesterfields regular.

•

Upstairs, the chambermaids will be making beds with monogrammed BH sheets donated by Fieldcrest. Companies like this are delighted to donate to the house, since it is a perfect showcase. In Mrs. Wilroy's basement offices she doles out sheets of BH notepaper and postcards with a sketch of the house on the front. Her card files list the preferences of world leaders. She counts about 230 visits in the last thirteen years, and approximately 75 visits since 1968.

The eleven bedrooms and four suites of the two houses are spread over the three upper floors, reached by two staircases. The Queen's Suite is decorated in soft greens, lavenders and blues so tranquil that the Prime Minister and Reotti of Italy was tempted to (and did) take a nap there one afternoon last year.

In the same suite, adjacent to the matching sitting room, is a bathroom-dressing room with closets by New York's Hammacher-Schlemmer which cause many visiting women to wish they could unpack for longer than the customary two-to-three-day stay.

The King's Suite includes the Dwight D. Eisenhower bedroom, decorated in a specially designed Eisenhower toile of maroon, with midwestern furniture, two Eisenhower paintings and an open Bible. The somewhat shrinelike feeling of the room was lightened recently by the removal of the U.S. and Presidential flags which flanked the fireplace to greet a waking foreign leader.

However, chiefs of state and their wives don't always use both suites. Mrs. Wilroy admits, "The 'Her' room is quieter. And if they don't use both beds that's their business."

Coffee and fresh fruit are served at 6:30 a.m.

Breakfast for the pair may be served in the library adjacent to the Eisenhower room. There, a huge desk is ready for a leader's papers and comfortable settees for staff conferences. The shelves are loaded with Book-of-the-Month Club selections as well as some old books about Washington. The library is decorated in mandarin red with fine white woodwork and paneling.

An array of breakfast trays is sent up to the bedrooms for those of the entourage who take breakfast in bed. Downstairs, in the blue-and-white Blair-Lee dining room which seats sixteen (the Roosevelt dining room in Blair seats twelve), a big breakfast is offered to those who are up.

"If we serve something like pancakes, maple syrup and sausages to, say, an African group that hasn't eaten them before, we can be sure they'll want repeats the next day," Mrs. Wilroy says.

The Blair House kitchen serves American food, though on rare occasions they've been known to send out for Arabic food to satisfy a yearning visitor. Then, of course, they have special diets for ulcers or diabetes.

In the basement kitchens tinned and frozen food is kept for emergencies. Fresh fruit, vegetables and meat are brought in daily during a visit and billed to the State Department as part of the cost of that visit.

Extra telephone operators work the BH switchboard round the clock. The Secret Service and the Executive Protective Agency police the building. Any passerby along Pennsylvania Avenue can tell at a glance by the presence or the

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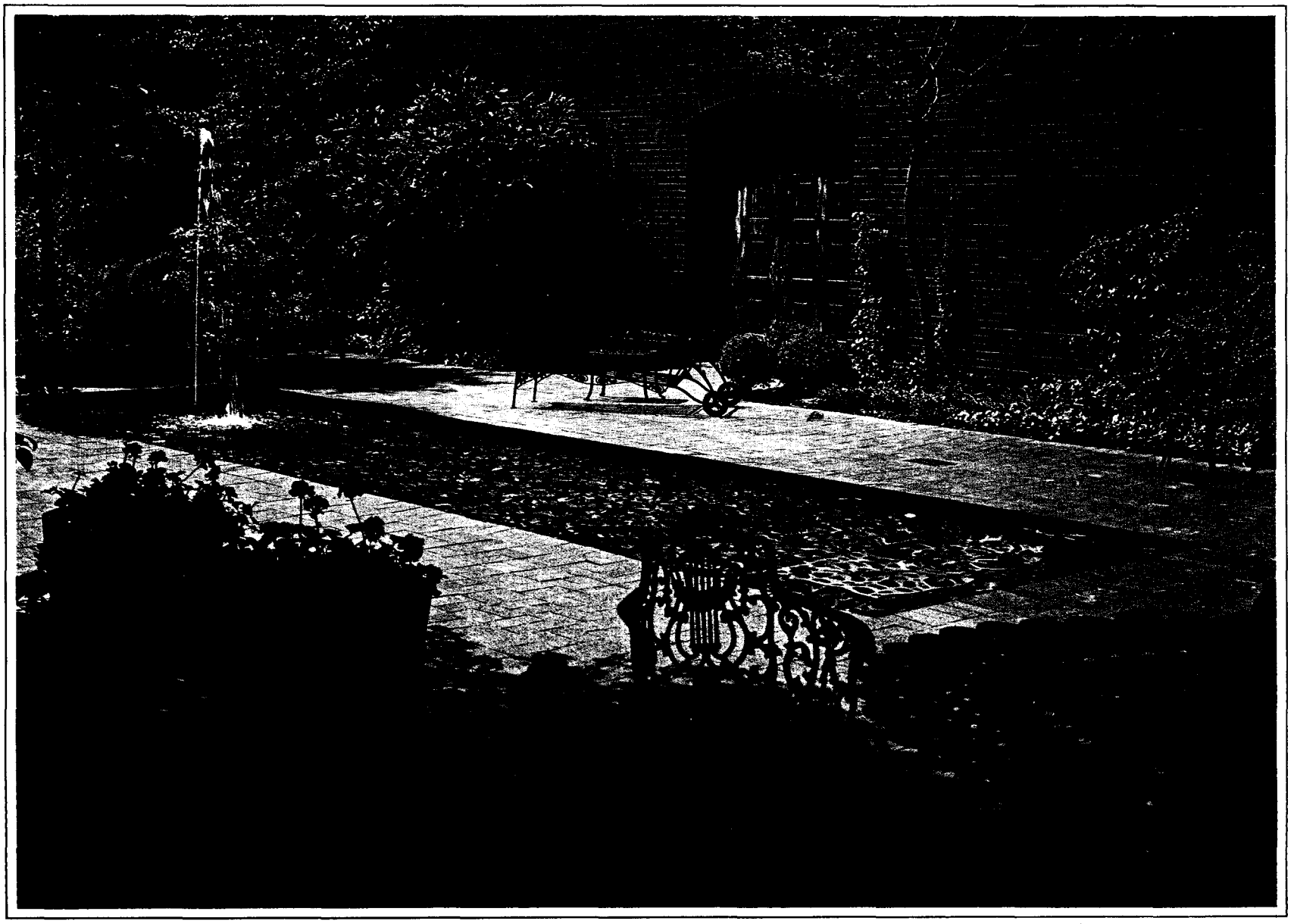

Sunshine, water, and lots of greenery create the small formal garden of Blair-Lee House where state visitors may choose to take a break in a busy day.

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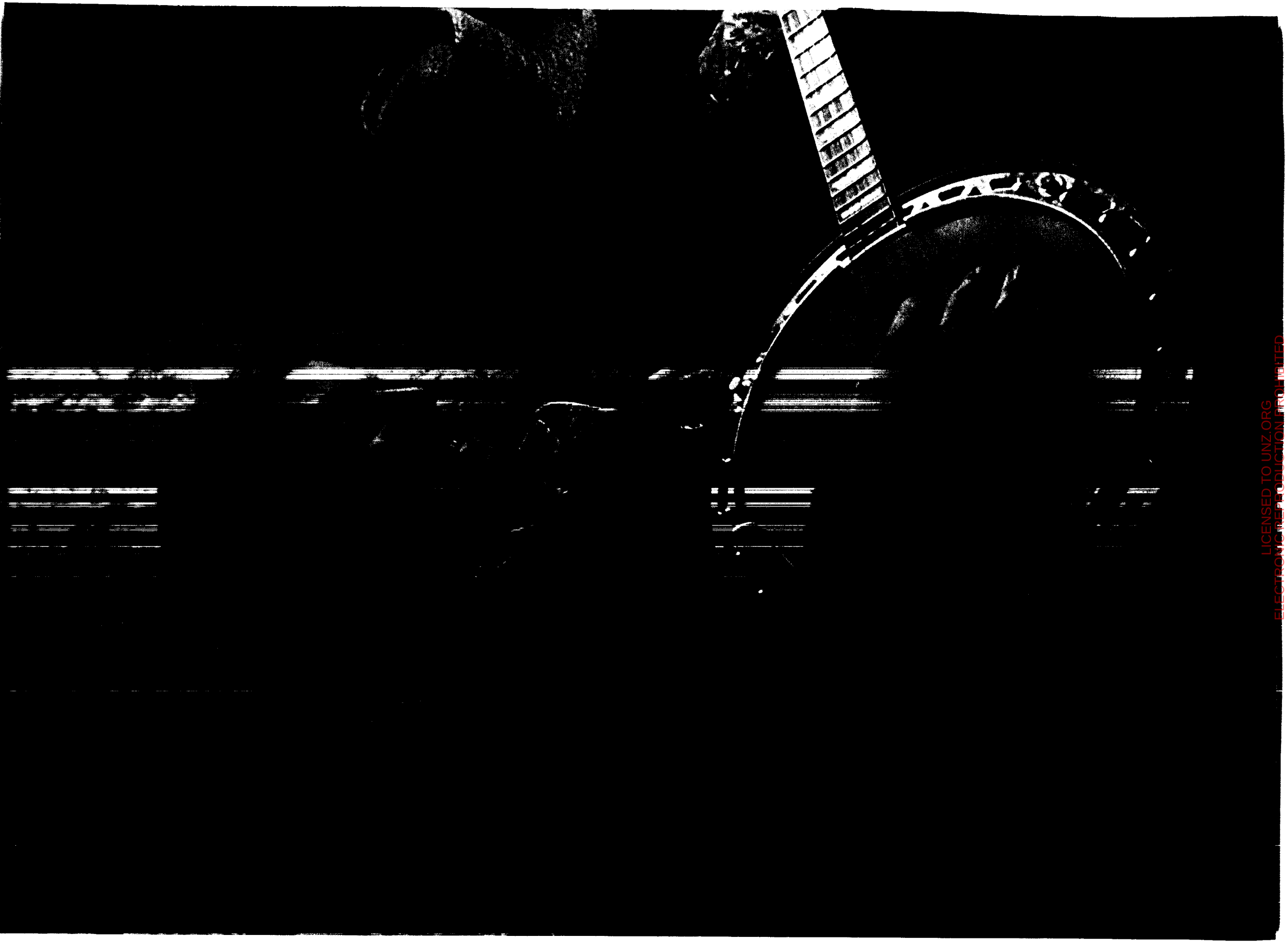

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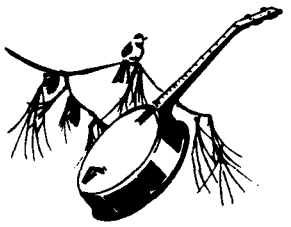

JUD TOOK THE MAINE ROAD

Mrs. Strunk's boy strums his way to Hollywood's greenest pastures.

By Frederic A. Birmingham

Photography by Parker Hall

"Grandfather remarried at ninety-eight a twenty-two-year-old girl. At the wedding reception, I told him that with the age difference, his marital life could be fatal. He thought about it a moment and said: 'Well, if she dies, she dies.' "

—Jud Strunk

The Country Cousin is America's true folk hero. That you "gotta" believe.

Sneer at apple pie and motherhood, if you will. Jeer at love in bloom. Snicker at good sportsmanship. But just you dare cast the smidgen of a shadow on the bucolic virtues of Paul Bunyan, Abraham Lincoln, Mark Twain or Will Rogers and your goose is cooked for good. You will be bucking a tradition as old as this country, that virtue resides in the countryside and wickedness in the big city, and you shall be cast into outer darkness, where martinis are mixed with venom of asps, hamburgers sparkle with ground glass, and alphabet soup seethes with misspelled four-letter words.

Jud Strunk knows all about this.

He doesn't have to try very hard to be everybody's country cousin—he just *is*. Blue-eyed, shaggy-haired, crinkle-smiled, ruddy-faced, ruggedly built, innocent-looking, sweet-tempered, banjo-plinking, nature-loving, and funny as all get out, he rusticates happily up in Eustis, Maine, population twenty-three, where "Ellie Smilie shot old man Smilie only just last week with a bow and arrow so as not to wake up the children."

That is, when Jud Strunk is not wowing them on his own TV special, on "Laugh In," on "Hee Haw," or singing such sweetly moving songs as "Daisy A Day," words and music by Justin Roderick Strunk, Jr.

Of course, in the old American tradition, the country cousin is a sucker and a rube as well as a simple hero under the skin. In quite a few of his pictures, and even in those where he played the stern sheriff, Gary Cooper was content to let the city slickers snicker at him, even fleece him for his wide-eyed country ways, but in the end his clean living and shrewd sense of realism won out. And the audience never really laughed at him, just with him. Countless short stories, plays, and vaudeville skits embroidered this classic theme, and the downfall of the city man always made everyone in the house feel better. Even including the city man: because aren't we all country boys and girls at heart?

Jud Strunk, cast in the ancient role, goes it even one better in our own time. That is, he is a poet and a folk singer at heart, in the modern vein. Again, he doesn't have to try to be, he just is. Take the words for a new song he has just written, and which he penned in longhand for me while this article was being written. They will never unseat John Milton in the halls of the poetic muse, and Shelley's place is secure. But they are charming and they are sweet and they are sincere. They are Norman Rockwell set to words and music:

They're tearing down
  a town,
  a town,
A town I used to know,
Where Moms and Dads
And kids and dogs—
And tulips used to grow.

They're cutting down
  a tree,
  a tree,
A tree I used to climb.
I've asked them not to cut it—
They say it isn't mine.

They're knocking down
  a house,
  a house.
The gingerbread is gone.
They hit it with an iron ball—
They tarred the yard and lawn.

They're digging up
  a park,
  a park,
Where the town band used to play
And old men sat on benches
With thoughts of yesterday.

They're tearing down
  a town,
  a town.
They'll probably take the rest.
Progress takes its toll, I'm told—
But should it take the best?

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Irresistible—or if you don't agree with me, you'll simply have to join a spindly minority. Because Jud catches at you one way or the other, smiles or tears. It begins to look as though he's just getting into the swing of things, too, on TV and on the big nightclub circuits which take him to Las Vegas and places like Harrah's where country cousins are met at the airport by the management's Rolls-Royce and brought to the big stage via a million-dollar red carpet.

Jud Strunk had his first sip of the heady wine of audience applause when he won a red ribbon at the age of seven for playing the spoons and tap dancing to "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True," at the Carrabassett Grange Hall Talent Contest near his home in Farmington, Maine.

Jud no longer plays the spoons. He now plays guitar and banjo, tells funny stories, and sings, mostly his own songs. He has outgrown Grange Hall. But he has had to work at it. A country comic and folk composer does not simply wake up like a Caruso, with a great gift from heaven in his throat, and flood the world with glorious sound. When Jud performs, it is all low-key, country-accent, throwaway humor and gentle singing in a voice which needs all that a microphone can do for it. The way he does it, sitting there a-plunkin' on his old banjo, you might think he's wonderin' where his next joke is going to come from. But the laughs start coming slow at first and then booming out in waves, and you realize that Jud Strunk is a master of timing and comical effects on the high technical order of a Jack Benny, who can turn a little spoofing into an art and a craft. You begin straining slightly to hear what he says next, and it would take a listener in the darkest valley of melancholia not to chuckle. This type of performance, seemingly so haphazard and improvised, is actually the result of long years of sharpening and honing and testing—"over and over and over again," as the show tune goes about the aerial acrobat striving for perfection in Walt Disney's *Dumbo*. Jud is a polished professional today—but what he had to have in addition to the physical assets which make his country-cousin role plausible and likable (after all, if looking "country" would be all you needed to make a fortune in show biz, Nebraska and West Virginia would have a star in every holler) was that insatiable drive to perform in front of other people, which show people have in such abundance as to survive through years of embarrassment and failure and worse, confident of their ultimate triumph.

Sure, he always wanted to perform. Although born in Jamestown, New York (no metropolis, but not exactly a backwoods laugh-in, either), he spent long summers with his grandmother in Springville, New York, soaking up the feel of country and making it a part of the stage presence he developed as a child, driven by a typical back-country yearning for fame.

"In high school, I used to play the uke while everybody else necked, right? When I was eighteen I got a banjo and hitchhiked across the country, trying to make it as an entertainer. One morning I said, 'Ma, I'm going to take off.' My parents had always encouraged me to do what I wanted to do. Dad said, 'If you run a peanut stand, just make sure it's going to be *your* peanut stand.' They let me do my own thing."

Jud strayed all over the country before he spent a year at St. Lawrence University, and then went on to Virginia Military Institute, probably the world's most unlikely spawning ground for a country ballad talent. "At Virginia I walked more penalty tours than any other cadet in VMI history. But about a month before graduation, I took a tape of my songs, borrowed a recorder, put up a blanket on the wall, and recorded everything I could. We had a group down there—clarinet, banjo, and a drum—and I sent off our masterpiece to the Chief of Special Services, Pentagon, Washington, D.C., just on a hunch.

"A week before I was to graduate, I found a note in my room from the Commanding Officer of VMI directing that I see him immediately. So I said to the guys in my room, 'OK, guys, so long.' I'd been there before, so I knew what to expect. I got my dress uniform on and I walked into the CO's office and the General said, 'Strunk, what the hell have you done now?' I said, 'What do you mean, General?' He said, 'I've got a letter from the Pentagon here and they want you to go to Europe and sing your songs.'

"I never saw such an expression on the chief's face before. I know now that he was trying the best he could not to bust out laughing. But actually he looked as though he'd swallowed his last cigar. So he said, 'Strunk, if this is true, which I doubt, take my car to Washington, but if you're not back in two days I'll damn well see that you never graduate while you live.' So I said, 'Thanks, General, bye.' Then I went to Washington. I came back to graduate, and went on alone to Europe because the two other guys weren't set to move so suddenly.

"I did my first show in Nuremberg in an Army service club where the guys were all drinking beer. Of course, after four years at VMI I had learned a lot of dirty songs, and I thought that was what these Army guys wanted. They just started screaming and I thought I was a sensation because they were loving it so, but it turned out that they knew all along that a guy by the name of Byron Kelly, Head of the U.S. Army Entertainment in NACOM, was in the audience with his family, and he was far from drinking it all in. I got a call from Kelly the next day; he said, 'Strunk, don't you know any *nice* songs?' I said, 'Gee, what I sang last night is the kind of thing I've done all these years.' So he said, 'Well, you'd better learn some before your next show tonight or you're going home on the first plane tomorrow.' And that's when I really started writing my own songs.

"So I completed the tour and that's what pointed me toward show business and just folk tunes. I went all over Europe, was my own escorting officer and had my own car and driver because I had been commissioned at VMI. I was making only $50 a week. But I could map my own schedule. So when I would arrive at a base to play for the service club, I'd call up the officers' club and say, 'This is Lieutenant Strunk, in charge of the Ballads Of The Open Road Show.' He'd say, 'What is that?' I'd tell him it was a great young folk singer, forgetting to mention that it was myself. I'd tell him that he might be able to get him after the Saturday night show for his officers' club. And the guy would say, 'Oh, how is he?' And I'd say, 'Well, he's not bad. And his price is fifty to seventy-five bucks a night.' So the guy would generally buy The Ballads Of The Open Road Show. I never said I was Lieutenant Strunk when I walked in. I always said, 'Hi! I'm the Ballads Of The Open Road Show' and I'd

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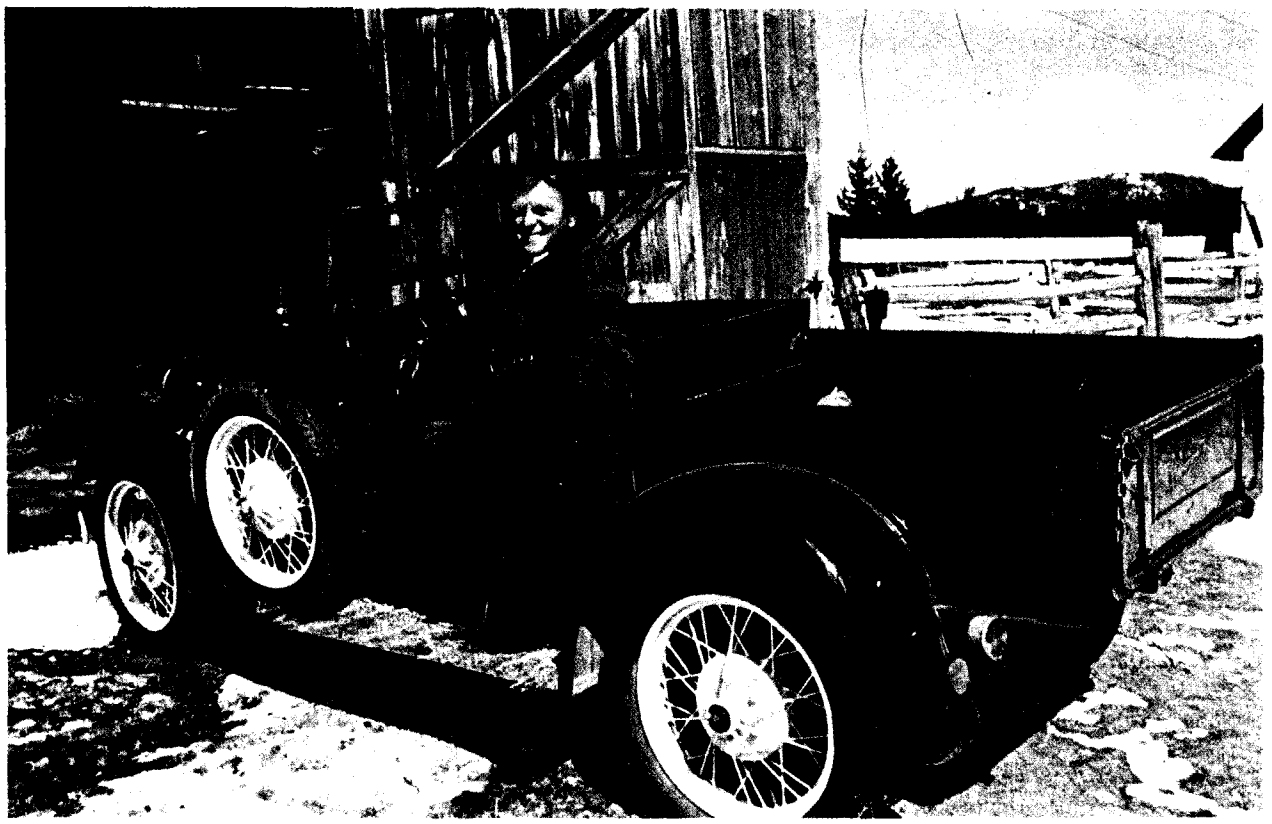

Far left: Cross-country skiing is big on the Strunk farm in Eustis, Maine.
Left: The good old days and the good new days are a Strunk motif. Somehow, it feels just right to tool around the farm in an antique "A" Ford.
Below: Just a few miles from the Canadian border, the Strunk farm is in a primitive mountain setting. Makes you want to kick up your heels for pure joy of living, like their pet colt, left, who says neigh to sleigh.

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United States better qualified to run for the Senate than Howard Cosell," he thundered. Earlier at a press conference, he told newsmen he was "tired" of sports, and asked a reporter if he saw any evidence of integrity in national politics. Therefore, declared Cosell answering his own question, "It is time for people who are educated and outspoken to step forward," presumably meaning himself in 1976 against Senator James Buckley. Cosell modestly quoted a poll showing that he ranks third in the nation behind President Nixon and Johnny Carson in "recognition factor."

Cosell is like a billboard, a screaming neon sign, an up-volume TV commercial (he actually has done some for Fruit-Of-The-Loom men's underwear), the carnival barker in candy-stripe suit, with bamboo cane hustling the yokels into the big Cosell Tent of Bombast.

But to those who know him intimately, Cosell has other dimensions. Evidently, what most people don't know is that he is an authentic homebody, a devoted family man, a straight arrow in deportment, a loving husband to the one wife, Emmy, he's had for thirty years and will always have, an indulging, concerned, affectionate father and grandfather.

Walter Kennedy, president of the National Basketball League, has been Cosell's friend for twenty years, and has enjoyed many a mellow session which ran to the early-morning hours with Cosell in his country home. "He idolizes his wife," Kennedy says. "If there ever was such a thing as a true love affair, he has one with Emmy. He has so much concern and devotion for his children that if you didn't see it frequently, as I do, you'd think it was a put-on."

Cosell's children are Jill (Mrs. Peter Cohane), twenty-eight, and Hilary, a twenty-two-year-old, who graduated from Sarah Lawrence University and is now a writer for ABC News in Los Angeles. Altogether, with Cosell's two grandchildren, four-year-old Justin and two-year-old Jared, and a third about to be born, this is a close, warm family, and no fooling about that. Less close, but nearby, are Cosell's mother, Nellie, eighty-one, recuperating from a broken hip, and his brother, Hilton, fifty-eight, who is not in the hotel business, but is a successful accountant for Monarch Wine Company, manufacturers of Manischewitz Wine.

"That's why I am successful," Cosell says, "I've got a sense of where it's at. My values are lodged completely in my family. That's where it's at for me. I really am a square. We all go to the same place eventually, and what have you got?"

What Cosell really has got is Emmy, Mary Edith Abrams Cosell, fifty-two, a handsome woman, a gyroscope for Cosell. "Emmy's my life," he has said of her. "I go nowhere without her. I wouldn't do 'Monday Night Football.' I wouldn't travel. I wouldn't cross the Triboro

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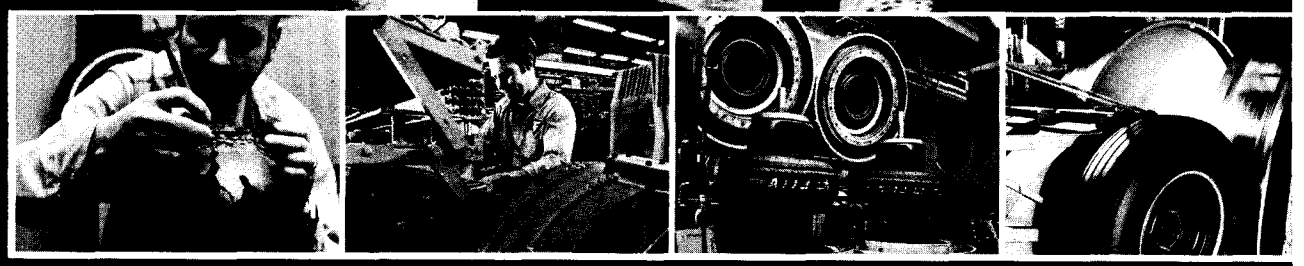

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Bridge without Emmy."

Howard and Emmy met during World War II at the New York Port of Embarkation, where Cosell was a stateside subway commando, riding home every night to his mother's cooking. Cosell had moved from an enlisted private to major in two and one half-years. At twenty-four, according to Cosell, he was in charge of the huge base's manpower pool, including 50,000 civilians.

Mary Edith Abrams, twenty-two, was a mere corporal in the Women's Army Corps, a WAC. Her father, Norman Ross Abrams, was a self-made, patriotic man, who later became Deputy Postmaster General in the Eisenhower administrations. Mary Edith was Protestant, of Dutch and Welsh stock. Cosell's father, Isadore Cohen, arrived in the United States at age two, a Polish-Jewish immigrant.

Howard Cosell was Howard Cohen when Mary Edith met him in May, 1943, a "cocksure fellow who was interesting and who thought I was darling." Cosell recalls Emmy as a "cute, pudgy blonde" the first time he saw her. Romance developed. Cosell, as an officer, had to get a letter of permission from his commanding officer in order to date Emmy, an enlisted person.

They were married in a judge's chambers on June 23, 1944, with Emmy's parents fuming, but present. Howard's parents were against the marriage too.

Cosell is most believable when he tells me: "My family is everything in my life. This is probably psychological, as much as it is pure love. I'm sure my view on deep family ties is predicated on the fact that my parents' marriage wasn't particularly good. I was determined that mine would be."

The Cosell country home is set on several acres in Westchester County. Emmy says she has grown peppers and tomatoes there, and the country-suburban life suited her just fine. Though the Cosells had many interesting neighbors, Howard, a real city boy, was an unlikely commuter for years. After the girls grew up, however, Cosell bought himself a large apartment in a tony East Side Manhattan building, and that's where he and Emmy spend most of their time when he's not on the road.

Cosell's office at ABC is small, about the size a greenhorn fresh out of college would rate. It is noticeably uncluttered—no layer-on-layer of periodicals and books, or impossible desk mess. But it's the telephone which is high powered. It rings and rings, and Howard picks up and picks up. His frenzied grind results. The phone rings, Howard grabs it and the schedule comes out in staccato:

"I've got to be at Cher's opening where she does a solo. They've got me booked everywhere. March 16, I have to be in Panama City. March 17, I take the 4:30 plane out of there for Houston to accept the Radio Man of The Year Award from the NAB (National Association of

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yours.

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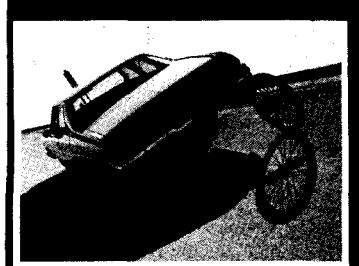

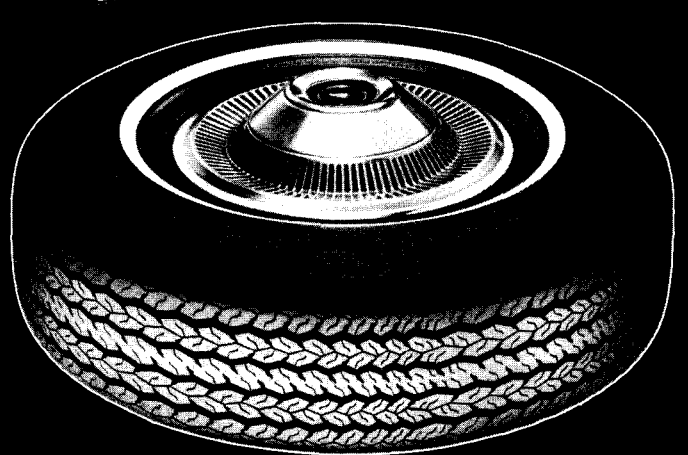

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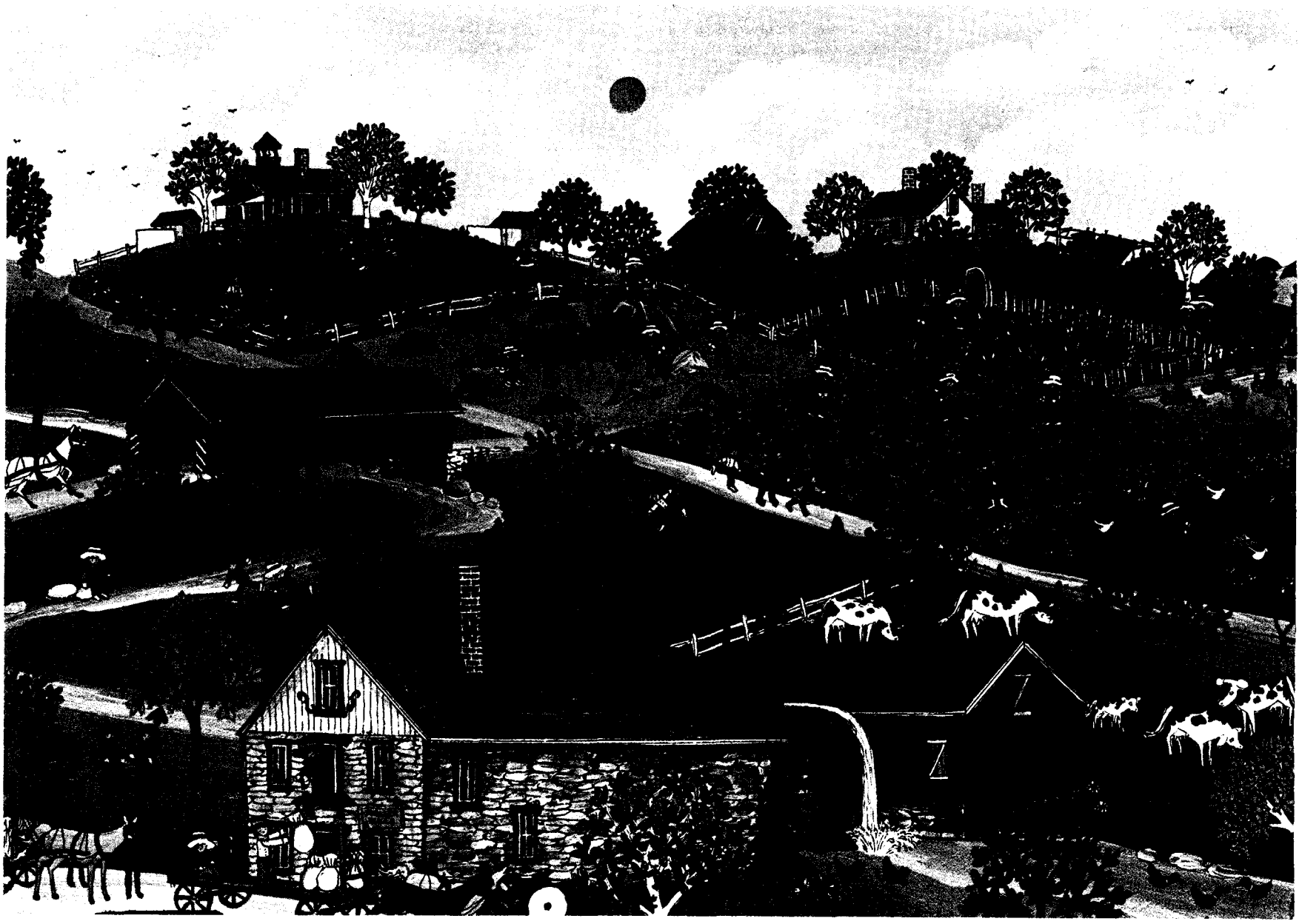

JO SICKBERT: WINNER OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST COVER CONTEST

An Independence, Missouri artist with the charm of a Grandma Moses portrays happy moments in American life.

By Julie Nixon Eisenhower

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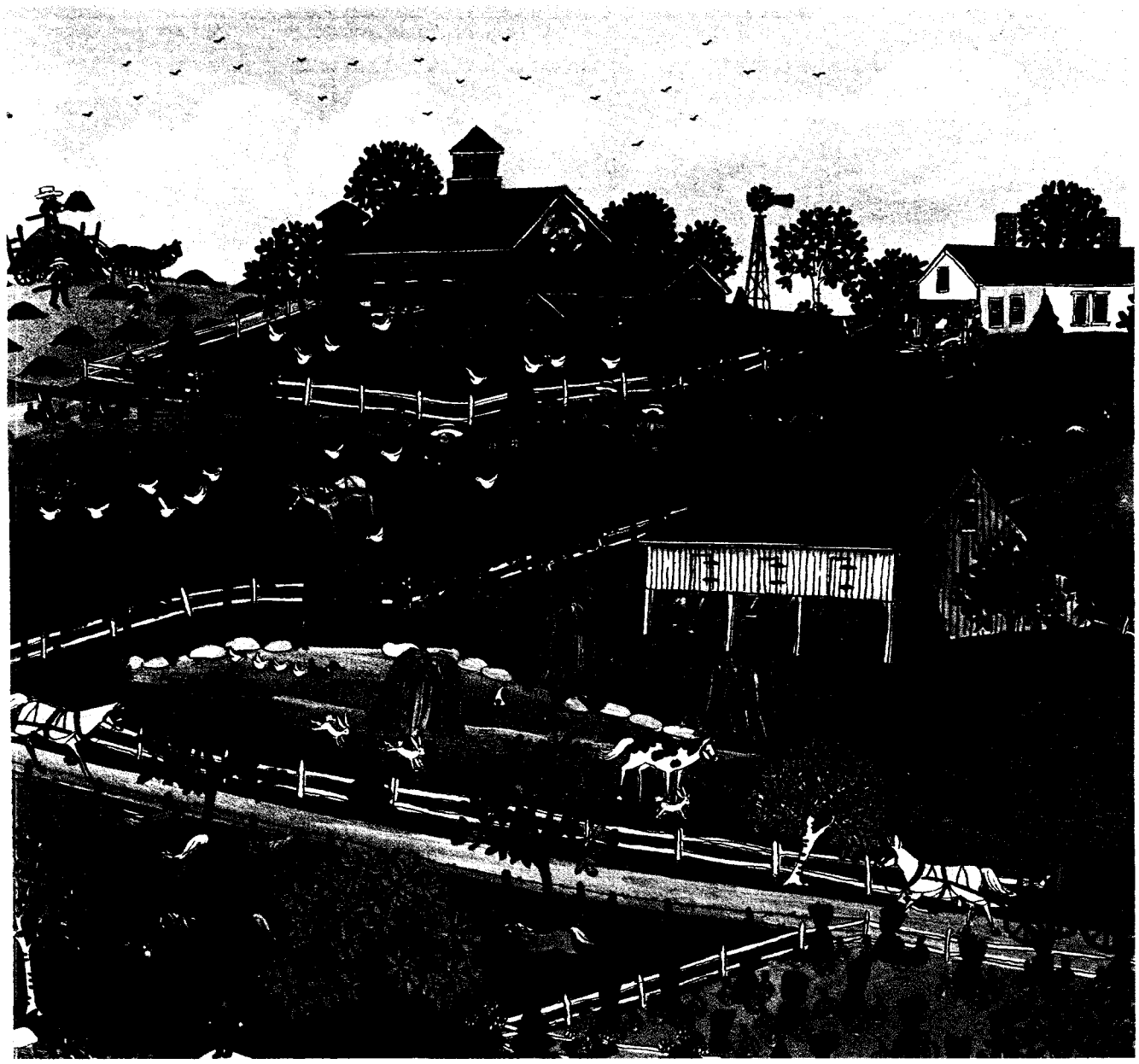

Jo Sickbert captures the beauty and abundance of the rolling hills of Lancaster County. She was inspired by Rudyard Kipling's description of southwestern Pennsylvania as a land of "little houses and bursting big farms, fat cattle, fat women, and always peaceful as heaven might be if they farmed there." Jo interprets "fatness" in the fine Old Testament *sense. In other words, her paintings of a land well cared for, rich in soil and crops and peaceful fields.*
It is interesting to note that the farm in the background at the right belongs to a farmer not of the Amish sect. The Amish and other plain sects never have hex signs painted on their barns. Barn signs are part of the tradition and legend of the Pennsylvania Dutch people. The hex sign on this barn has a rosette to keep away bad luck, double distelfinks (the good luck bird of the old Pennsylvania Dutch settlers) and Trinity Tulips, standing for faith in yourself, faith in what you do, and faith in your fellow man.

"I used to paint trees over my mistakes." Jo Sickbert, winner of the 1974 *Saturday Evening Post* Cover Contest, laughed softly as she described her evolution as a painter. The comment is so characteristic of Jo. She is as warm and open and down-to-earth as any person you could ever hope to meet. You simply feel at ease with her immediately. Her beautiful expressive eyes make you want to know her well and to feel close to her. And you believe Jo when she says "Life is such a gift." Her gift to all of us is her art, which radiates the good things in life: families together, a sense of community and belonging, and the abundance of flowers, birds and growing things. If one had to choose a single word to describe Jo Sickbert's paintings my choice would be "joy."

Jo grew up in Independence, Missouri. She majored in music in college and never had any formal art training. She paints simply because "it's a way of communicating how I feel about things." During our days together at the offices of *The Saturday Evening Post*, she often repeated the words, "I don't consider myself an artist." Perhaps she feels that way because she does not yet have the nationwide recognition which emboldens someone as genuinely modest as Jo to say to the world, "I am an artist." Jo's magazine debut in the *Post* will give her that nationwide recognition. The debut has other special meaning as well: it is a thrill for Jo to know that her work is appearing in the *Post* because all her life she has admired Norman Rockwell. His paintings have touched her more deeply than those of any other artist. It is not surprising, for there is an affinity between the two. Jo told me, "I paint from the heart." Without a doubt, Norman Rockwell paints from the heart as well.

Jo Sickbert did not start painting seriously until five years ago when one after another of her friends and neighbors in Paola, Kansas—and then their friends and neighbors in other towns requested her paintings. Even today, Jo marvels: "I had no idea people wanted to buy my work." Until acrylics came onto the market a decade ago, Jo confined her artwork to family Christmas cards (printed on a press by her husband Wally in the basement of their home); advertisements for the Jaycees' Christmas tree sales; or sets for school plays. Jo jokes about the days when she worked as a medical assistant in a doctor's office. Her contribution to the arts was to paint a special sign for the office: "Please leave your name at the desk." But with the advent of fast-drying acrylics, Jo began to paint in earnest. No longer was she frustrated by days of waiting for an oil painting to dry. For Jo is a spontaneous painter who does little planning. Her attitude has always been: "I want it to happen now"—and that means changes on a painting now. Her theory is that many times "if it happens by itself, it's good; if you get too technical, the painting loses a certain honesty and freshness."

Jo works on six or seven paintings at a time, rising early every morning at 4. Her husband Wally sleeps "late," until 6 a.m., then is off to work at Taylor Forge in Paola. Now that her two children are both in college, Jo uses her daughter's bedroom as a studio. She works on an old dining-room table. Her inspiration comes from "the little love gifts" which adorn the room, like the Snoopy alarm clock from her daughter Jan, a set of Currier and Ives prints from son Mike, and the little owl from Wally which is perched on the table to keep watch over her while she paints. Music is Jo's main outlet. She often wears headphones as she works in order to enjoy her favorite Bach, Dvořák and classical trumpet recordings. Ideas and enthusiasm for new paintings come from involvement with her community, from her family, which includes a large network of relatives (her father was one of fifteen children), and from her love of the drama and romance of American history.

What lies in the future for Jo Sickbert? She has dreams. Big dreams. One of them is to go to every part of America and share what she finds with the American people. Another dream is to publish books of paintings about those travels and about our country's heritage. Already she and Wally, who work as a team armed with history books and cameras, have traveled through the Amish country and New England discovering the nooks and crannies of small towns.

I have faith Jo will accomplish her dream because of something she told me as we sat in the *Saturday Evening Post* library: "I paint the things I believe in." And when people see her paintings, they will believe Jo. Love, family, caring about others, belief in our community, belief in our country. These themes strike a responsive note. They speak to young and old. Painting is joy and happiness to Jo Sickbert because "nothing is more exciting than using your head and your hands and what you feel in your heart to make it all happen."

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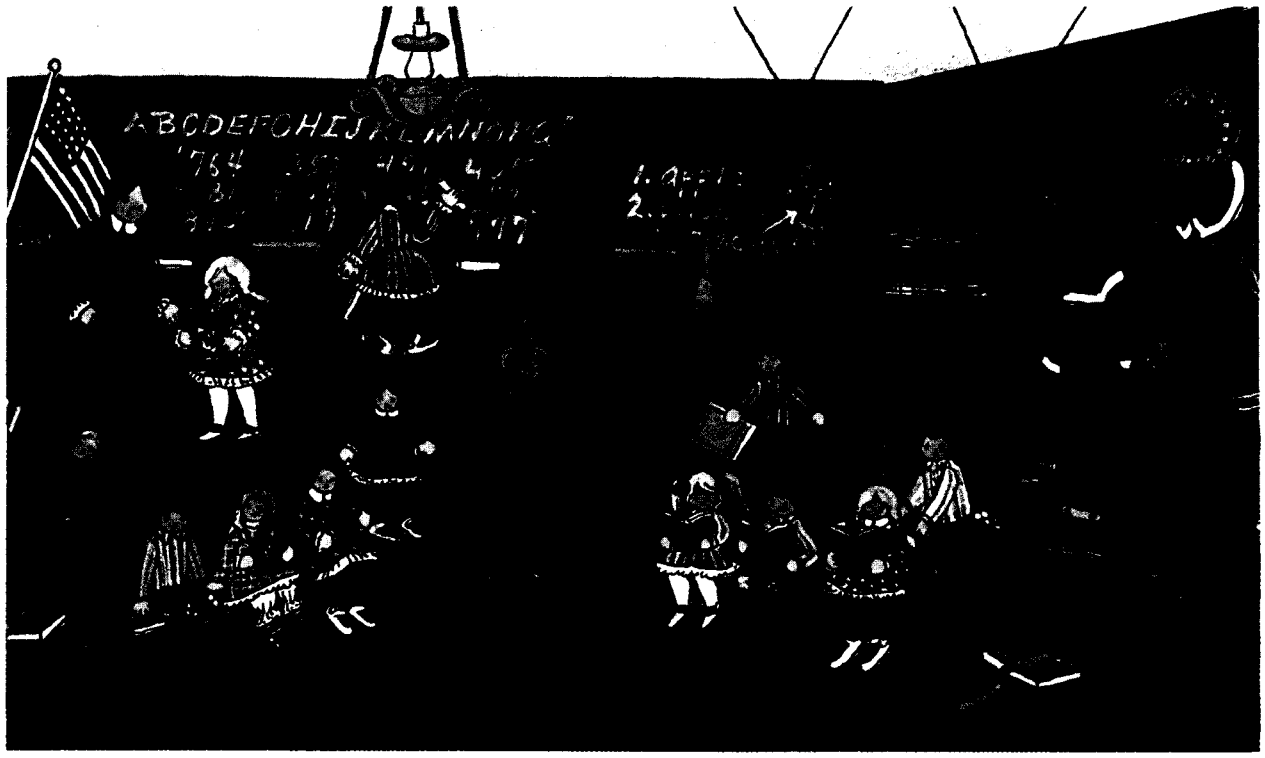
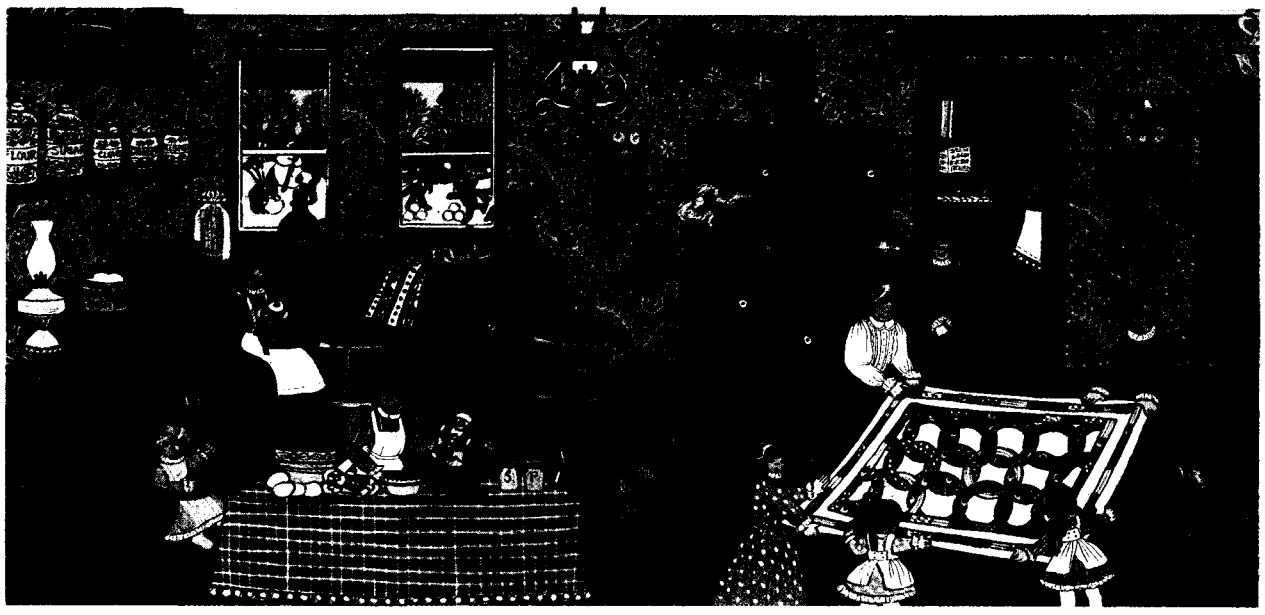


A love for Americana is evident in this painting of a one-room schoolhouse. The focal point is the ten-dollar, twenty-five cent Star Windsor Stove, straight from an 1894 Montgomery-Ward Catalogue. The stove was advertised as an "excellent buy" and included "nickeled pilasters, panels, urn and rail." Each child in the classroom gathered around the stove has contributed a share of wood to keep the schoolroom warm during the long cold winter.



In Quilting Kitchen *a family gathering of aunts and cousins admire a "wedding ring" quilt destined for a dower chest. Jo Sickbert has filled this painting with, in her words, "many of the things I believe in." For example, the words carved in the wood of the dower chest, "To love and be loved is the greatest joy on earth," are a message which Jo wants to share with others. For sentimental reasons, she has included her mother's maiden name on the embroidery which reads, "Within my heart may peace of dwelling find. May my goodwill extend to all mankind."*

In painting The Kissing Bridge, *Jo Sickbert was inspired by the Amish country of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Amish boys often receive an open buggy when they reach the age of sixteen. In this scene, a young couple in a "courting buggy" are about to enter the Kissing Bridge—a covered bridge which offers short but convenient privacy for a quick kiss. It is a beautiful summer afternoon. Children are enjoying the wild flowers in the field and their homemade scooters, painted black as is the Amish custom.*

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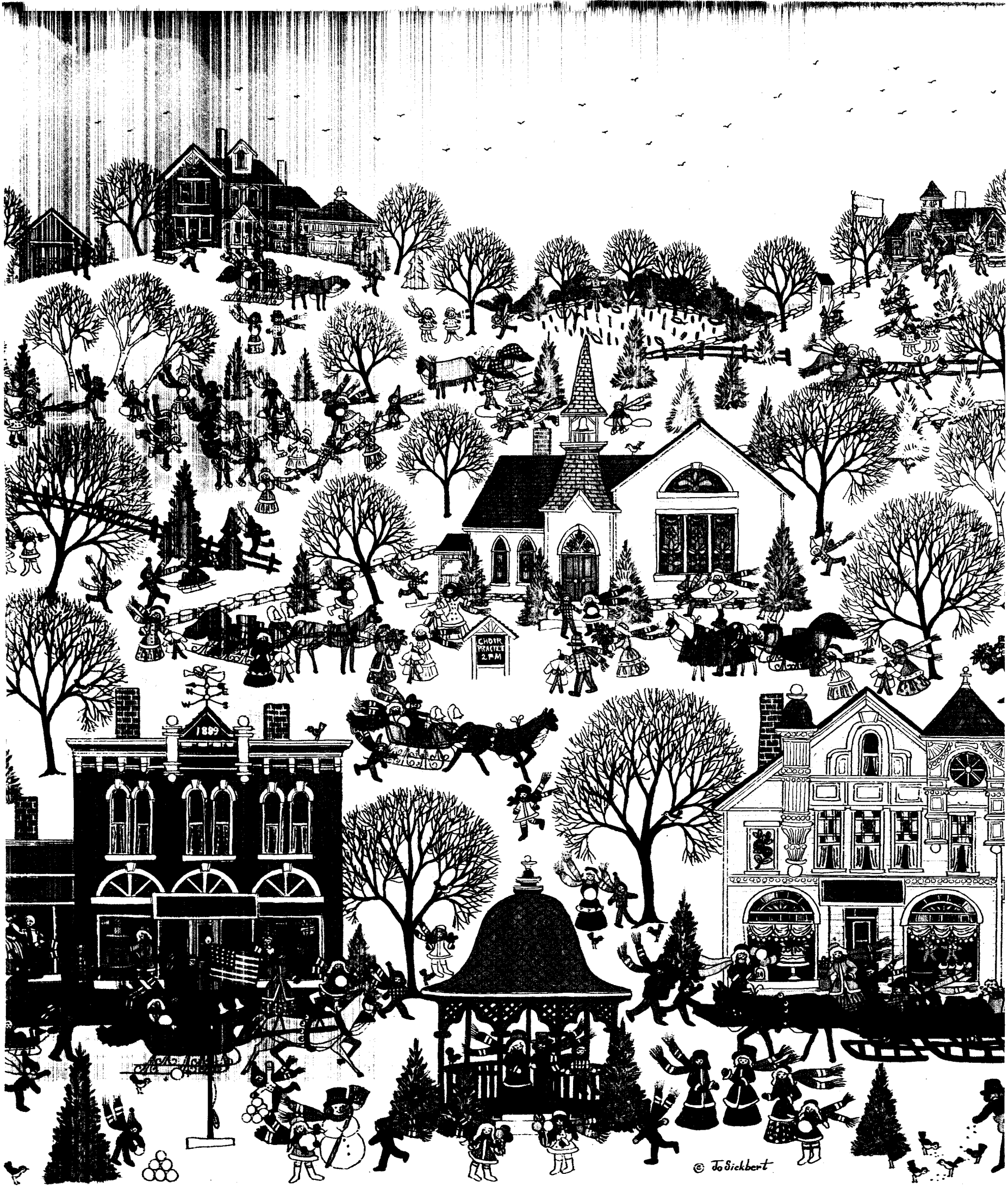

With vivid memories of many hours of starching and ironing her children's choir robes, and of the warm fellowship of music rehearsals, Jo Sickbert has created the scene of a Saturday afternoon choir practice at the village church. Her own childhood is very much a part of this painting. Jo grew up with music. Her father was a choir director. The village church in the painting (located in Louisburg, Kansas) has special memories: each summer Jo and her family would drive past the Louisburg church en route to their farm in Garnett, Kansas. A special note of interest is that the bakery in Choir Practice *is a replica of a bakery in Norman Rockwell's hometown of Stockbridge, Massachusetts.*

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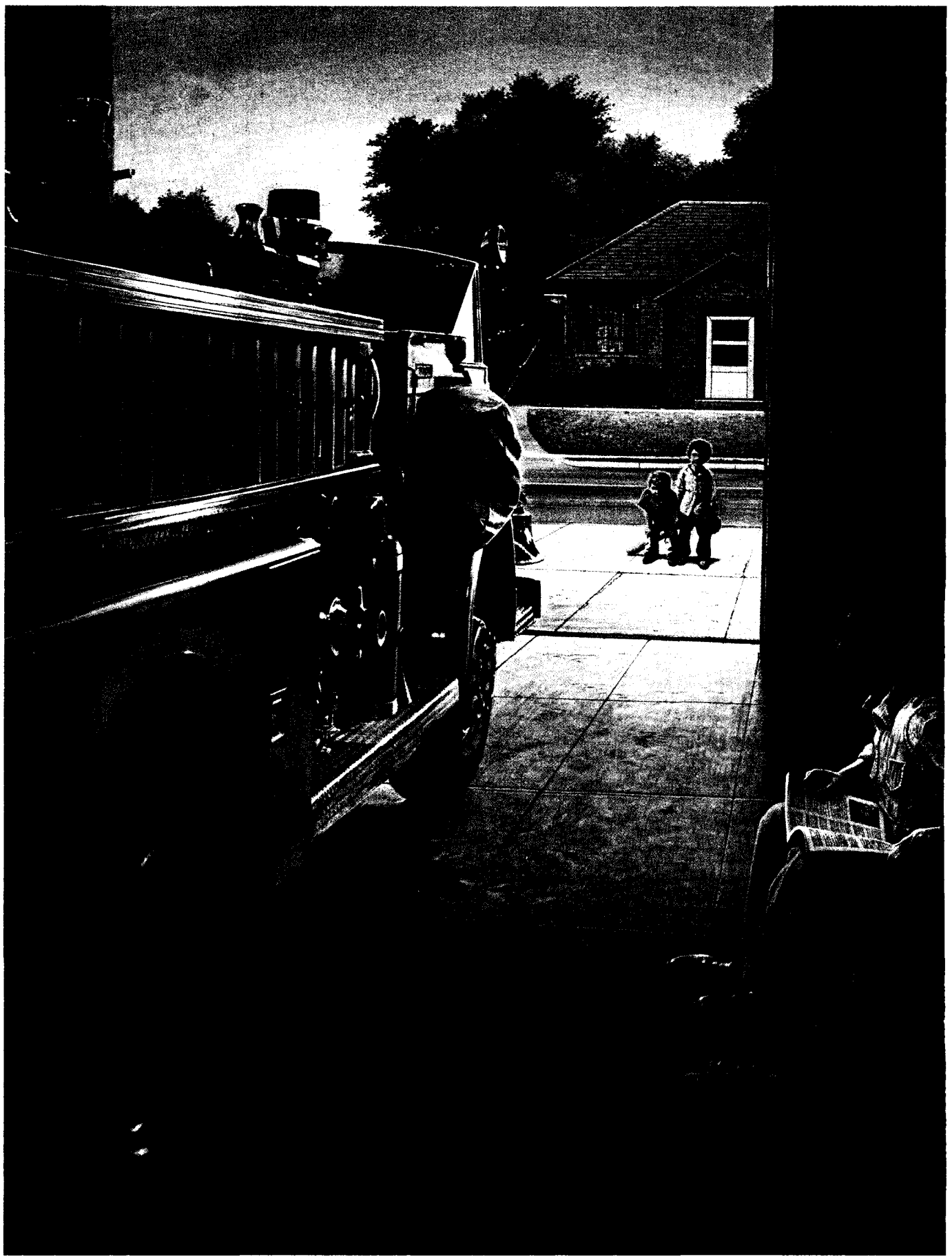

Second Place Winner: ***Fire Engine***

John G. Hobbs, a forty-two-year-old architectural illustrator from Toledo, Ohio, was "flabbergasted" when he learned that his painting won second prize in The Saturday Evening Post *Cover Contest. The idea for* Fire Engine *did not come easily. In fact, for several weeks John "tried like hell to think of an idea for a cover." Finally the idea just "popped into my head." In order to complete the painting, John took forty to fifty photographs of neighborhood fire stations and got a special boost from his wife. She served as the model for the little girl in the painting.*

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Third Place Winner: ***A Budding Artist***
The third prize goes to A Budding Artist *painted by Russell E. Hill of Gordon, Wisconsin. After two decades as a technical illustrator, Russell Hill is now a professional artist who concentrates on still life and scenes of the Old West. Several of his paintings are on loan to the United States State Department. He lives in a log cabin on 440 acres of ground. The cabin is a large two-story structure. According to Russell Hill, it has to be. It's loaded down with hundreds of the items he uses as models.*

Fourth Place Winner: ***Sorry, No Gas Today***
John J. Mungaven, forty, has worked as a technical illustrator for eight years. He paints as a hobby. The light touch of humor in Sorry, No Gas Today *comes naturally to John Mungaven. Before he became a technical illustrator he was a comedian, working both in nightclubs and in movies. It was Lorne Greene who encouraged him to become a professional actor. His cover-contest entry marked John's first venture in illustrating for a magazine. His studio is a back room at home (in Sunnyvale, California), which he built himself.*

Fifth Place Winner: ***Dreams of Tomorrow***
Our fifth place winner, Jim Harden, a twenty-four-year-old Navy veteran who served on an aircraft carrier for nine months off the coast of Vietnam last year, is a student at The Advertising Art School in Portland, Oregon. His ambition is to become a commercial artist. His dream for his young son Scott is portrayed in the intimate family portrait entitled Dreams of Tomorrow. *The theme of the painting, so close to Jim's heart and so much in his mind, took him only forty hours to complete—from the beginning of the research until the paint was dry.*

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A DREAM FOR ANTONIA

A law was broken so an angel could fly.

By Marianne Andrea

Illustrated by Bill Ware

A member of the Poetry Society of America, Marianne Andrea has published many poems and short stories. After teaching for several years, she decided last year to devote her full time to writing. During the summers she spends considerable time gardening. The inspiration for "A Dream for Antonia" came to her during a particularly verdant summer at Shrub Oak Park, where she has a summer home.

In early spring when Antonia left school for a wheelchair the entire neighborhood became involved in what was happening on the Fabrini fire-escape. With immense cleverness Antonia's mother was transforming the rusty balcony into a botanical phenomenon that would reach its zenith by mid-July. Over one corner she affixed an awning to shade tuberous begonias, whose blossoms would eventually hang like splashes of pure pigment, from shocking white to darkest blood crimson. Large wooden crates would bloom with huge mounds of orange impatiens, pushing out like nosy gossips. Later toward June, Gina Fabrini potted marigolds, zinnias and dwarf rosebushes. The center of the fire escape was to be a lake of deep blue ageratum bunched so tightly they would seem like ripples of water. And lacing through bars, climbing up and down, were to be vines of honeysuckle whose heavy perfume would soon filter down into the littered street. As the newspapers later conceded, not a single roof garden on Manhattan's fashionable East Side could compete with Gina Fabrini's floral fantasy.

At first, as crates and boxes began to accumulate and fill every available space, neighbors were openly fearful and critical. The hazards of violated fire laws were immense and for a number of weeks this fear preyed on sentiment, although no one spoke openly against the Fabrinis. But as time pushed the season and everyone who knew Antonia saw her eyes darken and her skin pale, and her passion for the garden translated itself into daily life, both she and her garden became everyone's concern. Each day the faces in the tenement windows, from block to block, looked first to the Fabrini fire escape; its wild color was the day's first reassurance. Whether the early morning sun brushed the eastern walls or whether rain streamed through every broken gutter, Antonia, with her intense dark eyes and long, frail-boned hands, was perched on the window-sill.

Her day began in the early hours so that the factory workers who were on their way at seven stopped to watch for a few minutes as she watered, weeded and transplanted with immense expertise, before the heat of the morning. Invariably she dropped small flowers to the men in gray hard hats or to the khaki-clad workers who still wore their olive drabs to work—1948 was still a time of uniforms even if the war was over. When the later shop and office workers left for their jobs, Antonia was already arranging bouquets in endless variations and colors. She remembered all her admirers and managed to have their bouquets ready, no matter how small. There was scarlet salvia surrounded with purple petunias, white and pink roses, cherry zinnias or large heads of begonias that could be floated on wide leaves. Antonia's bouquets, as well as her glowing face—pale and sallow but tinted with pastel pink—were worthy of a Manet. Then late in the day when the wilted workers trudged from the barbarous subways their respite was the moment they stopped for a breath of perfume under Antonia's balcony. Honeysuckle vines grew so effulgently they reached down to their waiting hands. Antonia would call to her special friends. "Hi Frankie, you look exhausted; here, I promised you this. . . . Mr. Popovsky, don't go away, I've got a bouquet for Rosie. . . . Hey you, Snitty, you're little, get this from the ladder. . . ." Honeysuckle was in great demand, as its aroma spilled like perfume from an uncorked bottle and once placed in water would last for days.

Before July began this became a nightly ritual on Hester Street. Word got around and gatherings grew larger and noisier. Many came just to see the botanical novelty that transformed the block into a living museum. Pride kept the street spotless, with garbage-can lids tightly closed and litter handpicked by the residents. And through all this Antonia and her parents were seemingly quite oblivious to city ordinances, yet when Joe Ferelli of the East Side Station, Fire House #14, paid them a visit, no one was surprised.

Everyone loved Joe despite his being a deplorable nuisance. But Joe had grown up in these streets and was no longer sentimental about the rows of old fire traps. He loved the street and remembered the apartment he grew up in, and knew if a fire broke out it would destroy every building; so he didn't much care about being a nuisance. He would have preferred for these houses to be condemned and vacated much sooner than the city would; in the meantime rumor had reached him and he was walking up the steps to the Fabrinis. Gina stood in the doorway, her hands on her hips like a squat, fight-loving general. But her face had the warmth and welcome of a friend.

"Hi Joe! What took you so long getting here? We expected you two weeks ago. Come in, I got wine lemonade. Giuseppe makes it better than when you was a kid." Two frosty glasses appeared on the table with a pitcher of burgundy liquid. The cold drops making tiny runnels on the glass made it tempting on a hot day and Joe gave her a look of gentle suspicion, wordlessly saying—don't kid me, Gina, I know all about your bribery. She poured generously and lifted her glass to his with a toast. "Well Joe, what do you hear from your ma? She got Social Security, I hear. Can she live on it? Tell her to write me, will you?"

Joe lit a cigarette, his gaze swiftly noting Antonia sitting on the window ledge busily gardening. He put down his glass, which was immediately refilled, and scratched the back of his neck, making a foolish grimace. "Yeah, ma's OK, Gina; I'll tell her I saw you. Good lemonade, heavy on the wine." A smile replaced the grimace, but it quickly disappeared. "Gina, what in God's name are we gonna do? Answer me!"

"Do?" She shrugged her large, fleshy shoulders. "We can't do nothin', Joe, not now. Why you so worried? Four or five weeks and summer's over. If we get a sudden cold spell, they'll go before September. Don't worry, Joe, it won't be a long summer. . . ."

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Ferelli made a steeple of his hands and held it before his lips, talking through his fingers. "Four or five weeks, huh? That's just great, Gina, just great! In ten days Chief Callahan inspects the whole neighborhood like he does every summer. He'll see what you got out there and bang! I lose my job." He held his hands out and suddenly raised his voice. "My God, I never knew you had that much out there!" His hands fell on the table like lead weights spilling his lemonade. "Can't do it, Gina, we can't fool with the fire laws. Why hell, there's no place to push even a toe on that ladder. And you got that sweet-smellin' stuff climbin' to the second floor already. I ain't kiddin', suppose—a fire?"

Gina wiped the table, then poured him another full glass and straightened up. "There won't be no fire, Joey. No fire because I guarantee it. I honestly gua-ran-tee it!" She emphasized each syllable reassuringly and sat down.

"Oh come on, Gina, don't talk silly. You can't guarantee these things. If you could we'd have no need for fire departments. Look, I'm not askin' you to take it all off, just some—enough to allow one to step on the escape. You gotta do it before the chief gets here." He leaned forward, his hand on his chest. "For me, Gina! For the kid you used to hide from the gang." He slapped the table with a sudden invocation of righteousness. "Besides, you're breaking the law!"

"Don't shout, Joey." She raised her hand like a traffic cop. "I'll bring you the guarantee day after tomorrow. Two—no three copies, one for Chief Callahan's chief too. I love you, Joe, but I ain't takin' no boxes off, not one. If things go okay for Antonia, I'll do it again next spring, but don't worry—for this season it'll be okay. You know when *I give my word*."

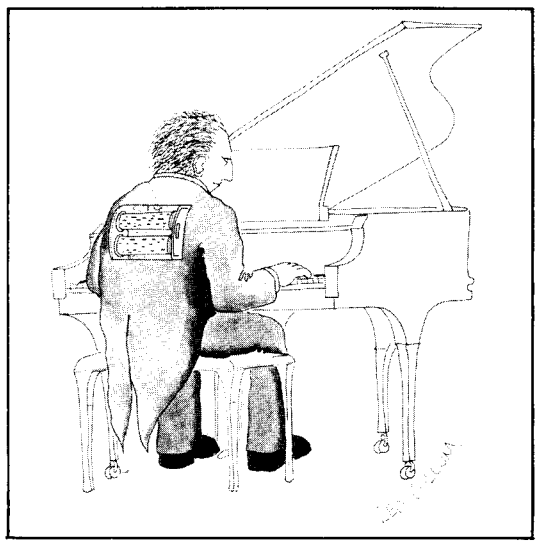
Ferelli lit another cigarette and looked at the soft-spoken woman whose power shone in her eyes, whose resistance to law and logic was immovable faith. He knew she wasn't mocking the law; her belief was a power unto itself resting on the fairy tale of Antonia's dream. He wondered what to do next and tried one more plea, putting a gentle hand on hers and pressing it. "Gina, hundreds of people would be killed if they couldn't get out of a burning building. Remember what happened to Goldberg last week? He had a fire in the kitchen! From what? A broiler overloaded the circuit because he had a window fan going. These are traps, Gina! Traps with rotted boards, cracks, exposed wires, bad wiring from age, believe me they're gonna condemn the whole damn street in a year."

Gina drew her stocky body to full height. With firm lips in a straight line she made her Olympic pronouncement: "There won't be no fire in this house! I never broke my word and I won't break it now."

Ferelli shut his eyes. He knew Gina Fabrini. Neither logic nor pleas nor the tolling of bells in heaven would move her. Only death had power over such purpose. And to clean the fire escape by force would be to incite a neighborhood riot. Every policeman and neighbor was an intrepid defender of the garden. Unfortunately Joe knew that fires were not at the mercy of sentiment or human guarantees and the inspection would be on schedule. He would gladly have paid for the neighborhood security out of his own salary if he knew how it could prevent a fire for the next six weeks. He stood up and both were smiling their quiet, sad smiles, each totally aware of the other's truth, yet knowing they must struggle against the other—whatever the outcome. In the street Ferelli looked up at the dazzling colorama and remained deep in thought about how anyone could get out in emergency. It was an absurd contemplation. Antonia had watched him all that time and when he turned to leave, called, "Hi, Uncle Joe, I forgot to give you this for Rosie." She tossed him an exquisite bouquet of miniature orange roses. He caught it, waved and quickly left.

After two days Gina came to the firehouse and placed three copies of a legal document on Joe's desk. Joe stared at the gold seal of the City of New York with amusement and pity, although he could have saved himself the trouble. Gina was as content as a cherub and as confident as God. "I got the guarantee, Joey; you'll have no trouble with the Department of Fire Prevention, or with Callahan. Read it—go on, read it now; you'll see." She sat down and crossed her arms, exactly like a waiting general. Ferelli began to read.

WE, the undersigned tenants of 353, 355, 357 Hester Street, do hereby solemnly pledge and vow to keep strict adherence to the fire laws especially during the summer



months. WE do solemnly pledge and *GUARANTEE* to keep intense vigilance of any and all apparatus that may cause fire. WE shall at no time smoke except with a large ash tray; we also shall not use matches unless absolutely necessary; we will keep all burnables, curtains, paper, clothing, in metal containers during the rest of the summer. We will not use more than three electrical appliances simultaneously and will consult each other by phone on this matter.

WE have a volunteer fire inspection squad to examine and check each apartment and hall every two days. Found violations will be punishable by a $25.00 fine and immediately reported to Joseph E. Ferelli, lieutenant in charge of Fire Station #14. Since none of the undersigned can afford $25.00 these laws will be most strictly carried out.

This *GUARANTEE* is signed voluntarily with no coercion or intimidation to allow Antonia Fabrini to have a flower garden on the escape of 355 Hester Street, Apt. 3 for the remainder of the summer.

Signed and sealed this 14th day of July, 1948, by the Chief Clerk of District 9 of Civil Court of the City of New York.

The petition was signed by 433 tenants, Mr. Plotkin of "Kosher Meats," "Naylor the Tailor," and Mr. Krikorious of "Fancy Groceries and Delicatessen." To these were added over 500 more signatures. The official gold seal of the district court was genuine and what interested him particularly was how Gina got that official seal and a petition of 900 signatures in so short a time. The speculation was intriguing but pointless, because Joe's entire being betrayed a kind of intense stress. The fact that Gina believed every gospel word became an irrevocable law unto itself which neither he nor God could reverse, unless a fire occurred which would destroy, among other things, her euphoria. He held the petition tenderly, almost reverently and deliberated over some sort of answer. Nothing actually came to mind that he hadn't already said and he became aware that she was speaking.

"So you see I was right, Joey. And may God strike me dead if every word isn't true. . . ."

Ferelli leaned forward and took her hand. "Gina, don't think I don't appreciate what you did—it's a masterpiece, but this paper oughta be in a museum. Don't you know Hester Street ain't Park Avenue with all them fire-prevention gadgets? Patrol day and night—accidents gotta happen. Say Dave Krim gets company, puts on the broiler; it gets hot in the room and he puts on a fan to cool off. He ain't even thinkin' and nobody sees through walls. There's an overload with all that juice pulling in and pssst!—a short in the wall and suddenly the whole side of the house is flaming! Who's to blame? Dave and his company? No, Gina, only *me*. Understand? Only me." He poked himself hard in the chest. "I can't sleep nights with that garden and here you're flirtin' with me, giving me guarantees. . . ." He lowered his head into his hands. Surprisingly, Gina's face became grave. She put her hand on his arm, her voice soft and contrite.

"You're right, Joe. I don't say it *can't* happen, all I say is it *won't* happen. Antonia's sick, Joe. Doctors give her a good bit of a chance but no guarantees; while she's here she's gonna have her flowers. You know, in the morning she eats in the window and says, 'Look, Ma, I'm just like the rich people, I got my own terrace and it's in the country,' and her face gets pink. And you know what else? Lots o' people wanna *do* good. That's why they'll be no fires." She shook her head firmly. "No fires, believe me. I gotta go now, so say hello to Rosie and your ma."

Ferelli sat a long time staring at the calendar. July 25th was a circled nightmare. The rain of the past two days turned the garden into a verdant forest with some vines conquering the second floor. He suddenly saw Martian and Venusian foliage with immense leaves choking every window; climbers forcing themselves up walls and barricading doorways, feeding on everything they made contact with. Honeysuckle twining into thick ropes, creeping into apartments like boa constrictors . . . then smoke! from every window. The whole population trapped in dense foliage and not a piece of equipment able to reach the escapes which are filled with hungry vines. . . . Ferelli pushed the images from his mind and jumped up. He got on the phone and called every fire captain of the district for an emergency meeting.

Meanwhile the *Villager* featured "A Miracle on Hester Street" in its weekend edition, sending television crews over while other press coverages picked up the cue. The street had to be closed to

Continued on page 103

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SUMMER WINDS UP LIKE A RIBBON

By Marjorie Holmes

A free-lance writer of short stories, articles and verse for magazines, author of many books, teacher, journalist, Marjorie Holmes recently received the Woman of Achievement award from the National Federation of Press Women.

How swiftly summer draws to a close. In the beginning, when children fling their schoolbooks down and dads and mothers consult maps, check camping gear, read letters from distant relatives pleading, "Come!" summer seems like a green and golden ribbon stretching endlessly ahead. Now you can do all the countless things you couldn't before—sleep late, go or stay depending on a husband's vacation or your mood.

But almost before you are well into it, someone seems to be winding up the ribbon. Little snatches of it seem to be vanishing under your very fingers, then faster and faster it flies, drawing you along. "Where is the summer *going*?" people exclaim to each other. And the children—mournfully if older, eagerly if beginners, "Why, it's almost time for school!"

So it is, you realize with a breathless sense of things crowding in upon you. Only a few more days at the beach or the mountains—or lolling in your own backyard—ration them carefully, enjoy them to the hilt. Yet even as you postpone the inevitable, your mind is busy with shopping lists, doctors to be seen for health certificates, registration dates. Like signal flags the first precocious bronze or scarlet leaves appear. Over the last emerald scrap of summer the long red shadow of the schoolhouse leans.

Yet it is with mixed emotions that a mother trades the values of summer for those of having the children back in school. Now at least, a little order. With everybody up at the same time again a reasonable routine can be established for the day. . . . And with everybody out of the *house*—! Projects dimly flirted with during the dreamy days of summer can be excitingly embraced. Paint the kitchen. Slipcover the couch. Do those Yoga exercises. Write poetry.

Like Winnie the Pooh who sang, "Here I am in the dark alone, there's nobody here but me," she exults, "Here I am in the house alone." She too can "sing whatever she wants to sing, laugh whatever she wants to laugh." And she does, fervently and often literally, if only to break the silence of the house.

The lovely silence, the beautiful silence, yet the aching silence when a house is empty of children and the spool of summer has wound up its ribbon and gone.

Photography by Josef A. Schneider

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POST SCRIPTS

September Caper

When Madame Chairman wakens from
Her slothful summer slumbers
And realizes September's come,
She dials a dozen numbers
And, smilingly, without demur
  Or pity,
She gathers volunteers for her
  committee.

The ritual, as mental as it's manual,
Is, like September, absolutely annual.
Familiar then as any sound that's known–
The voice of Madame Chairman on the phone!

–Maureen Cannon

Credit Rating

Conscience gets a lot of credit that rightly belongs to cold feet.

–E. Dussault

Short Cut Talk

According to Dr. Ray Birdwhistell, a professor of communications at the University of Pennsylvania, the happiest married couples don't talk much. In fact the talking average for wedded bliss is twenty-seven and one-half minutes per week.

My marriage must be the happiest this side of *Grimm's Fairy-Tales.* I timed our talking average for a whole week, and it came to exactly eleven and one-quarter minutes. After twenty-one years of being married to one partner, I find myself taking shortcuts anywhere I can. Here's a sample of some shortcut talk:

Husband: "What's for? . . ."
Wife: "Chili. . . ."
Husband: "Where's the? . . ."
Wife: "On the. . . ."
Husband: "How about? . . ."
Wife: "I have a headache."

In contrast, according to Dr. Birdwhistell, couples about to get a divorce talk together 117 minutes to the week. I'm really worried about my neighbors. They seem to be in big trouble. While I was out in the garden one day, I could hear the husband talking.

'Hello darling, I'm home. How are you? Tell me all about your day. I missed you."

Now I was sure this marriage was headed for the rocks. They've been married for forty years and should have been down to grunts by now. Later on I asked my neighbor about it. She laughed, and told me not to worry. Her husband was only talking to the dog.

–Arlene Krajac

Sage Advice

"Grandmother, what kind of husband would you advise me to get?

"My advice is to leave the husbands alone, and get yourself a single man."

–Lucille Harper

A Sign Of The Times

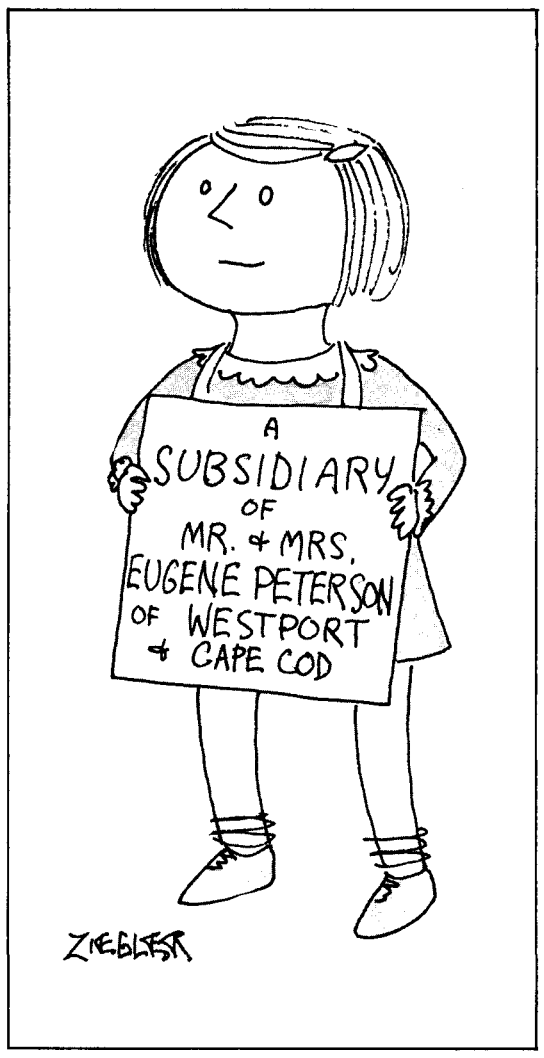
The bride was pregnant,
  The wedding nice;
All the guests
  Threw puffed rice.

–Mary Witherup

"My what a beautiful baby!" said the admiring astrologer. "What sign was he conceived under?"

Blushing mother, "It said, 'Keep off the grass.' "

–Mary Witherup



My Favorite Idiotic Questions

Those friends who buzz you on the phone, with little else to do, and inquire with aplomb, "Oh, hello there–is that YOU?"

And those questionnaires which ponder, "Born?" (I'm always at a loss). Because the question's so absurd, I always write, "Of course!"

My face contorts itself with pain, my foot has turned to dough; the culprit smiles serenely, "Did I step upon your toe?"

It's three or four a.m.; the phone screams out to shake you; a drunken pal inquires, "Hey, buddy–did I wake you?"

You've been camping for an hour, outside a Ma Bell booth. "Are you waiting the phone?" you hear. "No, I've come to fill a tooth."

You've come in from a storm, cascading like a spout; your wife is there to greet you with, "Dear, is it raining out?"

You've ordered Steak Tartare, enjoying every chew; the eager waiter bustles, "Excuse me, are you through?"

Your neighbor rings with gusto, and stands there with a grin. She plants her foot inside and giggles, "Mind if I come in?"

The talk turns to the weather–"Will it stop?" And all that jazz–and I politely answer, "But of course. It always has."

–Bob Edison

Nothing To Worry About

Worried cruise-line passenger: "Captain, do ships like this sink very often?"

Captain: "No, madam–never more than once."

–Lucille Goodyear

Consciousness Raising

The small boy came home from school and proudly reported that he stood second in his class. Questions by his father revealed that a little girl named Mary was number one. When gently chided for being beaten out by a mere girl the boy said, "Daddy, girls aren't nearly as mere as they used to be."

–E. Dussault

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Bon Voyage

Woodhill Estates
Tuesday afternoon

Dear Margie:

Needless to say, Tom and I and the kids are simply overjoyed that you can come for the weekend. We're ***so*** anxious for you to see our new house and all!

As this will be your first visit since we moved and you've never been in these parts, I thought a few simple directions might prove helpful. You should have no trouble finding us if you follow them. Here's the dope:

Get off the superhighway at Exit 22 S. (***Don't*** make the mistake of taking Exit 22 N! Some of our friends did this and as a consequence never turned up at ***all***!) Exit 22 S will bring you out on a blacktop road–Route 237. Turn ***left*** when you get to the bottom of the ramp and continue straight ahead (Route 237 is also known as Forest Path–why, I'll never know, since I've yet to see a tree on it!)–till you reach a yellow blinker. Continue straight ahead, after you've gone through the light, about a mile and a half, ***unless*** the road is still under construction, in which case ***bear*** slightly ***left*** about a ***quarter*** mile beyond the blinker. ***Don't*** turn ***directly*** left under ***any*** circumstances because ***that*** road ends at the ***dump***! Pugh!

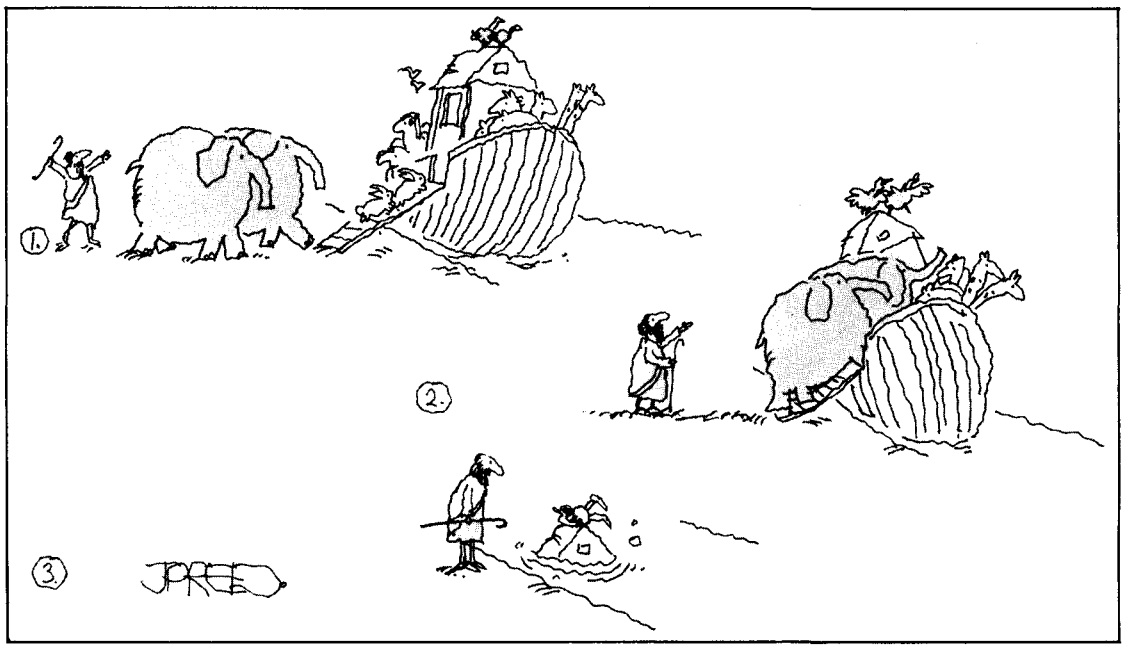
If Rt. 237 ***is*** under construction–and I suspect the worst–there ***should*** be an arrow with the word DETOUR on it (let's hope vandals haven't turned it in the wrong direction or swiped it altogether). Follow the direction indicated by the arrow–the "Bear-left road"–and ***slow down***! This road, which is nameless, is really nothing much more than a dirt lane, full of bad bumps and, in most places, just about wide enough for two cars to pass each other; in several places, just wide enough for one car. It is also very hilly and winding and at the top of the highest hill there is a ninety-degree turn with a precipitous drop on both sides of the so-called "road." This turn must be maneuvered with utmost care, believe me! It will help if everyone but the driver keeps his eyes closed, because it is very scary!

In case it rains, be very, very, ***very*** careful, Margie–if you have to take the detour–because the lane, being dirt and all, gets very ucky and slippery when it is wet. Anyway–oh, DARN! Margie, I've got to run. I've a meeting to get to, and my friend is tooting frantically outside. I'll stamp and mail this on the way home from the meeting, so you'll get it in time. At least I've got you ***started*** on your way, and that's ***something***! Grab yourself a road map somewhere–you'll work it out somehow–and if you get lost give us a ring if you can find a phone. It's awfully lonely and uninhabited up there in those hills! All right! All right! I'm ***coming***! Stop tooting!

Gotta dash, Marge! See Y'all. (I hope!)

In haste with love,
Helen.

–A.H. Hallock



Rope Trick

Give a husband enough rope and he'll skip.

–E. Dussault

Hard To Come By

The average bachelor probably would get married if he could find a girl who loves him as much as he does.

–Lucille Goodyear

Hard Times Ahead

For three nights father had struggled dutifully to help his little girl unravel the puzzling arithmetic problems she had been given for homework. They were not making much progress.

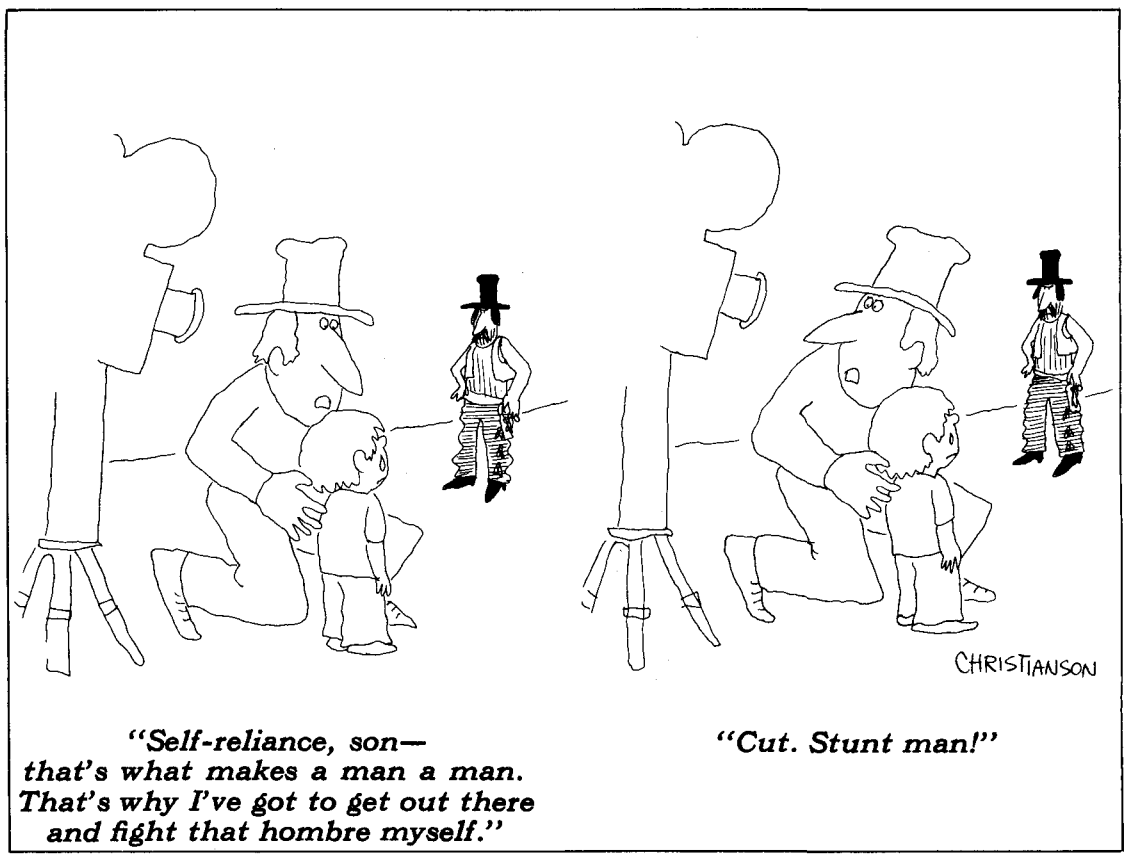
"Daddy, it's going to be even worse next week," she warned him. "Next week," she said, "we start learning the dismal system."

–Lucille Harper

The Velvet Glove

1. *Great* martini, Tom–most people skimp on the vermouth!
2. It must be *such* a joy to have quiet children–ours are so terribly boisterous, creative, and outgoing!
3. I really admire a person who likes garlic, and has the courage to go ahead and eat it.
4. Where did you find that *darling* dress? I must get one, for my daughter!
5. Yes, he *is* sexy, isn't he? And I know you'd laugh as much as *we* do, about all the women who flirt with him!
6. *You* painted this one? Aren't you *clever*–American primitives are so IN now!
7. How brave you are, to cut your own hair! I wish I–oh, you didn't?
8. We've had a *lovely* time, and it will be wonderful to get a good night's sleep–*our* parties always last *so long*!

–Annie Komorny



"Self-reliance, son—that's what makes a man a man. That's why I've got to get out there and fight that hombre myself."

"Cut. Stunt man!"

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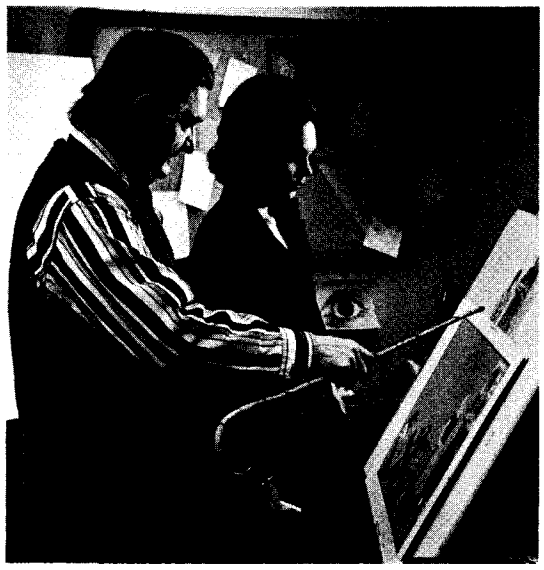

Drawing from nearly forty years of children's literature in the Curtis Publishing Company's archives, I chose a beloved Irish folk tale, "The Story of Finn McCoul," as the "Read Aloud" selection for August-September. Marian Regan's interpretation of this adventure first appeared in *Jack and Jill* in 1953. It delighted readers then, and now, it may again become a favorite.

"The Story of Finn McCoul" is brought to life by Lucian Lupinski's drawing. Before the advent of "Read Aloud," Lucian was busy with artwork for a wide variety of *Saturday Evening Post* feature stories and fiction. He now finds himself in demand as an artist for both children and adults because he has joined in the fun of creating "Read Aloud" illustrations. You may remember that Lucian illustrated my story, "Pasha Passes By," in the first "Read Aloud." He endeared himself to me at the time by holding several "conferences" over the shape of poodle Vicky's moustaches and over the exact degree of greasiness needed for Yorky Pasha's coat!

To illustrate "Pasha Passes By," Lucian thought constantly about Pasha, Vicky, and King, the Red Setter, until they "finally became a part of me." The ability to immerse oneself in a story seems to be the key to successful illustration for children.

One of Lucian's hobbies is color psychology. He believes that the brighter the colors, the more readily a child will accept a painting. In "The Story of Finn McCoul," bright red, yellow, orange, green and blue dominate because of Lucian's theory that children respond best to pure colors. Also with the child in mind, Lucian has enclosed the "Read Aloud" story with a free-flow rather than a straight-line border. The hand-drawn border gives more of a sense of the freedom and flexibility dear to the heart of every child.

Finally, in drawing the faces of Finn, his wife Una, and the giant, Lucian has used the art of caricature to impart the impish quality children love so much. For example, Una's cheeks are rosy red; and the giant's eyebrows are highly stylized. But because children have vivid imaginations, Lucian has avoided all traces of harsh caricatures: there is no cruelty in the bully's face.

We hope that "The Story of Finn McCoul" will delight your family, and that the illustration will stir your imagination and awaken you to the beauty of color.

Julie Dixon Eisenhower

By Marian Regan

THE STORY OF

This is a tale of two giants, Finn McCoul and Cuhullin, who lived in Ireland years and years ago, when that country fairly swarmed with fairies and giants.

Finn McCoul and his wife, Una, lived high on top of a mountain called Knockmany Hill. People were continually teasing Finn about building his house in such an inconvenient place, for it was windy on top of the hill, day and night, winter and summer. And besides that, there was very little water to be had in the region of Finn's house.

It didn't worry Finn McCoul when people teased him about the place where he lived. He always had a good answer for them. "I like to have a good view of everything around me, and where the dickens could I find a better view than from the top of Knockmany?" said he. "I admit it's a little windy up here, and not so good for water. But I don't mind the wind, and one of these days I'll find a spring-well around here."

Of course everyone knew that Finn had built his house in this out-of-the-way spot so that he could keep a sharp lookout for Cuhullin. This

Continued on page 90

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FINN McCOUL

An Irish legend retold.

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

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The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

Working

By Studs Terkel
589 pages. New York: Pantheon Books. $10.00.

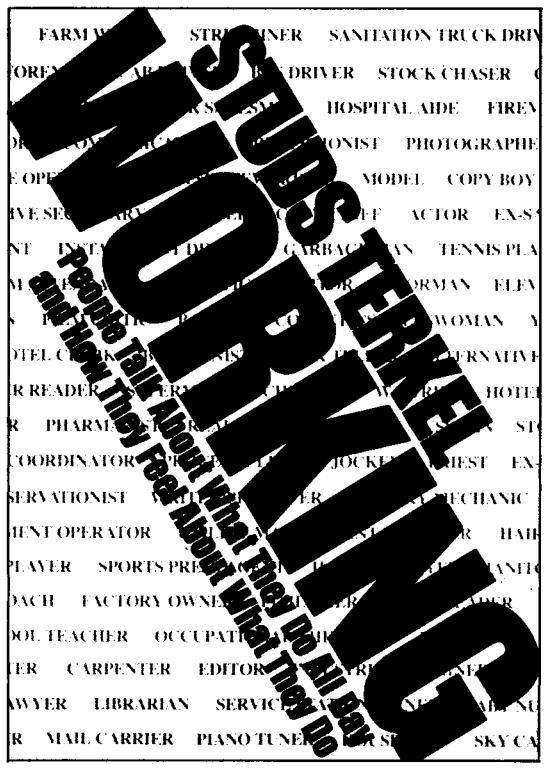
By BENJAMIN STEIN

People want to be treated with dignity and warmth where they work. Workers want to feel that their labor produces something tangible. Heartbreakingly boring and tedious work is commonplace, and yet workers who despise their work without reservation are rare.

These are some of the findings of a significant book about something almost everyone does but almost no one writes books about—working. Appropriately, the book is called *Working* and it is by Studs Terkel.

Studs Terkel (he takes his name from James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*) is a Chicago radio announcer. He is interested in learning about American life by asking people to talk about it into a cassette tape recorder. He used that technique in producing a history of the Great Depression called *Hard Times* and a graphic depiction of big-city life in the 1960's called *Division Street: America*.

Then for three years he interviewed people about their work. He talked to people in an astonishing variety of jobs, over one hundred in all. He talked to janitors and corporation presidents, to farmers and yacht brokers, to high-fashion models and housewives. And the book is the fruit of all of this conversation.



The book is an edited but still verbatim account of those interviews. It is heavy, often difficult, unevenly paced reading, lacking the grace of good fiction or even carefully organized nonfiction. But it reveals so much about people's attitudes toward such an important subject that it is worth getting into the meat of it even if it occasionally takes a pneumatic hammer to do so.

There are not enough people interviewed in any one occupation, for instance automobile makers, to give a scientifically useful sample of the views of auto workers. But there is so much similarity to the complaints and hopes and wishes of workers in so many disparate fields that a pattern which must have some national validity appears.

A fireman who has just talked about saving a child in a burning building recalls, "I worked in a bank. You know it's just paper. It's not real. Nine-to-five . . . you're lookin' at numbers. But I can look back and say 'I helped put out a fire. I helped save somebody.' It shows something I did on this earth."

That same desire to make a mark, to be able to show something for one's work, is expressed by almost every worker. For those with manual, repetitive and difficult jobs, the ability to point to a finished product is something of a counterweight to the painful heaviness of routine—for example, a worker at an automobile assembly plant describes his job as a spot welder: "I stand in one spot, about a two- or three-foot area, all night. The only time I stop is when the line stops. We do about thirty-two jobs per car, per unit. Forty-eight units an hour, eight hours a day. Thirty-two times forty-eight times eight. Figure it out. That's how many times I push that button."

But one of his colleagues, after saying, "I done that same job twenty-two years, twenty-three years. Everybody else on that job is dead," adds, "I think of a certain area of proudness. . . . You see them on the highway. . . . I put my labor into it."

People also want to see themselves as being proficient in their work, no matter how menial that work may seem to others. Alfred Pommier, a parking-lot attendant for thirty years, boasts, "After twenty-five, thirty years, I could drive any car like a baby, like a woman changes her baby's diaper. I could handle any car with one hand. . . . They call me 'Lovin' Al—the Wizard.' "

Workers are almost universally unhappy about the way they are perceived by others—their customers, their bosses, their underlings. They resent being taken for granted or treated like machines. They are happy and surprised when someone injects a bit of humanity or feeling or interest into their working day.

Nancy Rogers, a bank teller, has this complaint: "I think a lot of places don't want people to be people. . . . I think they want you to almost be the machines they're working with. They just want to dehumanize you. Just like when you walk in in the morning, you put the switch on and here you are: 'I am a robot. This is what I do. Good morning. How are you? May I help you?' I hate having to deal with other people like that."

This complaint, in one form or another, is repeated a hundred times. Those who wonder why their employees are disgruntled might bear it in mind.

But the absence of complaints in some areas is almost staggering. A woman works in a luggage factory putting hot felt inside suitcases, her arms covered with burns, with the temperature often over 100 degrees. She manages to make it bearable by daydreaming about what she and her husband will do on the weekend on their sixteen-foot boat!

There are almost no complaints about the rate of pay. In fact person after person complains about the working conditions but then says that the pay is outstanding. Where the pay is clearly pitifully small, the worker simply does not talk about it (or else Terkel edited it out—still, he seems too interested in every nook and cranny of working to have taken out a whole wall of the edifice).

Moreover, there is very little envy. Few people talk about how they resent having to work or feel angry because other jobs are easier or have more prestige.

Librarians show a surprising lack of ambition to become movie stars and truck drivers to become corporation presidents. People will and do work at boring and wrenchingly difficult jobs and still go to night school, but they do not expect to become examples of Horatio Alger stories. The coal miner's son is happy to be a factory worker. The factory worker's child is happy to be a bureaucrat. People see the society as upwardly flexible, but they do not expect miracles.

The book has many failures. Too many of the interviews take place around Chicago, adding a certain provincial touch. There are far too few interviews with government workers and educators. Some groups, including one of the largest occupational groups, the military, are entirely excluded. Terkel tends to dwell too much on the sentimental and to be suggesting answers sometimes, especially when he is hoping for a real tearjerker.

But Terkel has tackled a massive subject and come up with a seminal work. And sometimes, in the words of one of his interviewees, a searingly bright insight into the nature of work itself is provided. A carpenter who is a part-time poet sums it up best. "All of a sudden something falls into place. Suppose you're driving an eight-penny galvanized finishing nail into this siding. Your whole universe is rolled onto the head of that nail. Each lick is sufficient to justify your life. . . . There's nothing more important. It's right there."

Working is a service to every person who works. It helps him or her understand how other people spend their days.

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The Kappillan of Malta

By Nicholas Monsarrat
502 pages. New York: William Morrow. $8.95.

By ANN McGLINN

Since the days of Nelson, Malta has stood a faithful British Sentinel guarding the narrow and vital sea corridor through the Central Mediterranean. Its strategic importance was never higher than in this latest war.
Winston Churchill (*The Grand Alliance*)

To read Nicholas Monsarrat again is feast after a long famine. The brilliance of his prose is rivaled only by the impact of his message.

Malta, between 1940 and 1943, was a microcosm of the world at war. This tiny island in the central Mediterranean, within sight of Sicily, was first deemed expendable by the British. On June 11, 1940, Mussolini sent ten bombers to dispense with Malta. The Maltese, with a handful of British defenders, were blockaded, bombed, burnt and starved. They fought back with three airplanes wired up from spare parts. These planes were labeled Faith, Hope, and Charity; feeble and rickety, they were Malta's only air defense until the following January.

The Kappillan of Malta is the priest who shepherds his Maltese flock through their terrible ordeal. This book will be listed under fiction, but it is stark reality hung on the hook of a novel. Every detail, every bomb, and every date is fact.

The story line, and the suspense which builds with it, is marvelously constructed. With each successive blow to Malta, the priest must give his people heart to hold out until help comes. (England, another embattled island, is fighting for her life at home, and cannot spare succor for this little bastion.) The Kappillan sets up his altar in the rediscovered catacombs and comforts these survivors with a tale of other ancient Maltese under sieges as terrible as this one.

If one can learn to live in some measure from the printed word, without the 3-D agony of experience, here is a lesson to add to any man's stature. Monsarrat's descriptions of the bombings flay the soul; they are a revelation of the holocaust during which the privileged reader is allowed to remain alive.

July follows June, and hope rises in Malta. A whole Italian invasion force of eighteen E boats (small launches with a torpedo head as a bow) are shot out of the water by the Maltese.

In November of 1941 the German U-boats arrive in the Mediterranean. "In the annals of naval slaughter, the last half of that year was indeed proving memorable, and nowhere more cruelly than in the middle sea around Malta—Malta, the fatal magnet of disaster, whose support was now more costly in blood and treasure than the building of the Pyramids."

Now comes real hunger. The barren rock of Malta, which had not been self-supporting since Napoleon's day, was starving. In April of 1942 an average of just under 7,000 tons of bombs were dropped on the island daily. Coventry in England, for whom all America wept, had felt the weight of only 200 tons. The population of Malta sank from 21,000 to 6,000.

Throughout, permeating the story, is the faith of man in God. Or is it faith? One cannot help asking how God could stomach this. "God-forgotten" constantly springs to mind. Does Nicholas Monsarrat intend this? The question besets our magnificent hero, the Kappillan, as well. Religious doubts are torture to believers, contemptuous confirmation to nonbelievers, and an ever-turning question wheel to agnostics. The author is a brave writer. This is a difficult subject to treat with honesty, humility and hope.

Behind the drama of the 20th-century citizens of Malta, the priest weaves a backdrop of history. As only days pass in World War II, centuries of Maltese trials and victories unfold to point up the harvest of courage. In A.D. 60 Saint Paul is cast upon their honeyed shores (Melita from the Greeks). In A.D. 1090, less than three decades after France and England became linked forever, like it or not, in language and in blood, Roger the Norman landed from Sicily to deliver Malta from the domination of the Saracen. This Turkish tyranny had lasted two hundred and twenty years. Then came the Knights of Malta, and in their wake, the domineering, "fussy" Napoleon. The Maltese, with too much in their craw, rebelled; at last upon the scene arrived Lord Nelson, and all of Malta cheered to the raising of the British flag in 1802.

These historical interludes are dispensed sparingly throughout the book. Only when the suspense is strained to just this side of surrender, the author allows a lull of peace still extant in another place or time. His contrasts between the horrors of war and the joys of the world are deftly juxtaposed.

Finally, Nicholas Monsarrat is the rare writer who understands love between men and women, the depth and breadth and beauty of it. How reassuring to find this comprehension still exists when, at this moment, the modern literature of love is a messy morass of superficial sensuality.

One dare not say that Monsarrat is the greatest living author (for who has read them all?); but there is no danger of error in saying that he is among the very best.

Winston Churchill, *The Grand Alliance*. Houghton Mifflin, 1950.

The New Heavens and New Earth

Political Religion in America

By Cushing Stout
400 pages. New York: Harper and Row. $12.50.

By ARTHUR G. HANSEN

Imagine, if you will, sitting as a judge trying to decide whether unemployment compensation should be granted to a woman who claimed that the only work she could obtain involved work on Saturday and that her religion disapproved of any work on Saturdays. Would you grant her compensation? Or would you agree that prayer should be permitted in the classroom if a coalition of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish leaders agreed on a nondenominational prayer? How about state aid to parochial schools? Do you think that a non-Protestant is handicapped in seeking the office of president, and if so, why? Finally, have we gone too far or not far enough in the legal interpretation of that famous phrase, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." If these questions are intriguing or challenging, then you would probably be intrigued and challenged by the book *The New Heavens and New Earth—Political Religion in America* by historian Cushing Stout. Obviously, religion and political events have been closely tied together in America ever since the Pilgrims set sail for our shores. Recognizing these ties and their importance, Stout gives us a broad survey of political and religious interactions from the Pilgrims to the present. His hope, in part, is to provide perspective and understanding. In general, this hope is fulfilled.

The particular approach used by Stout in his survey, along with the unifying thread that runs through the book, is an examination of a concept expressed by Alexis de Tocqueville in his classic *Democracy in America*. It was Tocqueville's contention that a particular kind of religion was developed and persisted in America. This he termed "a democratic and republican religion." He believed that under conditions of legal disestablishment, liberty, law, morality and religious belief were interrelated and reinforcing. America had no state church. In place of a monarchy it had a democratic republic. Here was something new. Would its promise be fulfilled? Therein lies the story and Stout recounts it well.

One thing is clear from Stout's account—religion has not always played the symbiotic role with liberty, law and morality that Tocqueville imagined. Religious persecution has existed in our history. Even more interesting, conflict and confusion have resulted from trying to bring government and religion into closer harmony on one hand or trying to separate government and religion on the other. Examples abound in Stout's story, and some are far from pleasant to recall.

Where do we stand today? Stout's review of recent historical events shows clearly how we have wandered in trying to maintain the wall between church and state—a "serpentine wall" in his words. The result, in one sense, has been a greater disestablishment, a growth of religious pluralism and a broadening of civic religion. But this in itself has the potential of societal disruption as positions are hardened and stands are taken on issues political in nature but grounded in religious concepts. The road ahead is still strewn with rocks of righteousness and pits of pietistic polemics.

On the whole the author has done a good job. He comes across as a thoughtful scholar. If there is a fault in this book it is in a strangely oblique style. The path is there but, like the wall alluded to earlier, it is at times serpentine and clouded in verbal mists. Be that as it may, the topic is timely and the book provides an understanding of the themes most important to this religious republic with its "democratic and republican religion."

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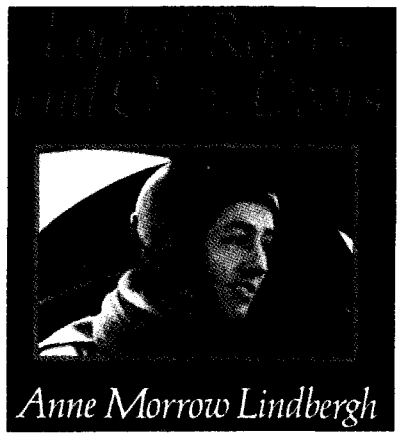
The Post Recommends



Locked Rooms and Open Doors
Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
$7.95

In this third volume of her Diaries and Letters, following *Bring Me a Unicorn* and *Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead*, Anne Morrow Lindbergh covers the years 1933 through 1935. After the kidnapping and death of their first child and the birth of their second, Anne and Charles Lindbergh explore possible air routes across the Atlantic during an expedition that lasts nearly six months. Mrs. Lindbergh helps her husband by serving in various capacities, including copilot and navigator. Included in the volume are several dozen photographs taken during their flights.

The Silver Bullet Gang
John Miles
Bobbs-Merrill
$5.95

This is a very amusing book about a bank robbery! Five men, suburbanites with problems ranging from mortgages to orthodontist bills to tyrannical bosses, plan the smoothest bank robbery in Briarwood's history as part of a Walter Mitty escape from reality. But—they follow through on the plan. So begins the funniest series of events you are likely to read about in a long time.

Frankenstein
Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley
Edited by James Rieger
Bobbs-Merrill
$7.50

Everyone knows about Frankenstein, but few people know that he was the brainchild of a young woman, Mary Shelley, and that her creation won a ghost-storytelling contest. This new edition of *Frankenstein* reproduces the text of the first edition published in 1818. We learn how the monster was created in the life and mind of its author, who was steeped in the occult. If you're a horror-story fan, this book is for you.

Times To Remember
Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy
Doubleday
$12.50

A remarkable story by a remarkable woman. Rose Kennedy reminisces about the happy times and does not dwell on the sad times. She lets the reader in on what it's like to run a large household overflowing with energetic children, to see your husband achieve wealth and fame, to have a son elected president of the United States. This book is a very warm account of one of America's First Families.

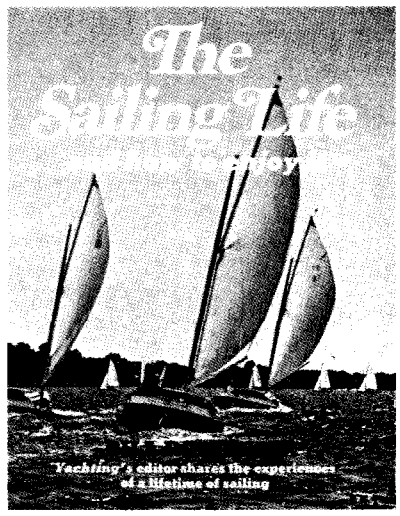
Next Door, Down the Road, Around the Corner
An American Family Album
Richard Balzer
Doubleday
$5.95

This is a photographic record of one man's odyssey in search of America. Richard Balzer took eighteen months to criss-cross 50,000 miles of highways and byways, talking to people, taking pictures, forming impressions and opinions of this great land. You will see yourself in some of these photos, and recall your youth from others. Balzer has put together a family album about us—who we are and what we do.

Going Like Sixty
A Lighthearted Look at the Later Years
Richard Armour
McGraw-Hill
$5.95

Post readers who have enjoyed Richard Armour's frequent contributions to "Post Scripts" will surely enjoy his forty-ninth book. In it the author humorously analyzes the advantages of getting on in years in relationship to its concomitant disadvantages and actually maintains that the former outweigh the later. Even loss of memory is shown to have a bright side to it, as, for Armour, it is the unpleasant things that are more easily forgotten.

Armour offers tips on "Looking Forward to and Sideways at Retirement." Other matters treated include "Sex and the Senior Citizen," "A Short Course in Medicine," and "Getting Away From It All." *Going Like Sixty* is loaded with insights on how to make your older years truly the prime of your life.



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Bill Robinson
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Bill Robinson is the editor of *Yachting* magazine, and he brings to his subject fifty years of sailing experience. This is a book for amateur and expert alike; it covers topics such as how and why to buy a boat, family boating, racing, chartering with a professional crew, and cruising. The fuel crisis may be eating away at other forms of family recreation, but it can't touch sailing. If you've always longed to go where the trade winds blow, read this generously illustrated book and you'll know all that you need to know in order to become a real sailing enthusiast.

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McCOUL

continued from page 86

Cuhullin had the reputation of being a powerful giant. He was supposed to be so strong that, when angry, one stomp of his foot could shake the entire north of Ireland.

Cuhullin's name and fame went far and wide; it was said that no man had a chance with him in a fight. It was told that with one blow of his fist he had flattened a thunderbolt into a mere pancake which he carried around in his pocket to frighten away his enemies. He had fought and beaten every other giant in Ireland, with the exception of Finn McCoul. And he had sworn that someday he would test the strength of Finn.

Finn was determined that such a day would never come if *he* could help it. But avoiding Cuhullin was easier said than done. And finally the time came when the meeting could not be postponed any longer. Finn had a terrifying dream in which he saw Cuhullin on his way to Knockmany Hill. The next morning Finn's wife knew that something was wrong, and she asked her husband what was bothering him.

"It's this Cuhullin that is troubling me," the giant said to Una. As he spoke, Finn stuck his thumb in his mouth, which he always did when he wanted to make a prediction. "Cuhullin is coming," groaned Finn. "I see him below Dungannon. What will I do? If I run away, I shall be disgraced. But sooner or later I must meet him."

"When will Cuhullin arrive?" said Una.

"Tomorrow about 2 o'clock," replied Finn with another groan. Strong and brave though he was, he felt really frightened at the thought of a showdown with Cuhullin. "What chance would I have against a man who can stomp the country into earthquakes and knock thunderbolts into pancakes?" he cried.

" 'Tis ashamed of you I am, Finn McCoul, to be talking that way," replied Una.

"But what can I do?" Finn insisted. And then he added, "Why don't *you* help me, Una? Where's that clever mind of yours?"

Una was thoughtful for a moment and then she answered, "Maybe we can give Cuhullin as good as any he brings with him—thunderbolts or otherwise. Leave this fellow to me, and I'll get you out of this scrape."

Una now went into action. She started by building a fire on top of the hill, and when the flames were jumping five feet into the air she put two fingers in her mouth and gave a long whistle.

When Cuhullin, on his way from Dungannon, heard the whistle and saw the fire he knew he was being invited to Knockmany Hill, for that was the way the Irish gave strangers a sign that they were welcome to visit.

Una knew full well that Cuhullin would come hurrying, now that a whistle of welcome had been sounded for him, and the next thing she did was to send around to the neighbors to borrow six iron griddles, which she kneaded into the middle of six cakes of bread. In addition to the loaves that contained the griddles, Una also made six cakes of plain good bread with nothing inside the dough. Then she baked all the cakes in the usual way, placing them in the cupboard as soon as they were done. After that she made a pot of fresh milk into curds and whey. And when she had everything ready she sat down to await the arrival of Cuhullin.

As expected, at 2 o'clock the next day Cuhullin arrived at the top of Knockmany Hill. When Una saw him coming she made Finn lie down in the cradle and covered him up. "You must pass for your own child," said she, "so lie still, say nothing, and be guided by me."

Soon Cuhullin arrived, a little out of breath from the climb up the hill. "Is this where Finn McCoul lives?" he asked.

"Indeed it is, and welcome to our home," said Una.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Cuhullin, sitting down. "You're Mrs. McCoul, I suppose."

"I am," said she, "and I hope I have no reason to be ashamed of my husband."

"No, indeed," said Cuhullin. "He has the reputation of being strong and brave, but for all that here's a man who is anxious to meet him. Is McCoul at home?"

"Why, no," replied Una. "He left here about an hour ago, mad as a hatter. Someone told him that a big baboon of a giant called Cuhullin was in Dungannon looking for him, so Finn went down there to meet the upstart. I hope for the poor giant's sake that Finn won't find him, for if he does he will make paste out of him."

"Well," said the visitor, "I am Cuhullin, and I have been wanting to meet your husband for years, but he has managed to keep clear of me. Now I am determined not to rest until I lay my hands on him."

When she heard this, Una placed her hands on her hips and laughed heartily, while she gave Cuhullin a contemptuous look as if he was just a mere handful of a man. "Have you ever seen Finn?" she asked.

"How could I?" replied the visitor. "He's always taken good care to keep at a safe distance."

"I judged you'd never seen my husband," Una answered, "and if you take my advice you'll pray day and night that you *never* meet him, for I tell you it will be a black day indeed for you when you do. But in the meantime, since my husband is not at home, maybe you'd be civil

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enough to turn the house around, for that's always what Finn does when the wind is on the door."

This emphasis on Finn's strength startled Cuhullin out of the chair. He got up and went outside, placed his arms around the house and turned it around, as Una had asked.

Finn trembled with fear as he saw all this from the cradle. But Una was undaunted. "Now then," said she, "since you are so civil, maybe you'd do another turn for me, since Finn is not here to do it and I don't know how long he will be gone. After the long spell of dry weather, we're terribly short of water. I heard Finn say there's a spring-well somewhere behind the hill. He had intended pulling the rocks apart today, to find that spring, but when he decided to go meet you, he hurried away. Now I'd be obliged if you'd try to find the well for me."

Cuhullin agreed to try, and Una took him to a place which was one solid rock. After looking the situation over, Cuhullin bent down and tore a huge cleft in the rock, and water gushed forth. Una marveled at this display of strength, and she was secretly delighted to get such a gigantic job done so easily. However, she pretended to think nothing at all of it. "You'll come in now," said she, "and help yourself to such humble fare as I can give you. Even though Finn and yourself are bitter enemies, he would never forgive me if you were not kindly treated in his house."

Cuhullin sat down, and Una placed before him half a dozen of the cakes she had prepared the day before, the ones which contained the griddles. She also brought out a crock of butter, a side of boiled bacon, and a pot of cabbage.

Cuhullin was terribly hungry, and he put one of the cakes in his mouth and took a big bite. No sooner had he taken this bite than up he jumped, letting out a scream. "Blood and thunder!" he shouted. "Here are two of my teeth broken."

"Sure, now, an' what's the matter?" said Una, innocently.

"Matter!" shouted Cuhullin. "Two of the best teeth in my head are gone. What kind of bread is this?"

"Why, that's Finn's bread," said Una. "It's the only kind he ever eats when he's at home, but indeed I guess that himself and the child in the cradle are the only two who can eat it. I thought, however, since you appear to be rather a stout fellow for your size, you might be able to manage it. Try another cake. Maybe it's not as hard as the first one."

Cuhullin grabbed the second cake, but after he had taken a bite he let out another yell, twice as loud as the first one. "Thunder and gibbets!" he roared. "Take away your bread or I won't have a tooth left in my head. There's two more of them gone!"

"Well," said Una, "if you're not able to eat Finn's bread, say so quietly. See now, you've wakened the child with your yelling."

Finn, hearing what his wife said, now started screaming so loudly that his voice startled the giant. "I'm hungry!" Finn yelled, sticking his head over the edge of the crib. "Give me something to eat!" Una went over to the cradle, gave Finn a cake that had no griddle in it, and Finn devoured it.

Cuhullin was watching, of course, and when he saw this he was dumbfounded. "I'd like to have a look at that lad in the cradle," said he to Una. "An infant that can manage bread like that is some child indeed."

"You're entirely welcome to look," replied Una. "Get up, macushla, and show this little man that you're not unworthy of your father."

Finn, who was dressed like a small boy, got up and stood by Cuhullin's chair. "Are you strong?" he asked the visitor.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Cuhullin. "What a voice in one so young."

"Are you strong?" asked Finn again. "Are you able to squeeze water out of this white stone?" And with that he put a stone into Cuhullin's hand.

Cuhullin squeezed the stone as hard as he could, but nothing came out of it.

"Ah, you're a poor creature for a giant," said Finn. "Just give me that stone, and I'll show you what my father will do if he ever gets his hands on you."

Finn then took the stone and, exchanging it for a handful of curds, squeezed until the whey oozed out from his hand. "Now I'll go back to my cradle," said he, "for I scorn to waste my time on anybody that cannot eat my father's bread or squeeze water out of a stone. I think you'd better be off before he comes back if you want to remain alive awhile longer."

By this time, Cuhullin's knees were knocking against each other at the thought of Finn's return, so he quickly bade Una good-bye, assuring her that he would avoid Finn as though he were the plague.

"It's lucky for you that he's not here, for it's hawk's meat he'd make of you," said Una.

"I know that," said Cuhullin, "and it's grateful I am that I missed him." Then Cuhullin ran out of the house and down the hill, not even stopping to draw breath until he reached Dungannon.

That was the last of him, so far as Finn and Una were concerned, but as long as Finn McCoul lived he never forgot the debt he owed his wife for the cunning way she had outwitted Cuhullin.

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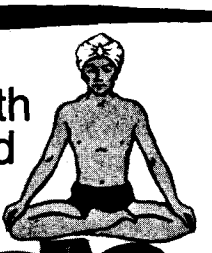

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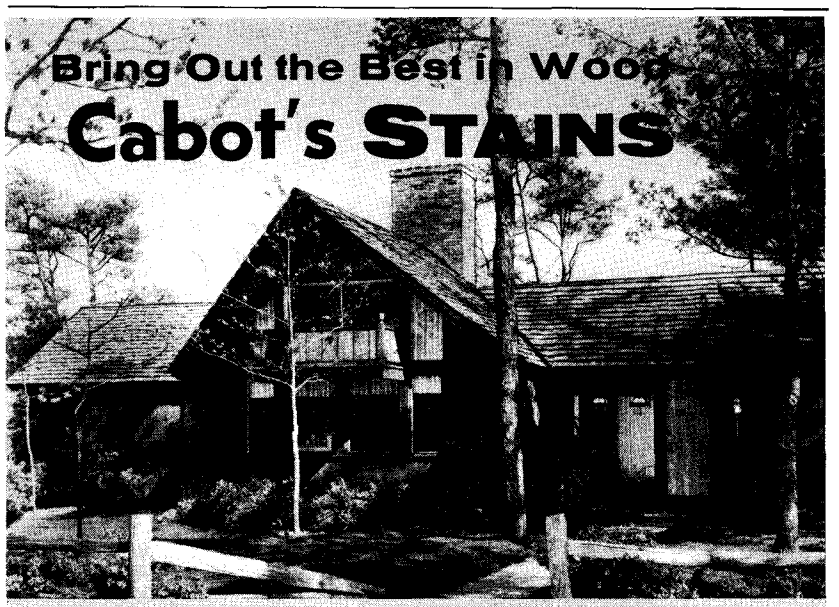

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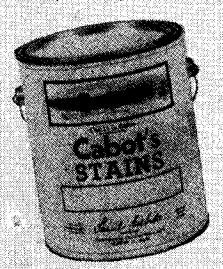

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MOUNT CLEMENS

continued from page 64

Valley View—every county in Pennsylvania, I suppose, has a Valley View—which I knew to be less than ten miles from Number 4, and it had taken us half an hour to get that far. And the worst was yet to come. I had been over that road many times, in summer and winter, and one thing I remembered about it now was that between Valley View and Mount Clemens the road cut through practically virgin forest. There was no settlement large enough to be called a hamlet. My superiors, who had lived in jungles and spoke Swahili and Cantonese, probably had no idea how close they were to a wilderness. The bear and the rattlesnake were hibernating, but there were other hazards and the worst of them now was the cold. Every winter, in that part of the country, we would hear of men who had been found frozen to death and of others who had lost a foot by frostbite.

"You're not very talkative," said Edmunds.

"You told me to shut up," I said.

He laughed. "Well, I give you permission to talk now," he said. "I want to stay awake. I learned that in Wyoming and Montana. Don't fall asleep in this kind of weather, or you may not wake up."

"We'll be all right as long as we keep going. Just don't fall asleep."

How much longer have we got to go?" he said.

"A little over halfway," I said.

"We got about twenty miles to go," said the driver. "If we don't get to Mount Clemens by ha' past ten Carney said he'd come back and look for us."

"Well, at least then we wouldn't be stuck out here all night," said Edmunds.

"That's providing Carney gets through all right. If Carney gets stuck, you know that we'll be stuck here too."

"That's a pleasant thought," said Edmunds.

"Well, it's not so bad," said our driver. "If Carney don't get there by ten they'll send a company truck out after us. We got nothing to worry about."

I was not so sure. "How big a truck?" I said.

"It's about a two-ton Dodge. One of them they got for the maintenance crews. They got them fixed up so they can stay out here all night if they have to. For when they have to repair a high tension line. I seen them go out when it was ten below. I wouldn't have that job if they paid me a hundred dollars a week. Sixty-six thousand volts. You don't even have to *touch* the damn line. You get too close and the juice jumps out at you. I seen a guy get too close and it pops a hole right through the top of his skull. That's what sixty-six thousand volts'll do to you. Right through the top of your skull, a hole about the size of a silver dollar. I wouldn't work around that stuff if they paid me *two* hundred dollars a week."

"Well, it's better than freezing to death," said Edmunds.

"Maybe you're right at that," said the driver. "I never thought of it that way. Uh-oh."

Up ahead, in the middle of the road stood Carney, waving both arms, flagging us down. The first thing I noticed was that the smoke was coming out of the exhaust pipe, which at least indicated that the Paige had not stalled.

"Get in," said our driver. "What's wrong, Carney?"

Carney got in the front seat, turned and addressed Edmunds. "You got another passenger. Mr. King is riding the rest of the way with you."

"Why's that?" said Edmunds.

"Well, that's not for me to say, but they had a little argument and Mr. King wants to ride with you."

"That's all right with us. Tell him to bring his blanket and come on back," said Edmunds. "Are you all right otherwise?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Carney.

"You don't seem too sure," said Edmunds.

"Well, I guess I ought to tell you. King took a poke at him. He gave him a bloody nose."

"A little argument. So Carmichael ordered him to ride with us."

"No. I did," said Carney.

"*You* did?"

"I told them, I said one of them had to change cars. They were swingin' away at one another back there, and I stopped the car. As far as I know they're still at it. They're acting like a couple of damn kids."

"So you took charge. Well, good for you, Carney."

"I guess it'll mean my job, but those two, rassling around back there, could send me into a ditch."

"Sergeant Carney, of the 103rd Engineers," said our driver. "You tell 'em, Carney."

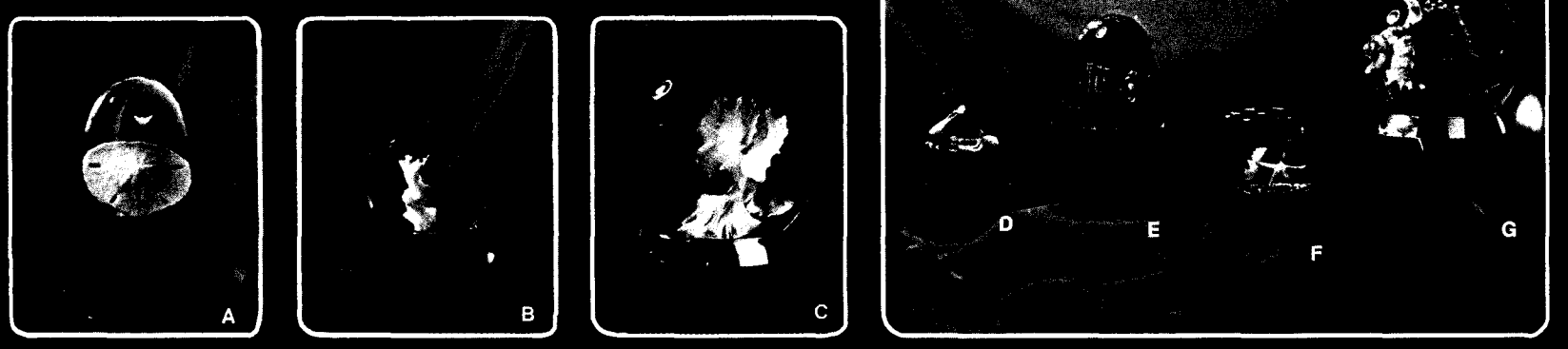
"Supposed to be gentlemen, but acting like a couple of hoodlums. I'll get another job."

"Don't worry about that now," said Edmunds. "Tell King to come on back here."

We watched King, being pulled out of the Paige by Carney and dragging a blanket along the snow, staggering toward us. He was talking to himself, you could see him.

Our driver switched his headlight off and on to signal to Carney that King was safely with us, and the Paige got under way again. King climbed in with Edmunds and me, and the Studebaker began to move.

"At your age you ought to have more sense," said Edmunds.



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"Sense? If I'd had more sense, you're right. I'd have given him a *good* beating twenty years ago. I don't know why I didn't. He gave me plenty of cause to. In Quito, twenty years ago, I found out he was going over my head, sending back his confidential reports to the home office. That's when I should have given it to him, when I could have wiped up the floor with him. But I got in a couple of good punches tonight."

"Yes, and you've cooked your goose," said Edmunds.

"Have I? We'll see. And what if I have? They can retire me on half pay and I'll open up a gas station in Florida. Maybe I'll let you come down and join me there, Edmunds. You're not getting any younger either."

"*You're* reverting to second childhood."

"Well, I hope it'll be better than my first," said King. "I grew up in a Methodist parsonage and that wasn't much fun." He took a deep sigh and turned over on his side. He was sitting in the left corner, Edmunds was in the middle, I was in the right corner. Now the going got really rough, and instead of being excited, as I had been, I was afraid. Up ahead the Paige, a heavier low-built car, was breaking the path for us; otherwise we could not have gone on. Several times we dropped down into low gear and our driver was zigzagging to gain traction and keep moving. He was a good snow driver, I had to say that for him; he knew how to use the momentum of the car to keep from getting wedged in. Our undercarriage was higher off the ground than that of the Paige, but even so I could feel the transmission scraping the false crown in the center of the road. There was, of course, only one path. At best, in summer conditions, the road was narrow, not wide enough for two big trucks to pass. Now, if a third car had come from the direction of Mount Clemens we would have had to get out and shovel snow to make the path wide—and I knew who would be swinging the shovels: the two drivers and I. Maybe Thompson would have helped out; he was younger than the others of our party. But I was sure that Carmichael would have ordered me, as the low-ranking member of the party, to pitch in. I hoped that if another car came from Mount Clemens it would contain five hard-muscled Lithuanians.

As the Studebaker zigzagged, we in the back seat were jounced and jostled. "I'm right back in the middle again," said Edmunds.

"Do you want me to change places with you?" I said.

"No, stay where you are. You two keep me warm."

"Is King asleep?" I said.

"Yes, and I'm going to let him sleep. We must be more than halfway," said Edmunds.

"We got about twelve miles," said the driver." The last four miles is the worst, all uphill. We'll make it."

"I was not whistling a protest song."

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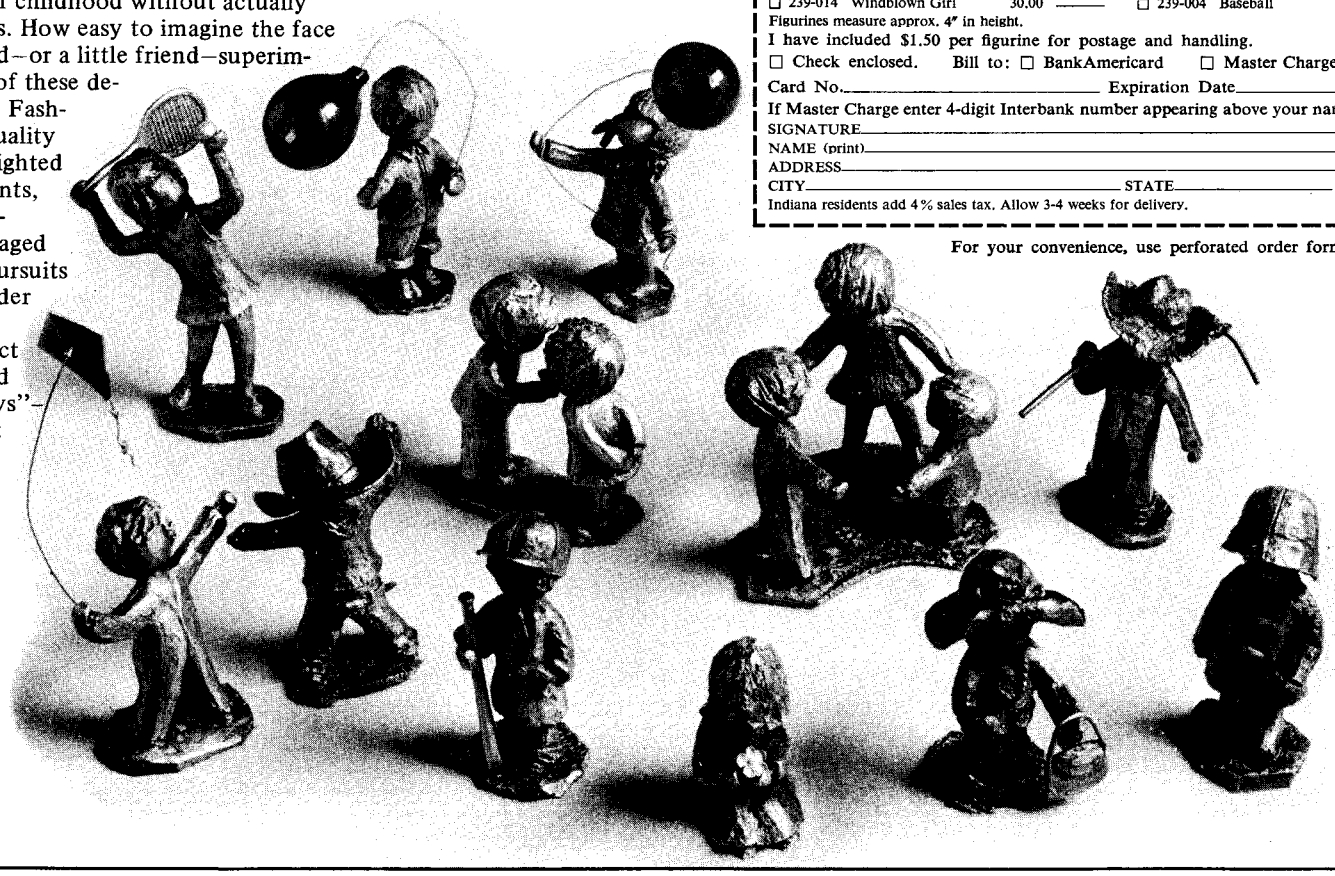

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"You're doing very well. What's your name?"

"Stone. They call me Stoney."

"Well, I'm going to give you a good report," said Edmunds.

"That'll help, in case they fire Carney," said Stone. "I ought to be due for a promotion, but there's no job for me as long as Carney's there."

"Don't raise your hopes on that score. Knowing Mr. Carmichael, I doubt if Carney'll be fired."

"Well, maybe you could see I got some overtime." said Stone.

"That's not my business, but I'll give you a good report," said Edmunds. The car lurched, and I could not guess whether Stone was taking out his disappointment by mistreating the car or was making an honest zigzag. In any case King was thrown across Edmunds's chest and Edmunds impatiently pushed him back in his corner. I laughed.

Don't get fresh," said Edmunds. "We've had enough for one evening."

On the uphill climb I could almost literally follow each revolution of the wheels by the sound. The windshield wiper, operated by hand, gave Stone a view of the road ahead, but I could no longer tell where we were except to estimate by the steepness of the grade how far up the mountain we were. I had also lost track of time, and I was not sufficiently curious to take off my gauntlets and look at my watch. Over and over again I resigned myself to my fate, but the pessimistic composure did not last; the slightest change in the speed of the revolutions of the car wheels put my imagination to work again. I had the disadvantage over Edmunds of knowing that the last mile or so was dangerous in daylight in any season; a car could drop three or four hundred feet before being stopped by timber, and here, of course, the wind was at its highest. I very nearly prayed, and my refusal to pray probably was prayer of a kind.

Then we were there. Out of the black darkness of the winter and the mountain road, and on the summit of Mount Clemens. Even through the isinglass and iced-over windshield we could discern the lights of the town, and we could feel the level progress of the car.

"We made it," said Stone.

"Good work," said Edmunds. He reached over and shook King. "Wake up, fellow. We're here."

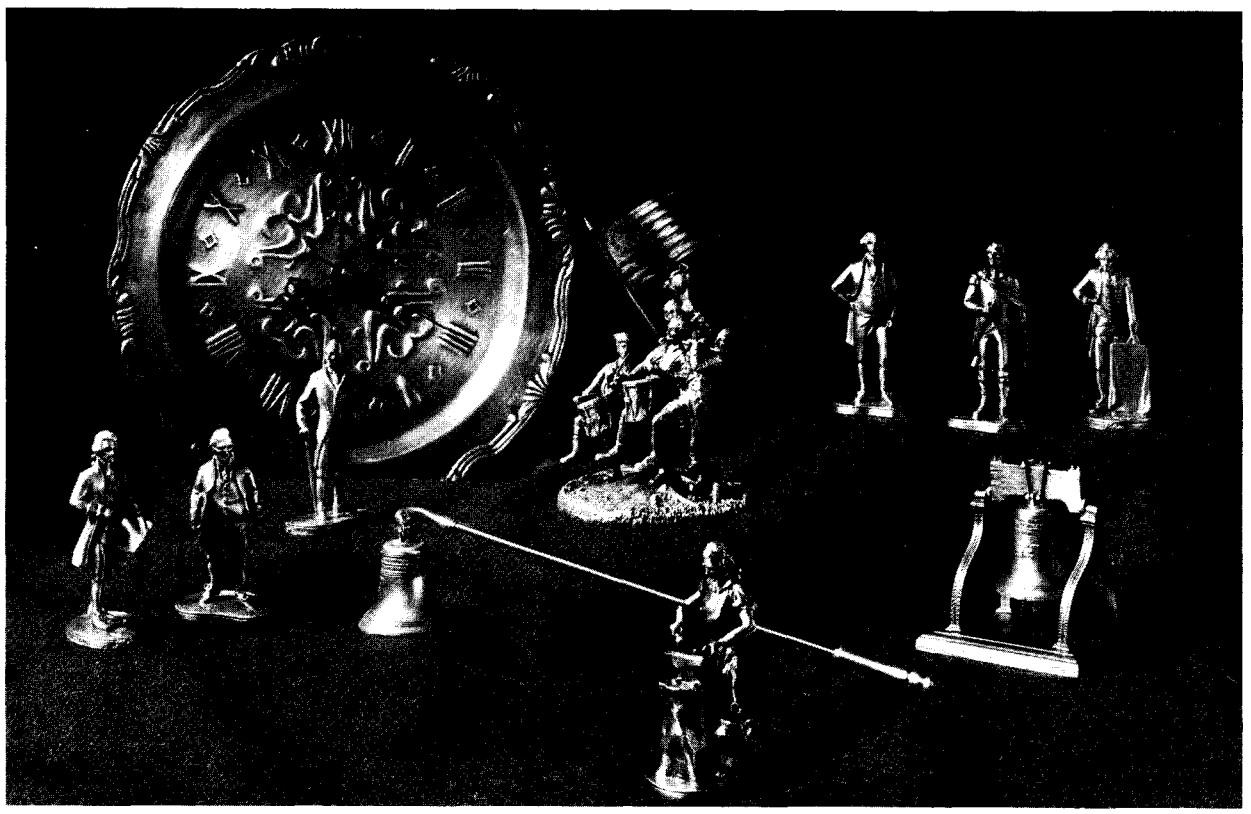
"Do you want to go right to the hotel?" said Stone. "I sure do," said Edmunds. "Do you realize we never thought about the coffee? I'll bet it's still warm. But I'm going to have a drink."

"That's why I asked you," said Stone. "There's a couple places open where you can get booze. You can't at the hotel."

"No thanks, I have a quart in my suitcase," said Edmunds. "Come on, King. Wake up. I'm surprised he didn't wake up when I said I had a quart. King!"

But King was dead. ☒

Life is not a spectacle or a feast; it is a predicament.
—George Santayana



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MAPLE STREET GAMES

continued from page 52

said, "Sure." I was the one who said, "Come on, what the heck, let's play hardball and show these kids something." Jim and the boys went in to get their gear, and as I changed into gym shoes and paint pants I was eager as a kid.

The boys and some of the girls ran ahead, but we took our time, as if we weren't thinking about our performance; behind us came the wives, talking about gynecological articles in *Woman's Day* as if they weren't wondering how their warriors would do. I was thinking, "I played third base when most of these guys were in diapers." Bob Harlowe looked at the field as if he were facing a tough legal case, and George Novak had completely forgotten his tax problem. "Maybe it's just a game to these guys and the rest is your imagination," I thought. But I had been around long enough to recognize phony nonchalance and joviality, and you could cut the tension in the barbecue-flavored air with a knife.

The walk had tired me a little, and just playing catch with Bob Harlowe wore me out completely. The ball popped out of the glove. I couldn't really see it too well, and I wished I had brought my glasses. He seemed to get a special delight out of throwing so hard that it hurt, but I couldn't let on to that. The boys studied us and I knew they had me sized up as we used to size up weak players.

Practicing ground balls on the dirt infield was harder still. When I bent down, muscles in my back and stomach pulled. It was a lot different from watching from behind the backstop.

Instead of playing fathers against sons, Bob Harlowe and Harry Smythe chose. I tried to smile when Harry picked me last, but already the competition was turning to animosity. The boys smacked their gloves, eager to play with men and fathers. I wanted to prove that I was a better player than any of them.

Very soon I realized it was impossible. I began to wish I were on the street eating marshmallows or throwing horseshoes. It had been so cool sipping gin and tonic under the maple trees. My throat was parched. Just running down to first left me windless. I tried to hit the ball to right because the right fielder was ten years old, but I popped up to the pitcher and tapped to first. The ball never was quite where I saw it; my arms wouldn't do what my brain told them. Every time I came up I could feel Jim get tense, see him out of the corner of my eye pulling at his cap and looking on shamefully. I wanted to rocket the ball as I had so easily twenty years before, but the harder I tried the worse I did, and the more my body ached.

Bob Harlowe, George Novak, and Harry Smythe did well, taking good swings and hitting the ball over the outfielders' heads, then running slowly around the bases as if embarrassed to be trying too hard. I figured that I'd make up for my weak batting by fielding well, but since Billy Harlowe was an all-star third baseman I had to play first. I dropped a couple easy throws and a pop-up spun out of my glove, then bounced off my chin, stomach, and out of my diving reach. When I got up I saw Cynthia watching, and I suddenly felt that I was middle-aged and she was still young.

"Nice try, old man," Bob Harlowe said, then went back to bat. He hit a long ball to center and as he rounded first I wanted to trip him and see him lying with his sideburns on the ground, but he sped by while I was pondering that.

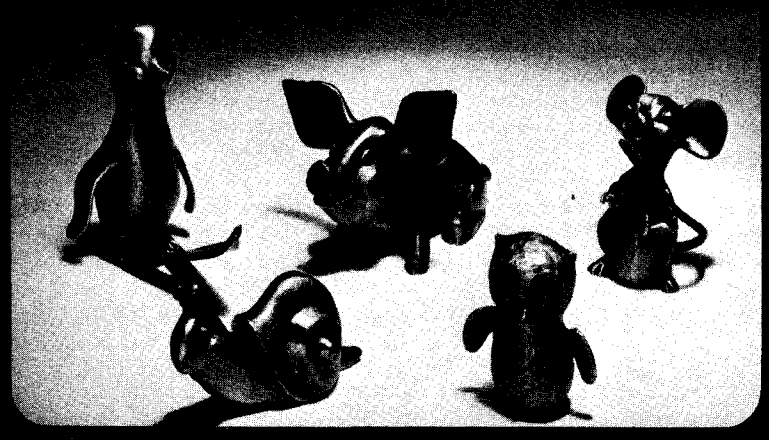
The game was tight and we started taking it more seriously, outwardly even. There were no more pats on the back, no comments like "Hey, you can still get around for an old guy." It was strictly everyone trying to win for himself.

It was a matter of assets versus liabilities. The littlest players, trying their hearts out to acquit themselves, were liabilities, and fathers started to look a little disgusted when their sons did poorly, or hope that they would if they were on the other team. When Billy Harlowe tagged his father out at third Bob started to argue. "Hell, Billy, you tagged me, but I was already on the bag. I've told you, you've got to stick the glove out!" When Bob saw that everyone was watching him argue with his son, he kicked the dirt in mock disgust, winked, and said, "I'll take away your allowance," then walked off the base. The players on his team were angry that he had given in to save face, but our team was glad.

Through the middle innings I thought about the long, towering home run I would hit. I wanted Cynthia to see that I was athletic like Bob, I wanted Mary Novak to see it, and I wanted Betty Harlowe to see that I was as good as the man with whom she two-timed Bob. I wanted my son to see that I wasn't just a man who spends weeks on the road, the man who watches political discussions instead of the game of the week, the man who fudges on his income tax. But I was so exhausted the chances of my fainting were greater than my hitting a home run.

In the bottom of the seventh I got my chance. I came up with the bases loaded, one out, and us down by three. I glared at the pitcher, young George Novak, Jr. He threw a ball outside, but I swung with all my might and tapped to second base. The kid at second fumbled it but threw me out by a step. After run-

The Whimsies



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ning it out I couldn't catch my breath, and trying to breathe just made it harder. I kept running, down to the water fountain at the other end of the park. I groaned for my breath beyond their hearing. As I drank, an idea crossed my mind. If we lost, I'd smile and play the part of the good loser. I was thinking that when there was a loud crack of ball against wood. I looked up to see that Jimmy had lined a hit to left, tying the score. Part of me actually felt bad that we might win without my heroics, also eliminating my chance to be a good loser, but part of me was proud of my son. When I went out to first base Jimmy tossed me my glove without smiling, then trotted out to second as if he didn't know me. I began figuring. I would bat again in the ninth. Please let the score be close. Part of me very badly wanted another chance.

In the top of the eighth they got four runs. George Novak, Jr., hit a long triple with his father and another man on, then came in himself on the overthrow. Jimmy glared at me and I realized I should have been somewhere backing up a throw. The smallest player came to bat, a child ten years old. I looked at Harry Smythe in left field and could hear him thinking, "Come on, strike this kid out." And I was thinking the same thing. The child struck out and tears welled up in his eyes as he went back, but there was no time to pay attention to him. Two errors followed and Bob Harlowe came up.

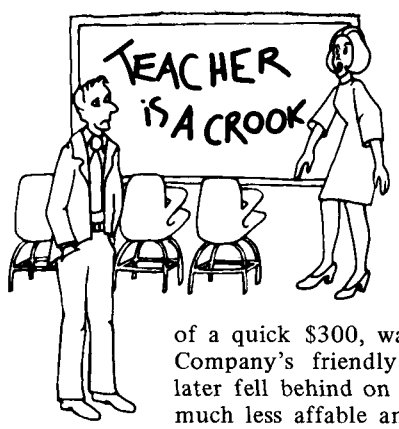
He swung two bats like a major leaguer. Seeing him standing there with his long sideburns and bigger ego filled me with rage. Cynthia, Betty, Mary and the other wives watched admiringly. I wondered if Betty had second thoughts about their arrangement, and wanted Bob all for herself.

The first pitch was down low, but in his eagerness Bob swung and chopped one to Jimmy at second. I was paralyzed, watching like a spectator. When I saw Bob churning toward first I ran toward the base, keeping an eye on Jimmy and seeking the bag with my foot. Jimmy bit his lip, his eyes furious as he hurled the ball. I desperately sought the bag. I took my eye off the ball. The base, Bob, the ball—all were coming at me. Bob crashed into me, smashing into my stomach, then hurtling over me. I fell, gasping for air and trying to hold the ball that trickled into right field, everything spinning in cold, slow motion like a nightmarish instant replay.

Jimmy was standing over me with the others, a trace of worry on his face. When I caught my breath my stomach and ribs hurt, and there was something wet on my foot.

"You're out!" Billy Harlowe said, tagging his father.

"Hey, wait a second, now," Bob said. "It was an injury time out." He realized how foolish he sounded and managed a weak smile. Inspiration



YOU BE THE JUDGE

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

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If you were the judge, would you make the loan company pay off for its letter writing?

No, the loan company hadn't libeled Louella. The court said its letter did not imply she failed to make payments from dishonest motives, and "the mere statement that she owes an unpaid debt in no way reflects on a schoolteacher's professional ability or qualifications . . . credit is not essential to her profession." *Based upon a Supreme Court of Iowa decision.*

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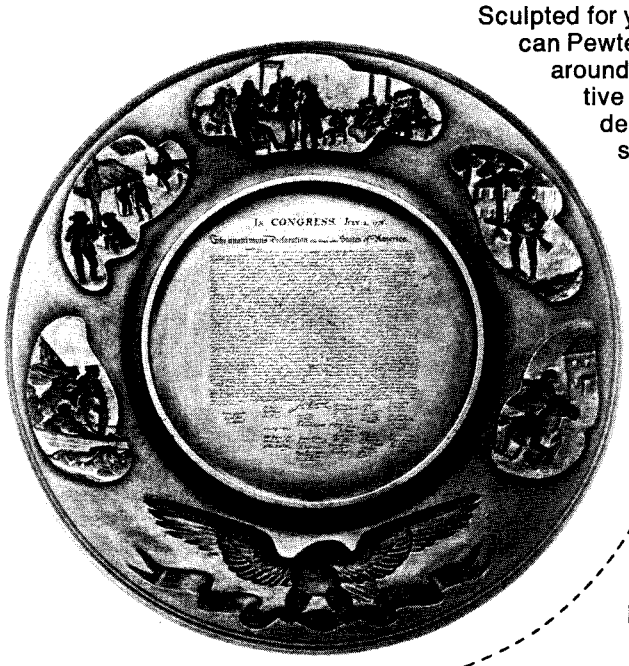

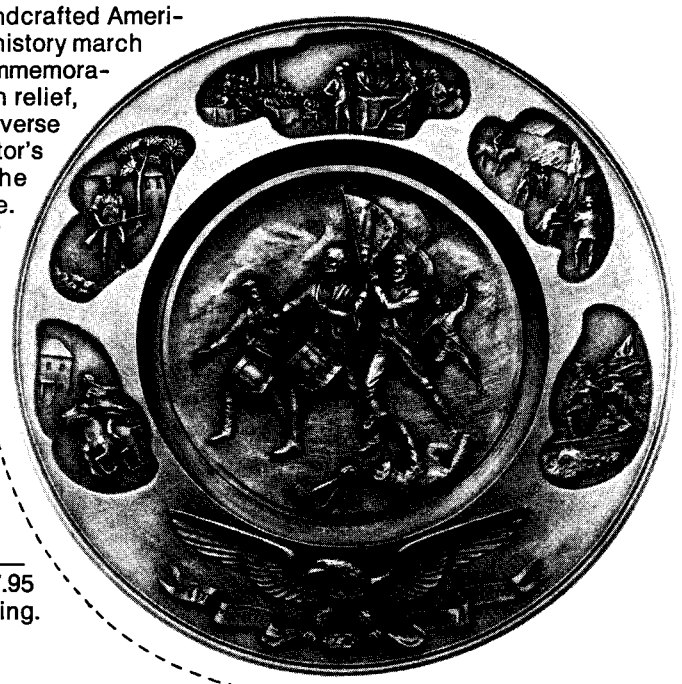

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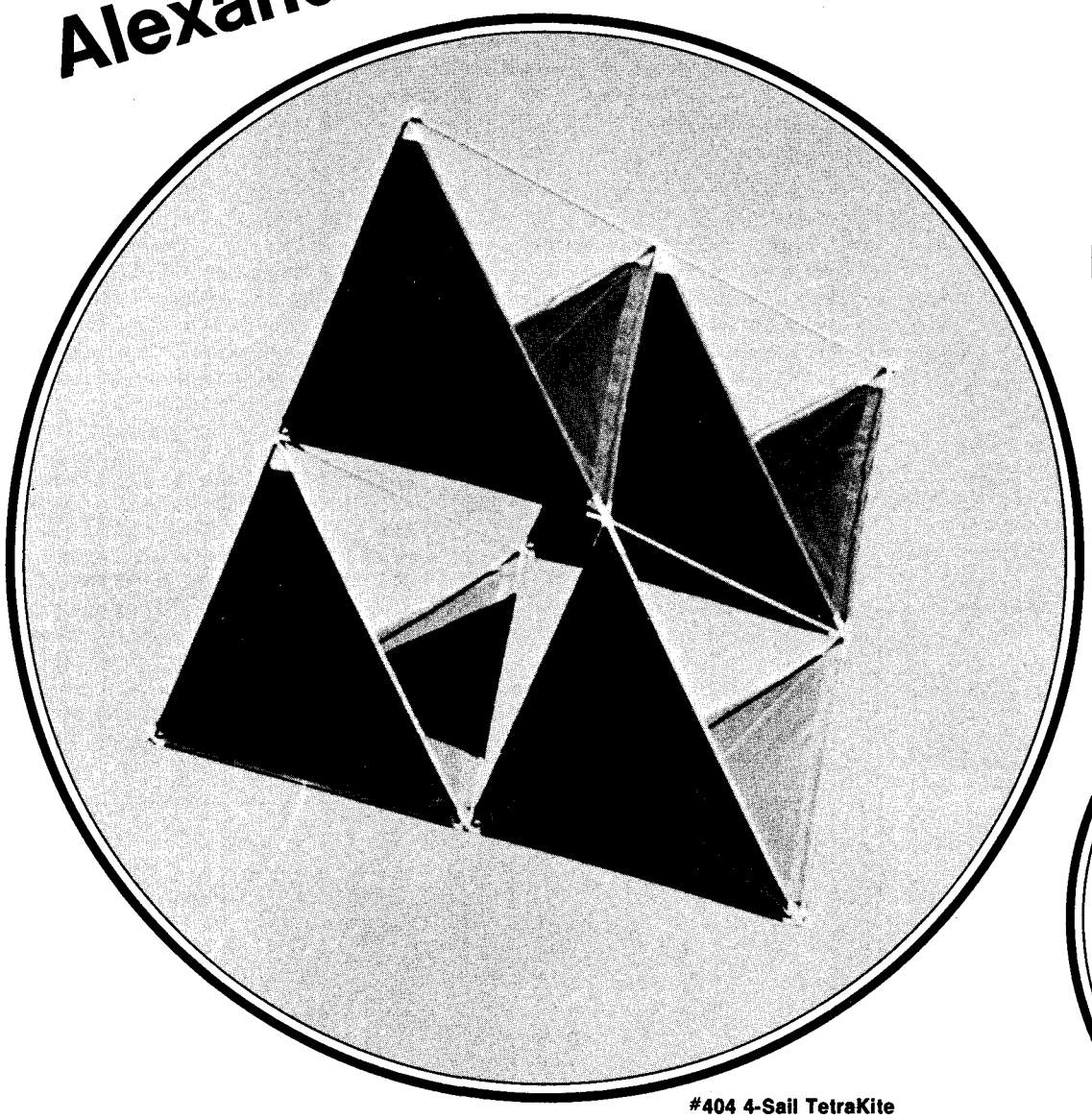

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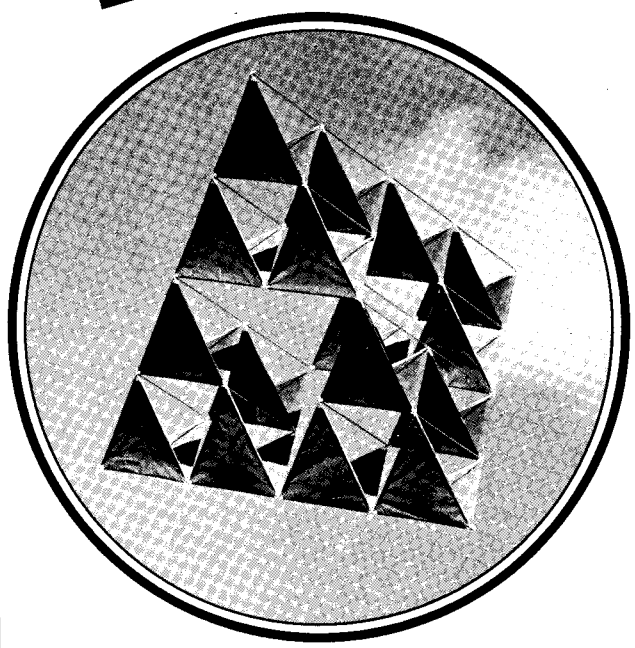

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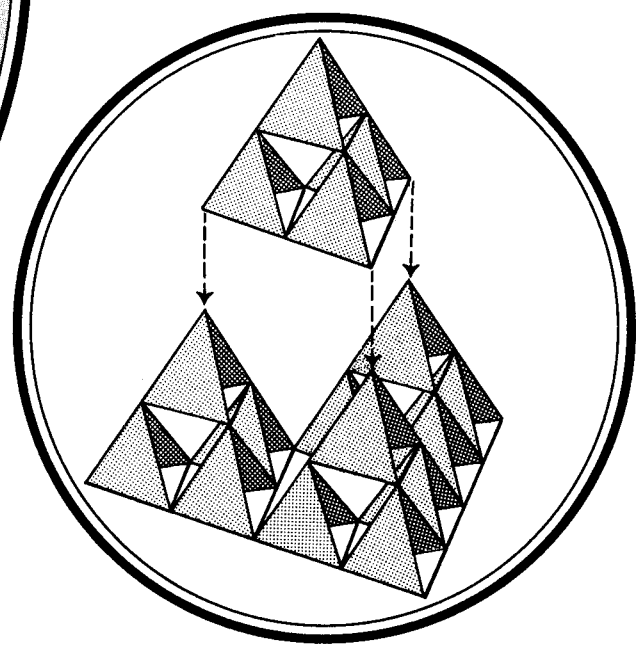

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shone in his eyes. "Yeah, I guess it was interference on my part, anyway. You O.K., big fellow?"

"Yeah." I was shaken up and shaking in anger, and I wanted to get away so I wouldn't have to keep the hate off my face.

We made a deal to exchange an out for a run, so the inning was over but we were behind 12-8. After I limped to the bench Cynthia came over.

"Your foot's bleeding."

I wanted to tell her to leave me alone, but when I saw her real concern I shivered. Our eyes met. I thought of the old days, when she was a college student and I was returning from the Korean War. I thought of all the times I was tired when she wanted to go out, the way I resented her child psychology, the suspicions and yearnings I felt on the road. But all I said was, "I'm all right. We'll wash it out after the game."

We got two in the bottom of the eighth, held them in the ninth and needed three to win in the last of the ninth. I felt that excitement which comes at a do-or-die finish, akin to going into battle. When I passed Bob Harlowe he said, "Well, this is it." It was getting late, but when Lisa and some of her friends came back with blankets the wives were standing behind the backstop. There must have been thirty people watching now—wives, children, and several strangers.

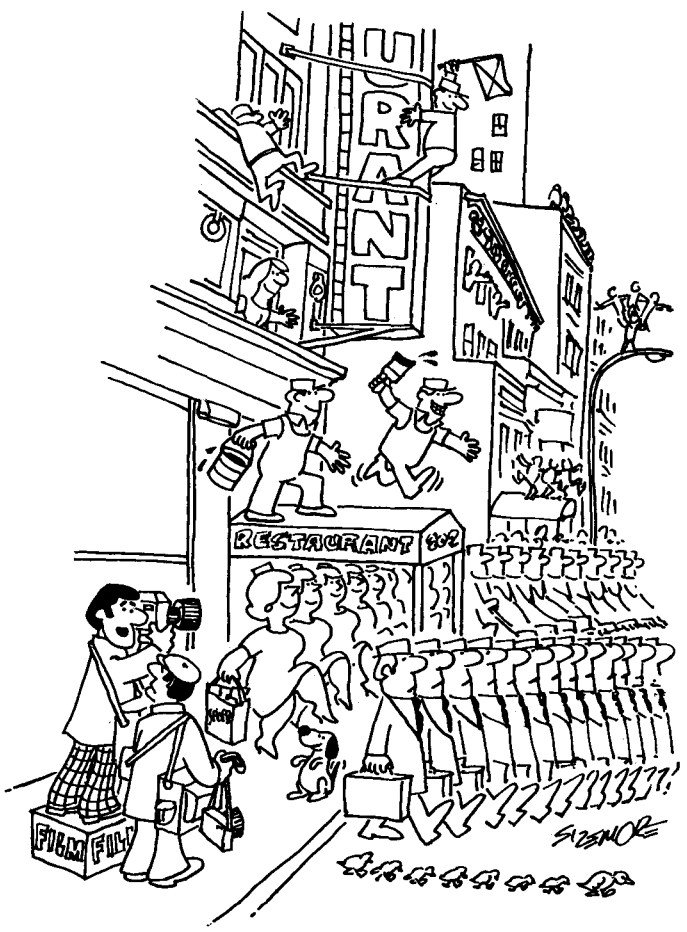
A boy popped up, and no one said anything when he threw his bat in disgust. Harry Smythe's son got a double and Harry got on, on an error. That brought up Billy Harlowe. I looked at Jimmy and I knew he was thinking with the rest, "Billy has to do it because Dad's up next and he's a sure out."

Billy hit a ground ball to bring in one run and send the tying run to second, but he was out at first. It was like a boy's dream. With a home run I would be the hero; just a hit could tie it.

I looked out at Bob in left field. He was shallow but worried, knowing it's the weak hitter who can beat you with a lucky hit. Harry on second was gloomy, preparing his good loser's expression. I stepped into the batter's box, and when my legs began to shake told myself it was from a kind of super-charged strength.

I overswung the first pitch and popped it foul to the left. "Miss it," our team chorused, but the kid at third didn't come close.

I took a couple bad pitches and the infielders came in to talk to the pitcher. Bob ran in from the outfield and at the end of the discussion he took the ball and sent the pitcher out to left. We stared long at each other, not bothering to fake smiles. He wound up and threw a real slow blooper pitch, the kind you try to induce very weak hitters to pop up on. I started my swing, bit my lip as with all my strength I held up, then stepped into the ball, following it with my eyes. The ball hit the sweet part of the bat and rocketed toward the left field line.



"I sometimes feel that life is being staged just for me."

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Bob ran out toward the outfield. I saw the ball hit in a clump of brown grass as I rounded first. "Come on, hurry, *throw* it!" Bob screamed at the boy. I was huffing and puffing as I rounded second; my legs felt encased in cement as I reached third. The left fielder reached the ball, threw it to Bob. It was like in a dream. I could hardly move, but I managed to make it to the plate. I slid, and Bob's throw was wild. I felt every pound of my heart in my head, my side was torn up. Jimmy and the rest of our team helped me up, pounding me on the back and yelling, "Good goin'," and "You did it! Didn't know you had it in you, old man!" Bob and the rest of his team walked in, as if someone had died. I cast them a triumphant smile, staring at Bob until he looked up and said, "Good game." Then something crossed my mind and I looked at the clump of grass down the left field line. My heart sank. There was no doubt about it. The ball had curved foul by a foot.

The game's over, I thought. Billy Harlowe had already picked up third base, and he was going for second. What's the difference anyway, a kid's game? Children are dying in India, you fought in a war, and you're worrying about a foul ball. You've done worse things. Jimmy's face looked angelic in the orange light of the setting sun. "Gee, you sure socked it, Dad, boy we sure beat them!"

"It was a foul ball."

Hope flickered in Bob Harlowe's eyes. "What?"

Billy Harlowe looked back, holding second base. "The game's over, *come on*!" he said. Jimmy's mouth fell open.

"I saw where it hit. It was foul." I was still gasping.

"How could you see it?" Jimmy said. "You were running." His face had gone cold.

"I saw it, Jim. I saw where it hit."

Bob looked toward the setting sun, then at the black blood spot on my sock. "Well, it was just a game. How about calling it a tie."

"No." I tried not to act righteous. "Look. Let's put the bases back. We've all played hard. Let's finish it. It was foul."

Our team was depressed as Billy put the bases down and Harry trudged back to second. I was so tired I could barely swing. I tapped to the mound to end the game.

The winning players walked off the field slowly. The wives were quiet; the kids picked up the equipment. When the thought crept into my mind that no one else would have called it foul I remembered that I had felt murderous toward my neighbors over a ball game.

As we walked home a huge fireball exploded like a sparkler, starting the Fourth of July celebration.

I thought of breaking the silence with a joke, but didn't. When I looked back at Jimmy I saw that he was staring fixedly at me, with something that I hoped was respect in his eyes.

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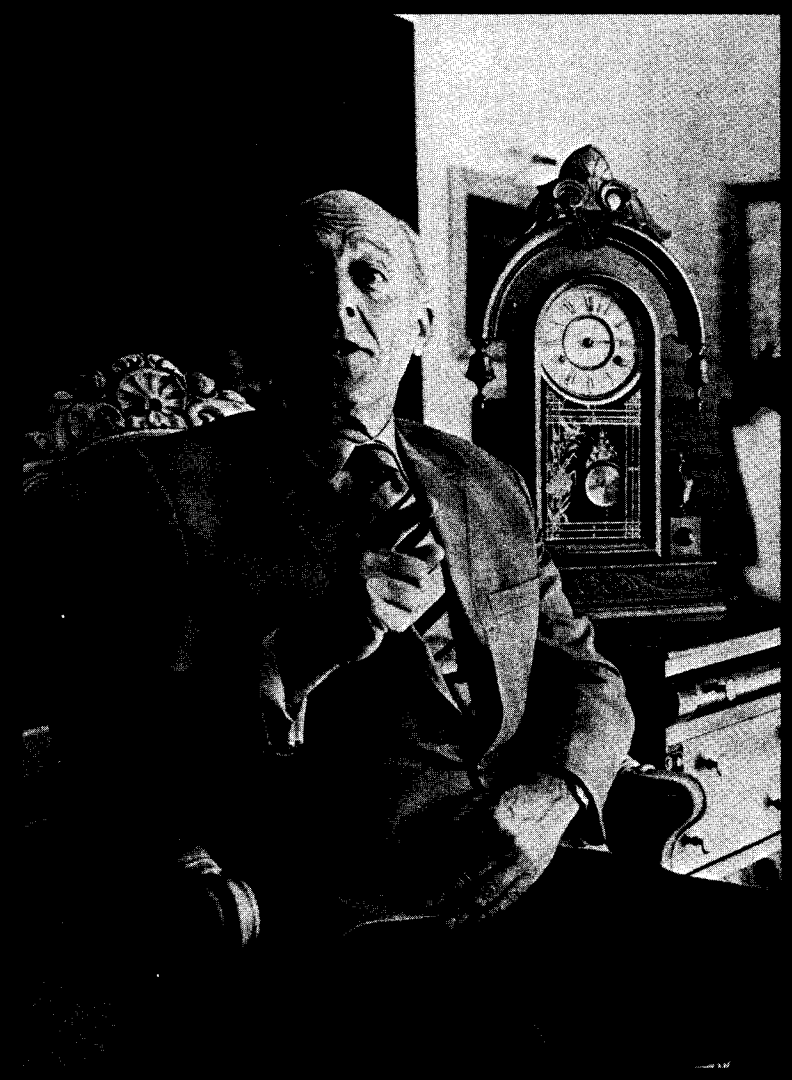

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BLAIR HOUSE

continued from page 67

absence of uniforms outside whether there is a visit on. From the flags one can tell from which country the visitors have come.

Mrs. Wilroy is the only person to "live in" during a visit or at any other time. Usually, she lives in an ordinary house in a Washington suburb. But she has to be on hand during a visit, and occupies a lovely third-floor room full of former Queen's Room furniture in 18th-century mahogany with lilac damask and taffeta hangings around the four-poster.

A lone butler stays on duty at night. Often a foreign leader suffering from jet lag is glad to find someone to bring hot milk or whiskey. Trays of sherry and spirits in beautiful old Blair heirloom silver and crystal have been sent up earlier, of course. But a sleepless leader might prefer to sit at the dining-room table eating candy and chatting with the butler, as did one South American president.

The leader and his wife usually run separate schedules. He will be talking with the President, the Secretary of State or the Secretary of Defense. She might be "doing" the National Gallery, the Smithsonian or something connected with one of her interests like the Red Cross or Children's Hospital.

Somewhere during the afternoon, however, she may bow out of an overscheduled day to save herself for the big dinner that night, and flop down on a chair and call for a beer, as did Iran's beautiful Queen Farah Diba recently.

Or, like West Germany's Willy Brandt (and Nikita Khrushchev before him) a leader may snatch an hour sitting in the garden, going through his papers in the sunlight. Modernized from the old patch of humble grass it was in earlier days, the garden is now a grand canyon of a city garden, with the tall Renwick Gallery wall at one end and the many-storied New Executive Office Building in front. Bulletproof one-way windows look down, and the ivy and espaliered magnolias creep up, reaching slowly to "green out" the masses of red brick.

Despite the formality, however, it still manages to achieve the air of a "secret" garden, which in fact it is. No one except security men can watch a prime minister strolling there with a cigar after dinner.

As in the best-run homes, emergencies crop up. Happily, they have been small ones, like the tripped fire alarm that almost had firemen climbing in a front window during an important dinner. Mrs. Wilroy just managed to stop them.

Mary Edith Wilroy was sent from her job as a State Department protocol officer thirteen years ago and told to run the house as she would her own. An unobtrusively warm woman who is scrupulous about refusing all those invitations to foreign palaces, Mrs. Wilroy performs as a kind of depersonalized hostess. She learned to run her own home as the wife of a Navy civilian at a Maryland naval base at Indian Head.

Years of entertaining, cooking, flower arranging and gardening seemed just the right qualifications for Blair House. Her children were grown and she was widowed—so she had the time. To one of the rarest jobs in the world, then, she brings all the traditional qualities of the homemaker, except that everything is on a grand scale. She is also a grandmother of seven, and can handle mischievous young princes with experience. She keeps a stock of Band-Aids, spare black ties, umbrellas and toothbrushes on hand, and other "emergency" things.

A few years ago Margaret Truman Daniel (who years before had lived in the house with her parents while the White House was being renovated) had to borrow a black handbag from Mrs. Wilroy for the funeral she'd come to attend. A week later Mrs. Wilroy found Margaret's driver's license in the bottom of the bag and called her in New York to tell her.

During a visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor for a dinner President Nixon had invited them to (President Nixon paid their overnight expenses for one night at Blair House since they were unofficial guests), Mrs. Wilroy had been warned to expect difficulties. She was relieved to find them "charming."

"She wasn't a bit stuffy and she teased the Duke about his forgetfulness. 'I've told David a hundred times he can never find *anything*,' the Duchess said of the former King of England."

As they were preparing to leave, Mrs. Wilroy sent head butler Dominique Cristaudo upstairs to see if the Duke needed anything "because he hadn't brought his own man" (Blair House butlers double as valets and chambermaids as ladies' maids).

When she went upstairs herself, however, Mrs. Wilroy found the Duke in his shirtsleeves searching high and low for his tie. To the Duke's delight, she found it in the library, hiding on the back of a chair.

One of the comments the Duchess made about Blair House was that it was "wonderful" to be served by such a skilled staff—something of a compliment from a woman accustomed to the best of all worlds.

When former Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir came out on one of her many missions to Washington, early this year, Mrs. Wilroy felt a wave of sympathy for the woman's weariness. "She's like anybody's mother . . . so quiet and unassuming, so thoughtful. But what can you

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do for a poor old lady who isn't feeling well and who has to face important meetings? You try to give her a little bit of rest. You send for her doctor from the Embassy. You get a heating pad out. The next day she went through her whole schedule. It made my heart ache. But twenty-four hours later she's got her energy back. It's amazing. Give her a bit of rest and she's off again."

Blair House maids wear black and white uniforms. Dominique trains the staff, although there is little turnover, for obvious security reasons, since a full government security check is necessary. Some "help," like non-visit staff or painters, plumbers and electricians from GSA (General Services Administration, the government's own "housekeeper" agency) can enter the house only between visits because they are not "cleared." Despite this tight security, the Soviet Union's security men were not satisfied. During Secretary General Leonid Brezhnev's eleven-day visit in the summer of 1973 they refused to allow any Blair House staffers upstairs, not even to make the beds in the morning or turn them down at night. But this was unprecedented. Even the most vulnerable of foreign leaders trusts the security arrangements there in addition to his own security men.

The skills practiced in Blair House are of a rarefied nature. For instance, if cigars and cigarettes are passed round after dinner and a king refuses, none of his entourage will light up either. When the box goes around a second time, however, an experienced butler knows to pass the box all around again, since now the rest may accept.

One of the choicest Blair House anecdotes of recent years comes out of the visit of a communist state's leader within the past year. The leader's and foreign minister's clothes were cared for within the house. Officials of the next level, like ministers, had their clothes sent out for dry cleaning or pressing. The Sunday morning of the visit three ministers were to join their leader at Camp David. But a message came from their room that something was wrong.

It turned out that the trousers of the best suits of all three had come back without any fly buttons.

"Most people use zippers today, so I didn't have any suitable buttons in the house," Mrs. Wilroy says. "We searched high and low. We sent out to the drugstore but they had only white buttons, which wouldn't do on dark trousers. The day was saved by one of our old butlers, who lives near. He drove home and went through some old clothes in his wardrobe from the pre-zipper days, and snipped off enough buttons. Here were the ministers waiting to leave—the cars waiting at the door—when back came the butler with the buttons. We got them sewed on and sent the ministers happily off to Camp David." Needless to say, fly buttons are now on the emergency stockpile at Blair House.

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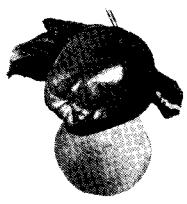

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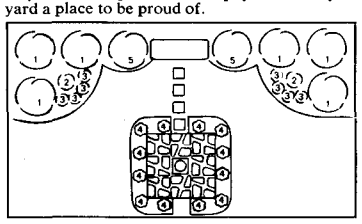

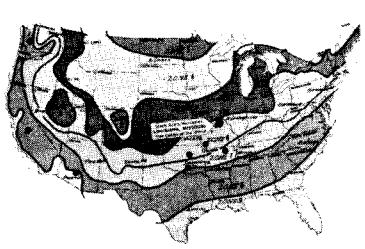

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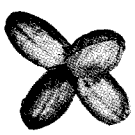

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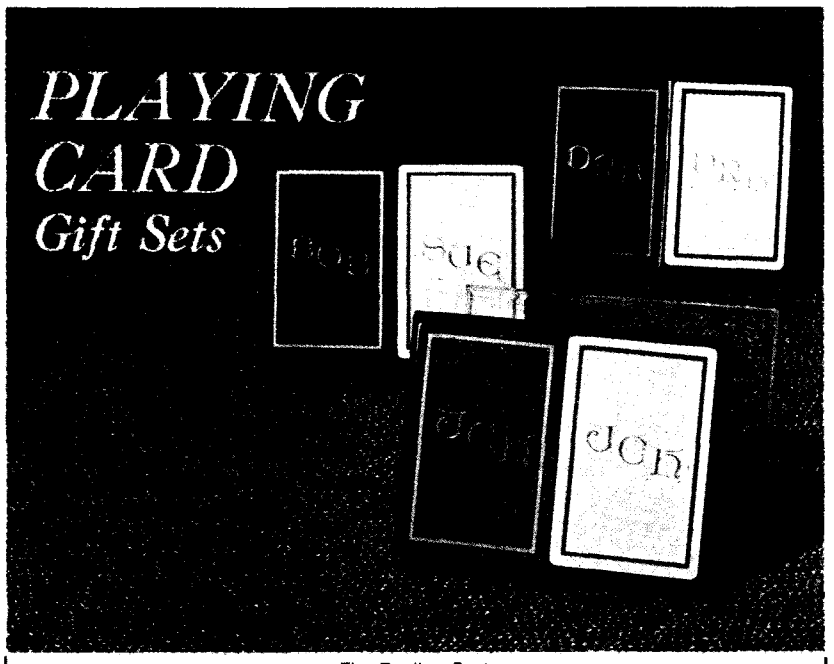

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entourage starts arriving (passing the little Lincoln Room on the right of the front door perhaps without knowing or caring that Lincoln used to chat there with Francis Preston Blair, or that in 1861 Robert E. Lee was offered [and refused] command of the Union army there), Blair House is "switched on" to serve its purpose. "If you get through the first hour and get them out of the front hall and settled into their rooms, you're all right," Mrs. W. says. She stands in the hall to greet everyone, remembering some, having studied photographs of others so she can greet them by name.

After it is all over, and they are heading for Dulles or Andrews Air Force Base, Mary Edith Wilroy allows her ulcer to act up, as it generally does when the action is over. Some years ago, before air conditioning, there would be long quiet summers. Now foreign leaders come all year round. Another visit will begin in a few days. The new card references are brought out. This time one may read:

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Madame . . . X . . . likes to breakfast in bed. A single rose on breakfast tray, with coffee and grapefruit; buttered crumpets are a favorite if available.

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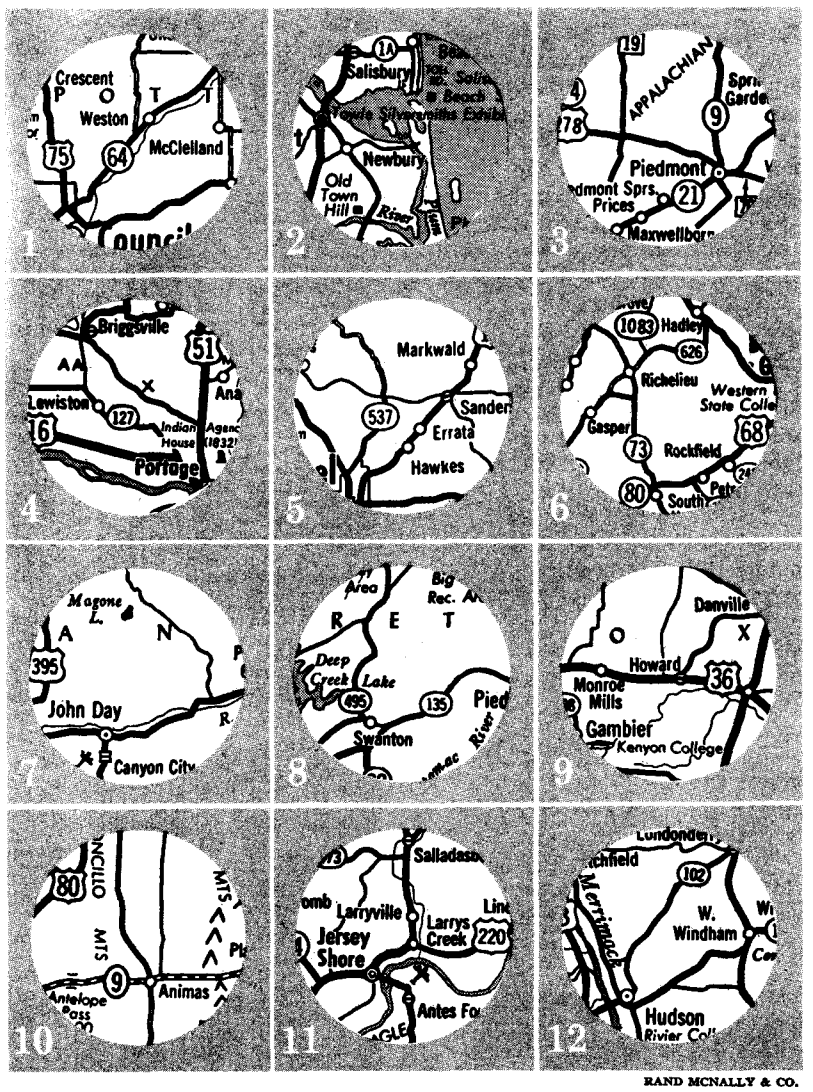

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East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state. *Harley P. Cook*

Answers on Page 143

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ANTONIA

continued from page 82

traffic as crowds increased and Antonia sat like Juliet, dropping flowers to hundreds of Romeos. The block became a summer carnival on weekends and every newspaper editorial raged in conflict. It was no surprise to Joe Ferelli when Commissioner Callahan walked into Fire Station #14 a day after the first news account, his face jovial and red from a recent vacation. He slapped Joe on the back with extraordinary good humor.

"Well, Lieutenant, I hear you're making history. You're a good man, but I thought I'd look in; what's all the commotion about?"

Ferelli cringed. "Hello, Chief, glad to have you back. Yeah, the papers are playing it up a bit rough, but I'd like you to hear *our* side of it—that is—the neighborhood's, the people's. . . ."

"Oh come on, Joe, what's the fuss? Let's make it simple and go take a look now, you can fill me in afterwards."

Joe closed his eyes, silently making the sign of the cross. "Well, if that's the way you want, okay, sir." Following him to the red car, Ferelli had two prayers: one that the heavens would split and Jehovah's wrath disperse the crowds, or, better still, that the earth would split and swallow them both. Unfortunately neither prayer was granted. In fact as the car turned the corner and stopped at the closed-off intersection, Gina just happened to be perched on the first step of the escape ladder going to the second floor. How she got there was a mystery, but there she was, a giantess in bean-stalk land. Callahan was so shocked it was fully two minutes before the impact of the scene registered. He murmured with awe, "Well, for the love of God!" Then with delayed fury he poked his head out and yelled, "Hey! Hey lady! What's all this parsley doing on the fire escape? You'd better get it off and quick or you're in for a summons!" The crowd under the window quieted and every head turned. Callahan pulled in like a turtle and looked at Ferelli in a new mood. "Now look brother, let's not play games. This thing's a real cutie and I happen to want *my* job, I don't know about you."

"But that's exactly what I wanted to explain, chief. This ain't no small potatoes; there are very peculiar circum. . . ."

"You're damn right they're peculiar—any fool can see that. But that stuff has to go and *now* if I have to do it myself. The next step is the mayor, so don't kid around, Ferelli. Now round up a few cops and let's go." The car door slammed and as the two walked single file, the crowd parted like the Red Sea. Ferelli looked for policemen, but there wasn't one around, as he well knew.

On the stairway to Antonia's apartment they smelled garlic bread and wine as the door stood open for ventilation. From within came gay party noises. At the entrance Callahan stopped. There was a huge table with mountains of food and flowers and about twenty young people around it. At the appearance of uniformed visitors the laughter stopped. Gina quickly assessed the moment and stretched her hands in welcome.

"Ah, come in, your honor, come in; you're just in time for the birthday cake; she's seventeen today." She maneuvered the wheelchair into view. "Antonia, his honor is here with Joe for the party, isn't it wonderful?"

Momentarily stunned, Callahan held his temper, trying to sound quietly official. "Look, lady, I didn't come for the party. I came about your fire escape. . . ."

"But of course, your honor," she interrupted. "Antonia, show his honor the garden, he came especially to see the fire escape." Her tone had a private signal and Antonia deftly moved her wheelchair, her eyes capturing Callahan's, preempting a swift advantage.

"Oh yes, Commissioner, this way please, you see it best from here." Callahan didn't move and in the silence her voice took on a higher pitch. "Come, don't be afraid, sir." Everyone laughed and Callahan looked accusingly at Ferelli. He took a few cautious steps, totally unprepared for what he saw. Like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, flowers seemed suspended in mid-air, since nothing of the fire escape was visible. The brilliance of color was unbelievable. Long shears appeared in Antonia's hands as she pointed and began snipping a bouquet as she talked. "Now those tall golden ones are miniature gladioli—I'll cut you the best. And these red ones are zinnias. . . ." As she described each flower she kept adding them to a spectacular bouquet; her voice had the fervor of love. "But you know what everyone loves most, Commissioner? Honeysuckle. Here, just smell them." She pulled in a few streamers and pushed the blossoms to his face. The perfume stunned him but he was no longer listening. He kept looking at the girl's frantic eyes, at the crowded faces below, at the bouquet stretched toward him in the immense, waiting silence. The moment reduced his visit to a game of wits and he felt cowed and intimidated. Knowing what had to be done, Callahan knew he himself could not do it. His silence was the unvoiced complicity in a singular plot, a fantastic violation. Chewing his upper lip, he braced himself, looked around as if trapped, and spoke to Antonia.

"My dear young lady, this is

love 3

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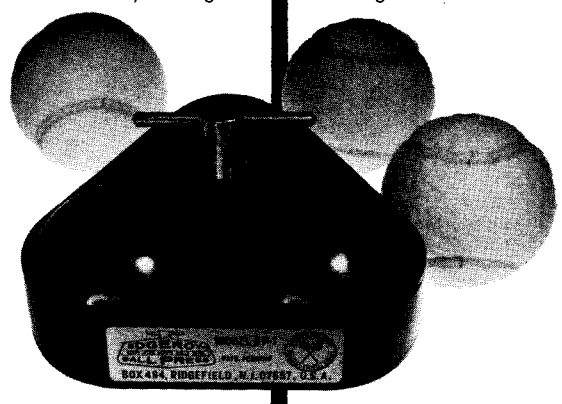

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remarkable—incredible and I'm very impressed, but I'm sorry, I didn't come to admire it. This is a terrible hazard, you know that, especially in this heat you. . . ."

"Commissioner," Antonia interrupted. "Do you have a daughter?"

Callahan frowned as if embarrassed. "Yes, I have. Why?"

"Well, please give her these. They'll be fresh at least two weeks, and ask her to visit me. Is she in New York?"

"Well no, she's on vaca. . . ." Callahan felt a little sick. He took the flowers. "Thank you very much, young lady, and a very happy birthday to you." He left the room and ran down the stairs, Ferelli close on his heels. Inside the car Callahan pointed his finger like a gun and tried not to shout. "Joe, don't tell me any more stories because I'm holding you solely responsible! How the hell can you sleep nights?" Their eyes met briefly and his voice softened. "Okay, okay, do what you can."

The commissioner paid no more visits to Hester Street and the garden, of course, remained. The two or three small fires that occurred during the remainder of the summer were swiftly put out by the "Guarantee" patrol and the fire department never knew. And so the autonomous reign of "Queen Gina" over Hester Street continued into mid-September. No one questioned and everyone obeyed and Callahan never once discussed the matter with Ferelli. But one Sunday morning, off duty, he walked to the street to satisfy a gnawing curiosity. The day was brilliant as only September days can be and he considered taking his daughter, but at the last moment changed his mind. He'd wait a few days, the colors would still be at their peak. Callahan turned the corner and looked up. The Fabrini fire escape was stripped like a winter plain. Not a leaf, nor even a flower pot relieved the rusty skeleton. The shut windows reflected the morning sun and the street was waking up in its Sunday mood. Instead of relief Callahan felt a spasm of loss and anguish. He had the impulse to stop a woman crossing the street. But he didn't. He stood silently a few minutes, rubbed his hands, then slowly wandered away. He preferred not to know.

STRUNK

continued from page 70

get my check and I'd get out. This took me all over Europe.

"I was abroad all that summer of 1959. After that, I served out my time at Fort Benning, Georgia. Following my release, I got married and we went to Flatrock, South Carolina, for our honeymoon in the hopes of meeting an idol of mine, Carl Sandburg. Not only did we spend the day with him, but he asked me to record some of my songs for him. It was unforgettable.

"After that it was New York for a really rough year while I tried—and failed miserably—to get into the song business. I had to sell Prestone Antifreeze on the side, just to stay alive. Here I was, a college graduate without any decent kind of work. My one real job was in an off-Broadway show called *Beautiful Dreamer*, which was a life of Stephen Foster. I walked in on that audition and the guy said, 'What do you do?' I didn't have my banjo, so I said, 'Sing and dance.' My banjo was at home because I had to come way downtown from the Upper East Side, take the subway to 59th Street, go to the Broadway drugstore there, buy *Show Business Magazine* and read up on all the auditions. When I saw this one, I had to walk down to 32nd and Madison Avenue to this little place for the tryout.

"Anyway, the guy said to do a soft-shoe, so I did a soft-shoe that my mother had taught me. And the guy said, 'Come on, what do you *really* do?' 'Sing.' So I sang. Then the guy said, 'You don't dance and you don't sing, what can you do?' I said, 'I play the banjo.' He said, 'You've got the job if you've got the banjo.' See, I didn't know yet it was the life of Stephen Foster. So I went and got my banjo, came back and got the job. I was the Christy Minstrel in the show. I started my part of the show in the toilet. I had to start playing the banjo in the toilet because it had to sound like I was coming down the street and around the corner. I would back out of the toilet, playing, and walk out onto the stage. I had one line—'Hi, Steve, you're back in town?' And in one of the dress rehearsals the director stopped the show and said, "My God, kid, we give you one line and you overact it.' "

Jud worked for a while in Boston, and then met a fellow opening a bar, the Red Stallion, in Carrabassett, Maine, where they wanted a banjo player. Jud ran for the green fields of his childhood like a scared pony. He bought a house without heat and plumbing, but the Strunks loved it.

"Up in Maine I started really getting in with the people. You know, I found a lot of humor there just a touch below the surface. Some of it I can use in my spiel, like . . . 'There's an awful lot of pornography floating around these days, and my friends in Farmington are concerned about it. Most of them feel they're not seeing enough of it.' Or . . . 'Myron Butterfield is Butch McKutchin's half brother. And Butch has got more half brothers and sisters scattered all over the state of Maine because his father was a salesman, I guess a real rogue. And when we were kids we used to go courting and he'd meet a good-looking gal. He'd come home and say, "Dad, I met a terrific wom-

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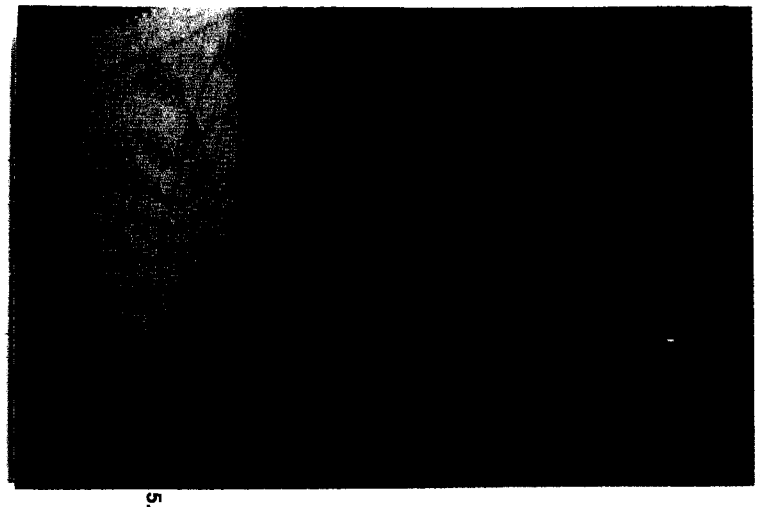

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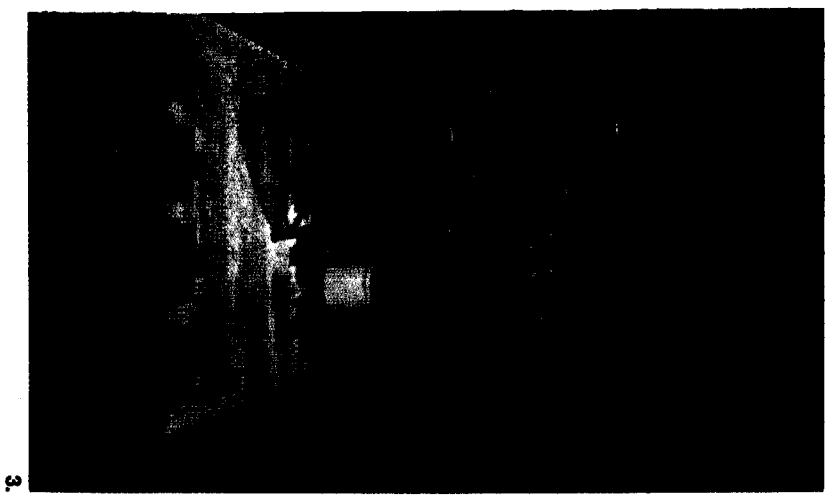

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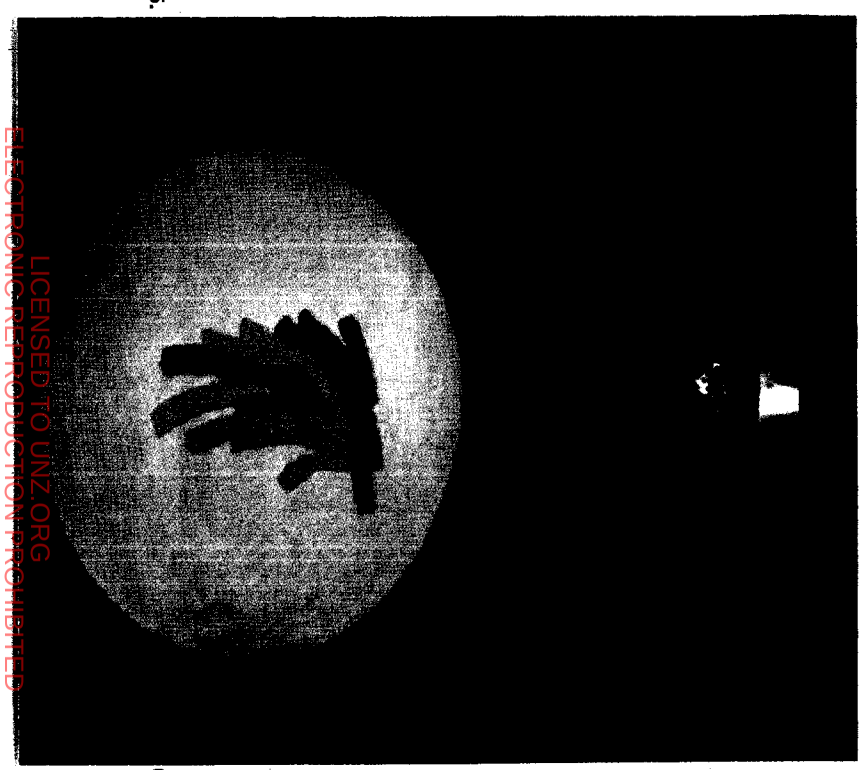

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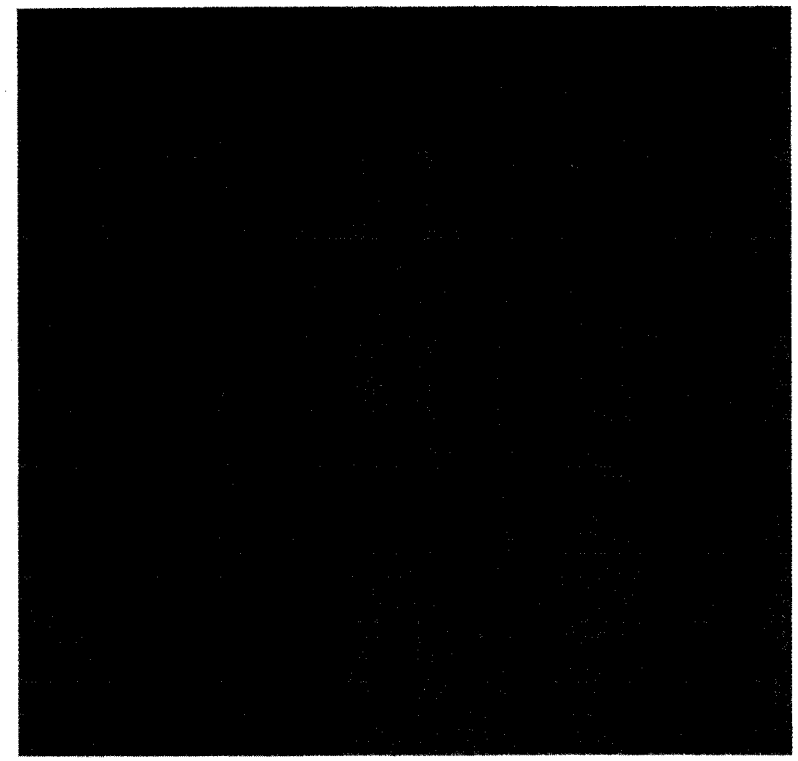

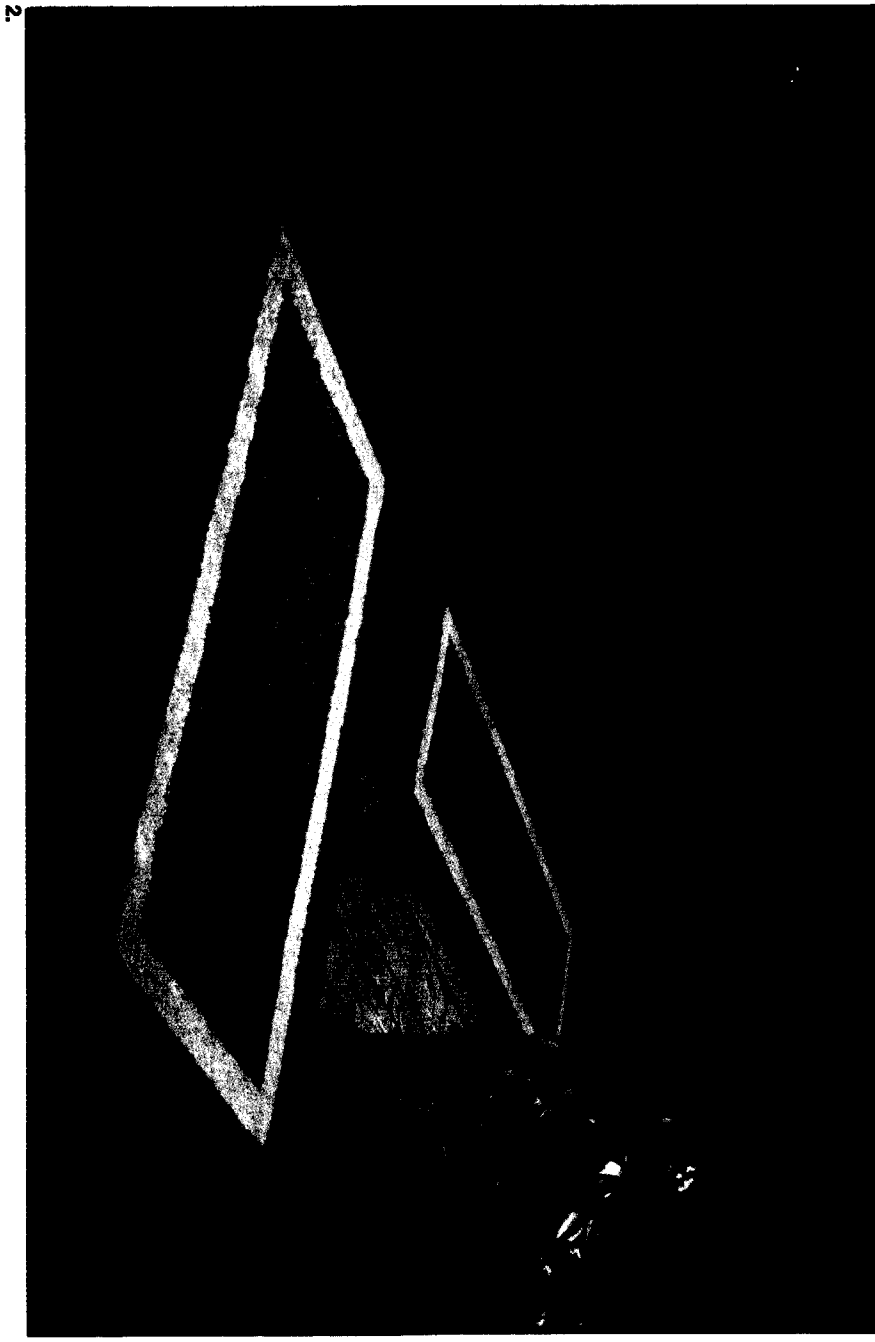

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an today, just terrific. Florence Ailsworth. She's going to make a wonderful wife." His father would say, "No, son, she's a beaut but she's your half sister." So finally after about five tries he went to his mother. He said, "Ma, every time I meet a beautiful woman Pa tells me she's my half sister." And she said, "Don't pay no attention to him, he ain't no kin of yours." '

"I wrote songs about my kids: Rory, 11, Jeffrey, 10, and Joel, 9. I wrote a lot of songs when I was high and lots when I was low. I wrote 'Daisy A Day' in about two hours one day as I was driving around the country thinking about an old couple I knew as a kid in Farmington when I used to visit grandmother. They had just the kind of love I was brought up with. Every day they walked slowly by my grandmother's house, my mom and dad and my grandmother and this couple all got mixed up in my feelings about life and love. As in 'Daisy,' I usually describe my own feelings in my songs. Nashville writers write great songs, but some of them know what the hit formula is and can crank out a song to fit; I can't. I have to write my song from the heart, and just hope it's got something by chance that makes it a hit.

"Let me tell you about 'Daisy.' I loved 'Laugh In.' I did it for a year. I've done 'Hee Haw' a number of times. I look back with nothing but pleasure at 'Laugh In' because it was a crazy, great group. I did it only a year, but I loved everybody on that show. And they were the ones who really gave me a break with 'Daisy A Day.' No one had ever done a song on that show. But Dick and Dan and Mark London, one of the writers, and Paul Keyes, the producer, told me they wanted me to do 'Daisy A Day,' and I couldn't believe it. I thought they were going to hoke it up, but they set it up straight, and I'm sure it was the only song that was ever done on 'Laugh In' seriously. And when it was all over, I said, 'Boy, you could have had anybody sing that.' And they said, 'Yeah, Jud, but it's your song.' It was one of the great thrills in my career."

Jud got his first real break when he decided to try to get into West Coast entertaining, and bravely appeared at The Horn in Santa Monica, for $25 a night. At The Horn Jud caught the eye of Pierre Cossette, the well-known Hollywood manager and producer, who dropped into the place every now and then to prospect. Cossette looked and listened and then signed Strunk to a contract. Cossette next staged a "Jud Strunk Show" at the Century City Playhouse where his fresh talents could be observed by a specially invited audience. This exposure in turn led him to appearances on the Merv Griffin and Glen Campbell television shows and a four-part series of specials called "The Changing Scene." Following this was a signing of a record contract with MGM records and a concert tour with Andy Williams. What more could a young strummer ask?

He asks to be in Maine. Strunk's 600-acre farm is so isolated that he can't see another house, power line or television antenna. All he can see, he says, are mountains, meadows, trees and lakes. That's what he likes.

"When I'm home," says Jud, "the fact that I'm in the entertainment business doesn't have any bearing at all. I live twenty-three miles from the Canadian border. We have a farm which was built in 1837 and which is like a museum. The wood stove in the kitchen and the wood fireplaces are kept going all the time. We have some stock, an old work horse, a little colt and a couple of pigs. In our community most of us are about the same age, thirty-five to forty, and we all went there at the same time. I survived because I play the banjo. They survived because they could use a hammer and out of this they built businesses. We all manage a pretty nice life up there. I turned down work over the Christmas holidays so I could be home in Maine with my family. Maine is all I've really got. That's where I intend to stay."

Talking to Jud, you discover that you're with a contented man. He's made some money, and it would appear that he's about to make a lot more. But that isn't really what he's out looking for. A daisy a day will do for him. He's that kind of guy. ☒

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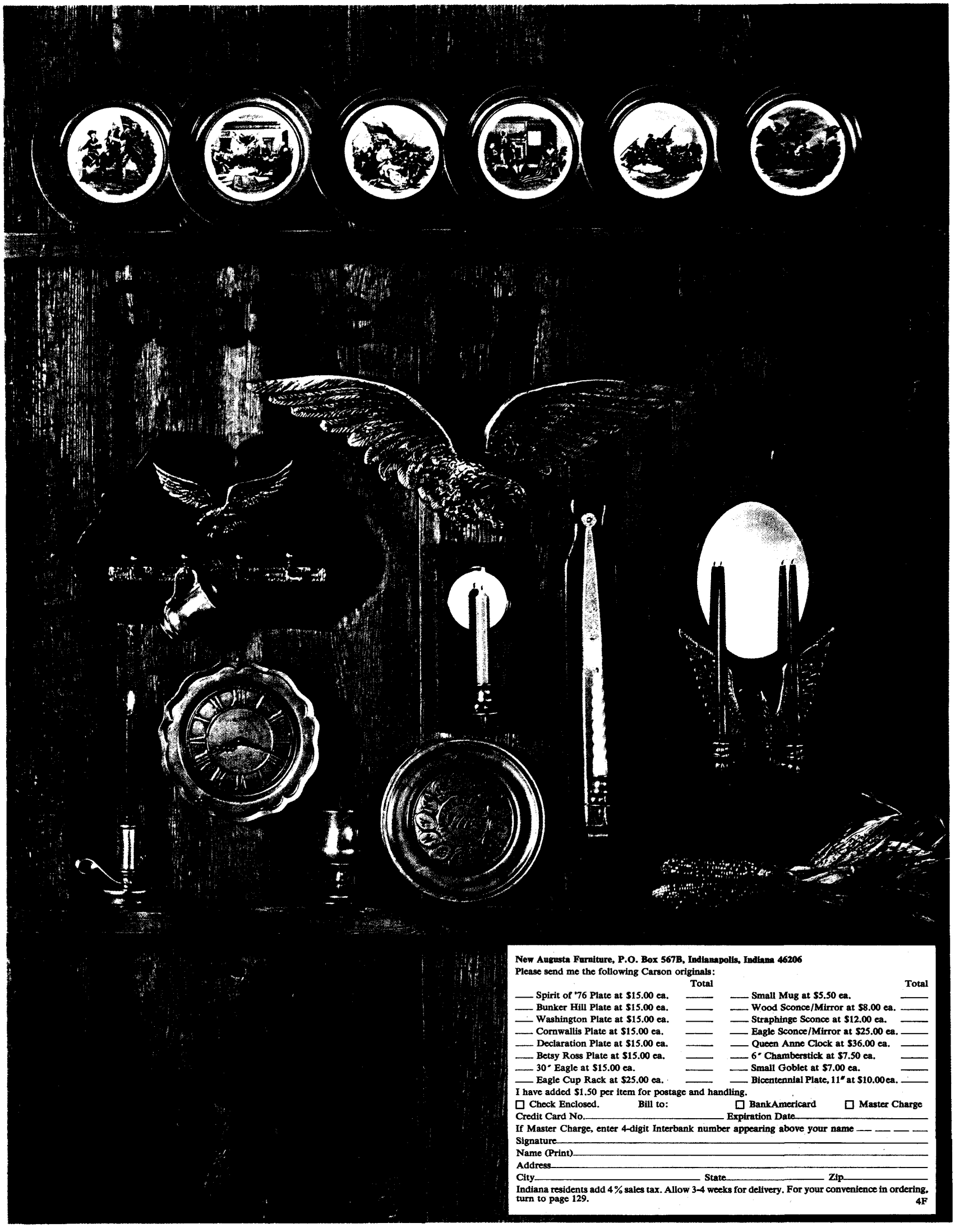

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EIN SWITCH

continued from page 38

seemed unable to get enough milk for his cheesemaking and happily paid him more when Ewebert spoke of hiring out to the factory.

Frau Goldgrabben had called upon Ewebert's wife, who was so flattered she sent home with her guest a container of the choicest cream taken from Frieda, their finest goat. Frau Kuttenlotz often contacted Ewebert to order cream several days in advance for her special parties, to which she invited Herr Limburgmacher and Herr Goldgrabben and their elegantly dressed wives.

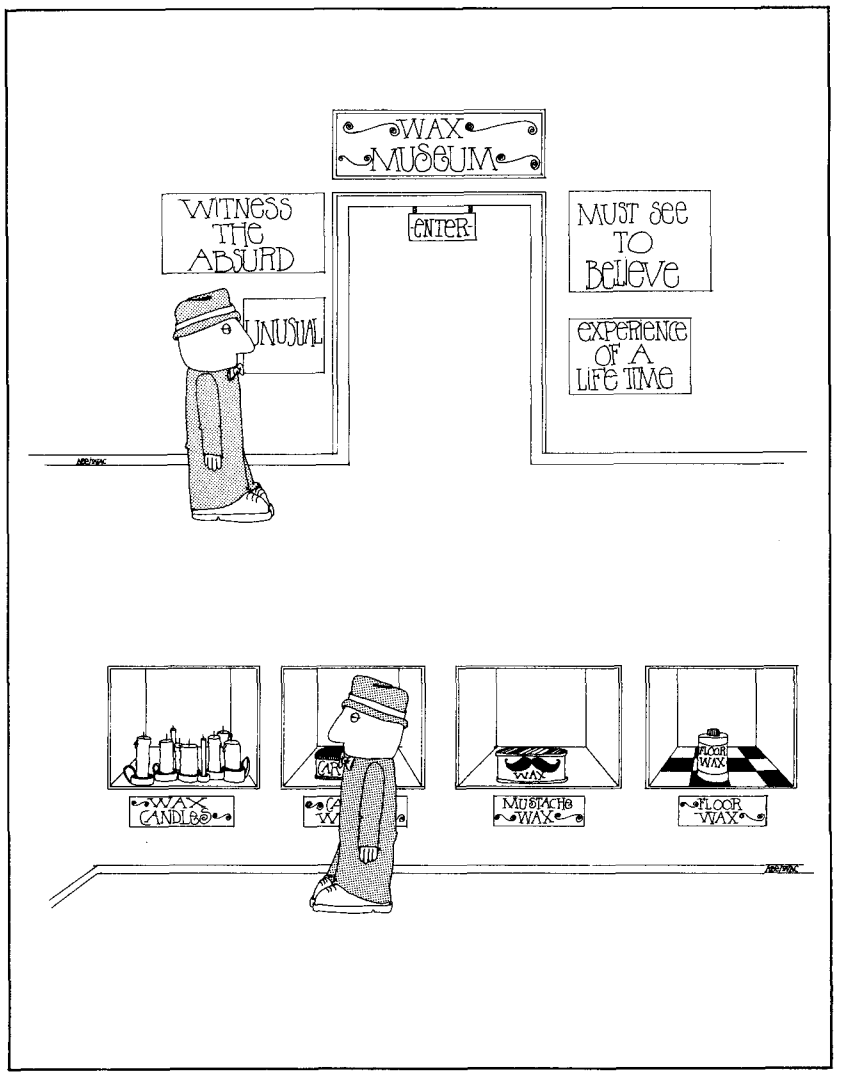
Meanwhile, villagers, unable to get enough milk delivered to them, began coming to Ewebert's humble home to pick up the foamy milk and rich cream fresh from the evening's milking. As the demand grew, the line of waiting villagers lengthened outside the shed where Ewebert hurriedly milked the goats. He felt important and nervous at the same time, and one evening when Dr. Kuttenlotz stopped by for his milk, Ewebert explained miserably that he had to milk four more goats and fill orders for twelve customers before he could serve the esteemed doctor.

Prices rose several times, and Ewebert fulfilled his dream of buying a bicycle for Wyler and a flute for Gretchen, along with music she could not yet play. Smiling foolishly, he came home one day with silk gloves for his wife. He smiled as she caressed them softly with her coarse, red hands and scolded him for his extravagance.

When Ewebert next visited Dr. Kuttenlotz's office and settled himself for a long wait, he was surprised to see how quickly the good doctor was ready to see him.

Ewebert was surprised. It seemed his entire life had changed. He had been able to paint his house and build a new shed for the goats. "Higher prices . . . more goats . . . higher prices," he thought over and over. "I can someday be as wealthy as the doctor and the merchant, for what is more important than food? Yes, what is more important than food?"

Yet he was sad, too. The Werkenharten family with the many children, and the Sicherlang youngsters whose father had been ill for many years, came and waited quietly each day for their milk. With each new rise in price they carried home less, and Ewebert sometimes increased their portions by selecting the milk from which the expensive cream had been skimmed. "The children are thin and need the cream," he worried, "yet I cannot sell it for less than



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the market price or I will deprive my own family."

He tried not to think of them often, but when the Werkenharten children or the Sicherlangs arrived with their containers, he tried to give extra measure or add a bit of cream to the pale, bluish milk.

When spring came and the hills turned green again, Ewebert welcomed the sunshine and the walk to the mountain grazing lands. He soon learned that Karl Kiepenwehl, who had been among the first goatherds to work at the factory, was buying back a herd with what money he had saved at his job. Karl had been satisfied enough with the hours and pay, but he was not happy being told each day what he must do. And when the trees began to bud, he missed the crisp, clean air and the warming sunshine.

Other goatherds returned to the grazing lands and before long the cheese factory was operating as busily as ever; and although prices for goats' milk had dropped again, they were not as low as they once had been.

Several times the goatherds met and talked of keeping prices up. To do so, they agreed, they must cut their herds or pour into ditches some of the rich milk of which they were proud. They had heard of strikes at the Schmogstehen factory which brought raises to workers, and agreed they could earn more by agreeing on a price they would all take for their milk.

Ewebert thought of the Sicherlang children and the Werkenharten family, and he was sure the other goatherds knew of thin children in their own villages who needed the milk.

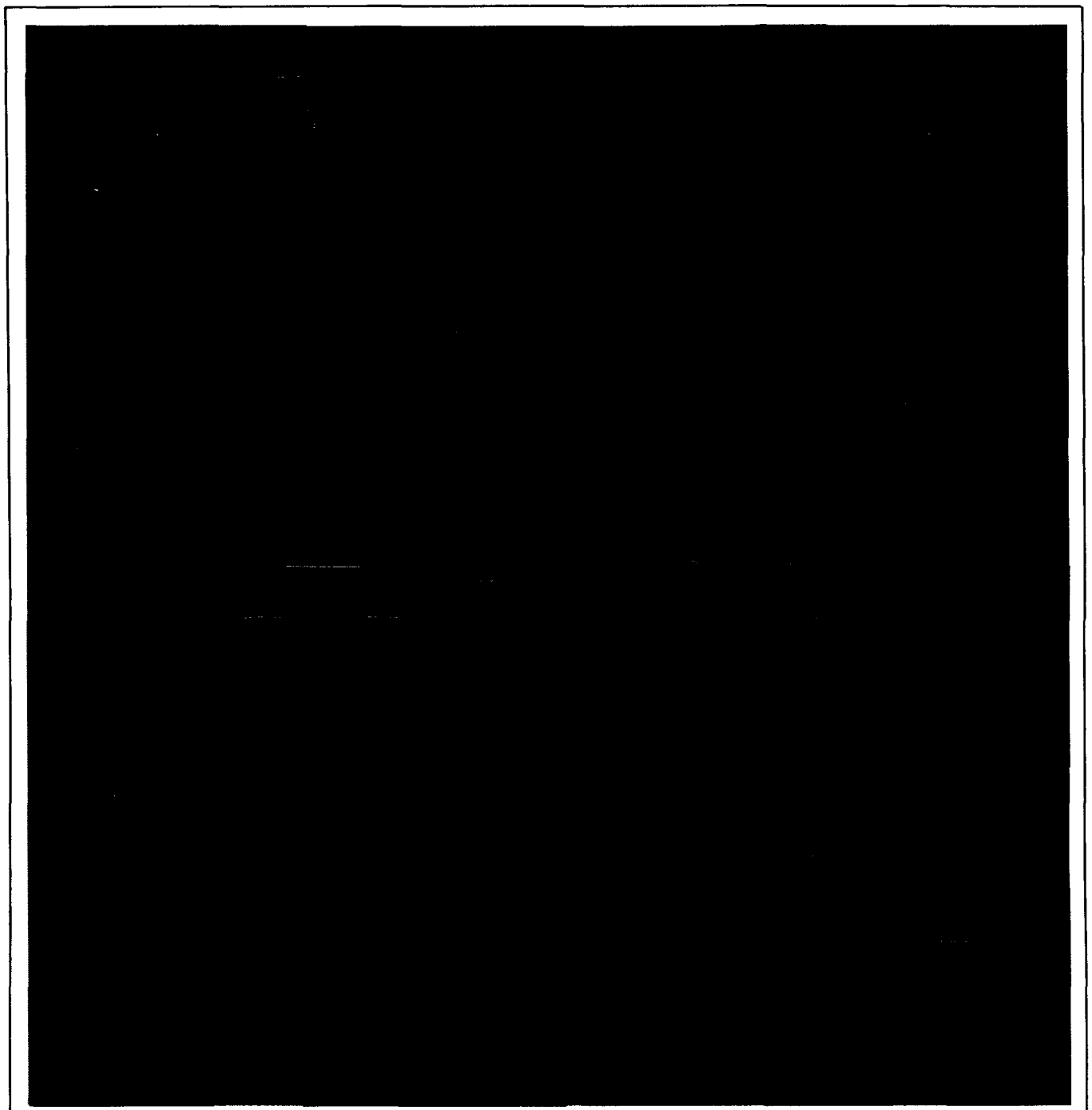
Besides, noted Ewebert, each goatherd is busy taking care of his herd, and no one wants to be the leader. Soon the meetings stopped.

Ewebert gave up his dream of adding a great section to his little house. Wyler delivered newspapers on his new bicycle, and Gretchen, who enjoyed her flute as much as ever, took babysitting jobs to pay for her lessons.

Ewebert herded the goats, as usual, on the grassy mountainside, and in the evenings as he brought them home through the village, he spoke to the townspeople, who often replied with nods and smiles. Sometimes he handed the doctor's wife a wild flower from the foothills or sent Gretchen with some cream to the merchant's house when he heard of a special party to be given.

He pretended not to notice those who snickered anew at his backward ways, and had to smile when he thought of Herr Limburgmacher, who had become as aloof and impatient as ever.

Each day as Ewebert herded the goats back to the lush slopes he paused to admire the village sleeping quietly in the long, cool shadows of morning. Occasionally he visualized a home of his own on the grass-filled lot next to the merchant. On those days the bread of the crude sandwich gripped in his powerful hand seemed dry and tasteless.



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Wings of music for the great American Bicentennial.

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If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, we need not care who should make the laws of a nation.
Andrew Fletcher (1655-1716)

Normally the most sweet-tempered of men, last evening when I sat playing my piano, I saw red.

I am not angry at my fate, wretched as that is. Why should I be upset when I am technically and musically the superior of Van Cliburn—a fact equally obvious even to that celebrated virtuoso? I only reflect that in the great pianistic competition at the Moscow Conservatory in 1958, eventually won by Van Cliburn, I was clearly recognized as the world's most gifted performer. Except by one critic, Vladimir Yaraslovsky, a local oaf whose taste was mostly in his mouth. He derided the purity of my legato in scalework. And as such, deserved the clout on the nose I fetched him, as well as the splayed proboscis he has carried ever since through life. However, my punch, well timed as it was, was also my undoing. I smashed the middle knuckle of my right hand on that pig-faced Siberian ignoramus. So I not only had to withdraw from the competition, which I would have won "hands down" (I am also somewhat well known as a wit) but have since abandoned the concert stage and been condemned to a penurious career of teaching the divine art of keyboard proficiency to sniveling little monsters and ham-handed adults who would be better off pursuing the careers for which nature originally intended them, such as cabbage picking or sewer inspection.

No, even-tempered as I am, I was not seeing red in the sense of being angry. I was seeing RED—the color. It always happens to me when I play the opening bars of "Liebestraum" by Franz Liszt, one of the few compositions in which he was able to restrain his cheap trumpery and noisy arpeggio claptrap.

"Naturally, you are seeing red, my boy," I heard a voice say. "Middle C *is* red."

I confess to having been greatly startled. Although I enjoy the company of others as a rule, I double-bar the locks on my front door, and also turn the key in the entrance to my studio as an insurance of privacy when I play. Who could be talking to me? How did he enter my retreat past those steel barriers?

Looking up from the keyboard, I saw a figure gradually materializing beyond the sounding board of my grand piano. There was no mistaking him, not old Ben Franklin. There was the grand forehead of the man who was one of the most remarkable men in American history—statesman, scientist, inventor, educator, politician, musician, writer, editor and printer. His biographer Carl Van Doren said of him, "In his grand dimensions . . . he seems to have been more than any single man: a harmonious human multitude." He was wearing the bifocal glasses he also had been first to *visualize* (my friends say that my wit is often a toss-up between sharp or flat) and peering at me not unkindly over the tops. He wore a costume of his own time—the neck ruffles, silken vest, frock coat, breeches, calf-length white silk hose, and black leather shoes topped with enormous silver buckles. I thought I even detected a lace handkerchief tucked away up one sleeve, a rather revoltingly feminine gesture I generously ascribed to the custom of his day.

"You are interested in . . . in . . . music, also?" I stammered, ordinarily the most eloquent of men (my acquaintances constantly praise me as a

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conversationalist, I am told, so brilliant that they prefer to see me only at long intervals in order to savor the experience). "I had thought of you more as the grandee of science and government."

"Well," said Benjamin Franklin, coming over and joining me on the piano bench. "My father played the fiddle a little for us in Boston—that was before I moved to Philadelphia because, if you must know, I couldn't stand one of my brothers. And then in 1760, I actually gave a musical concert in Paris. I was representing the State of Pennsylvania at the time, and was intrigued at the popularity of the fad of playing musical glasses. People were then setting out rows of drinking cups, tuned by means of a greater or lesser amount of water, and rubbing along their rims with wet fingers in melodic sequence."

"A rather inane—I mean a very plain kind of musical expression," I murmured.

Franklin glanced at me sideways for a moment. Then he smiled.

"Yes, quite plain," he admitted. "So I fashioned this primitive device into something I called a glass harmonica. The player, sitting at a stand not unlike that of your modern sewing machine, touched the rims of glass bowls fitted into one another on a horizontal axle so that only the rims were accessible, while the foot was on a treadle to keep the axle rotating.

"A device cop—I mean adapted from the potter's wheel, invented thousands of years before in the Orient," I noted. "Transparently, you have a musical instinct."

Franklin did not catch the subtle pun, or at any rate was too bemused in thought to acknowledge it.

"It taught me what I was mentioning before to you," said the sage. He reached out and touched middle C on my piano. I must confess to a slight restless movement of my body—I do not like outsiders playing my piano. It upsets the balance of my own touch.

"I see that I have surprised you," said old Ben, with a friendly twinkle in his eye. "But I did not really mean to. My opening remark on middle C was merely an introduction brought on by its repetition in the opening bars of that lovely music you were playing. I opined that as there is such a close linkage in the physical laws of sound and color—sound and light are actually identical except in the length of their waves and the nature of the media which act as their carriers—I could also appear to you as a musician. We share a mutual appreciation of the law that time is an endless current: you and I are in the same stream. Only a slight shifting of my position, a little paddling on my part, if you care to put it that way, enables me to catch up with you along the smooth-gliding centuries."

I covered the broken knuckle of my right hand with my left, somewhat self-consciously. I prayed inwardly that my musical gift, however marred, might justify this miraculous vision of one of the world's greatest intellects of all time.

"Please explain your theory of sound and color," I said. In spite of myself, I was intrigued.

"Thank you," said Ben. "Vibration is the universal law. The scale of light and the scale of sound are one in principle. Chemistry and mathematics prove that the natural scale of light and sound are one. Therefore the colors of the solar spectrum and the tones of the musical scale have the same ratios in vibration. Innumerable vibrations above the middle C I have just touched, equivalent vibrations are giving out the color of red."

"Interesting if true," I could not help saying.

"Let me put it this way," said Franklin.

"A tuning fork, C-major (256 vibrations per second), set in motion, travels at 20° C. a distance of 344 m., causing the first wave to be at that distance from the fork when it has completed its 256th vibration, and proving that in 344 meters there are 256 waves, each being the length of 344/256 m., or 1.344 m.

"Therefore, speaking generally, wavelength = velocity frequency, which gives the equation

$$l = v/n;\ v = nl;\ \text{and}\ n = v/l.$$

"Agreeable with Fraunhofer lines, in air at 20° C. and 760 mm. pressure, the longest wave in the solar spectrum is obtained. Red (spectrum), the Angstrom unit for this special color, is .68 microns (6870 mm.), namely: 344/256 m. raised to its 29th power, using the binary numeral (2).

"Thus from the lowest independent audible tonic or fundamental C (32 vibrations) RED is visible as a light wave in the 32nd octave."

I threw up my hands and laughed at my absolute defeat.

"You win, revered sir," I said. "I should have known better than to try to match knowledge with such as Ben Franklin."

It is not often that I am so thoroughly chastised, yet beaten so graciously as to preserve my self-esteem. Somehow or other, I felt better all over at my discomfiture. In my delight, I shook Franklin's hands vehemently in both of mine. He looked down and saw my mutilated knuckle. His face softened, and he put an arm around my shoulders. Now he understood some of my bitterness and pettiness.

"In the end, my son," said the sage, "music is the voice of the spirit. Color or sound, it speaks for the heart. That is one reason why I have elected to visit you. Some vibrations have reached

Continued on page 136

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WRITE A SONG TO CELEBRATE

The Saturday Evening Post invites all American composers to lift up their notes and our hearts with a rallying song for the 1976 United States Bicentennial.

Song is the language of the spirit. So let's bring back the Spirit of '76—brave, never-say-die, Yankee Doodle fight-em to a finish—for our 1976 to come. For some time now, long before songwriters deserted June/Moon for Open Road laments, there hasn't been a good rousing tune for Americans to rally 'round.

Can you write words and/or music, or team up with some lively character, and turn out a tune for 1976 which will make the welkin ring for our country, its 200th birthday, and the great years ahead? We want to find the Francis Scott Keys and the John Philip Sousas of today, and bring their songs to the voices of America. Whip out the foolscap, lads, tickle up the sharps and flats, and lay them down on staves for your country! We'll help you along by publishing the best rousers in the pages of the *Post*. Your theme is America and the Bicentennial. How can you miss?

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Second place, 15-day trip to Honolulu, includes airfare, hotel accommodations and meals.

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RULES FOR POST MUSIC CONTEST

1. Music and words must be original. One or more songs may be submitted.
2. Entrants may be one person submitting both lyrics and music or team of two or more collaborating on music and lyrics. Prizes will be awarded as if to single entrant.
3. Preferred form of score: legibly annotated for playing by pianist. Score may be restricted to melody, or include harmony, but must conform to accepted standards of musical notation. A clear score, either in original manuscript or copy thereof, is required. The score must not exceed, generally speaking, the approximate length of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Slightly less or more will be acceptable, but not excessively so.
4. Lyrics: limited to three verses, plus chorus, as desired. Must be accompanied by typewritten transcript of the words.
5. Entries will be accepted July 15, 1974 through September 15, 1974.
6. Entries should be mailed to:
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   The Saturday Evening Post
   1100 Waterway Boulevard
   Indianapolis, Ind. 46202
7. The original music contest is open to all amateurs except employees, and their families, of the *Post*, and Curtis Publishing Company, Inc., and its subsidiaries.
8. Winners will be announced in the earliest subsequent issue of the *Post*, which will publish suitable submissions. The decisions of the judges, who will be authorities in the field of music, will be final.
9. *The Saturday Evening Post* will have all publication rights.

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by. No disturbance of any kind was encountered.

Khrushchev, as it turned out, was actually in an ebullient mood. He had achieved his objective of coming to the United States and had met a reception which, while hardly heartwarming, was at least correct and uneventful.

At about 3:20 that afternoon the Vice-President, Secretary of State, and Llewellyn Thompson (U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union) joined the Boss in the Oval Office. Ten minutes later Chairman Khrushchev, followed by Minister of Foreign Affairs Gromyko, Ambassador Menshikov, interpreters, and a couple of others joined the Americans. The group conferred around the Boss's desk much as in any routine staff meeting.

Khrushchev, carrying his usual excessive weight, was suffering from the Washington heat. His first act on entering was to present the Boss with a replica of the object the Russians had recently dropped on the moon. Understandably, the Boss was not exactly pleased. The Soviet moon shot, occurring only a few days before, seemed hardly a coincidence. Nevertheless, he accepted the gift with composure. "After all," Dad said later, "the fellow might have been sincere."

The Boss opened the conference. He had no desire, he said, to restrict the subjects to be covered, but time was particularly short that day. Therefore, he continued, it might be best to utilize this meeting principally to plan the rest of Khrushchev's trip. From the beginning, this exchange unearthed some of the problems we would face. The Chairman, for example, misled as he was about the United States and our political structure, could not conceive that statements made by our press or by local American officials could originate from any source other than the government. The Boss tried to explain that he himself was often the object of a great deal of criticism from the press and opposing politicians. Khrushchev was stony, unconvinced.

The first conference finished, the Boss took Khrushchev aside and talked alone for a few minutes. They then left for a helicopter tour around the city, which was accepted only when Khrushchev was satisfied that the Boss himself would go along. At the end of the trip Khrushchev was delighted. He had, to be sure, criticized much of what he had seen—American mobility, for example, and our lifestyle of individual housing. But he was intrigued by the helicopters. In fact, he asked if he could purchase three of the same model for his own use.

Dinner that night was a routine state-type affair with all its attendant glitter and pomp. Khrushchev and his family, according to the tenets of Communism, refused to wear dress clothing. Instead, all—including the normally resplendent Menshikov—came in business suits. Before dinner a small group gathered on the second floor of the White House, and Barbara and I had the chance to converse with Khrushchev's family. His wife, we learned, though she looked like a peasant woman, was a scientist in her own right, holding a Ph.D.

The memorable event of the evening was Khrushchev's toast. In making it, he confirmed that he was indeed unable to leave politics aside, even at a social event, and launched into an extemporaneous discussion of the relative strengths of the two countries. A few days before he had stated that he would "bury" us—meaning, he explained later, economically. This evening he put the frosting on the cake and said:

What we should now do is to strive together to improve our relations. We need nothing from the United States, and you require nothing that we have. It is true that you are richer than we are at present. But then tomorrow we will be as rich as you are, and the day after tomorrow we will be even richer.

After dinner Khrushchev was entertained by Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Though I enjoy Waring's singing group very much, I thought at the time that in future evenings it might be complimentary to throw in something Russian. Therefore, when Khrushchev was out West the next week, Pete Aurand and I contacted the Marine Band ensemble, who were going to entertain at Camp David, and asked if they could learn some Russian melodies. We came up with a list, to include "Dark Eyes," "Katushka," and "Stenka Rasin," favorites from Vienna days. The idea was that at Camp David the ensemble would alternate between American and Russian tunes. I checked the repertoire with the State Department (God knows why!) and received negative advice on "Stenka Rasin." Reason: it was a tune from czarist times. I respected their advice, but later I told a Russian-American and he hooted. "Stenka Rasin," the song of the river bandit, had nothing to do with the czar, it was a Russian folk song that Khrushchev would have particularly enjoyed.

The Royal Family

A Visit to Balmoral Castle: Scotland, 1959

Balmoral Castle is a comfortable place but not lavish. Dad occupied the same room on the first floor as on our previous visit thirteen years earlier. The rest of us were at hand right down the hall. There were, of course, plenty of footmen to take care of everyone's needs, but otherwise the atmosphere was informal.

One of the appealing customs the Royal Family observed was that of changing the seating arrangements at each meal. At noon that day I was placed next to Prince Philip, that evening next to Princess Margaret (where I was unable to convince her of the virtues of benedictine and brandy as an after-dinner cordial). As was customary, the household held other guests, personal friends of the Queen and Prince.

That afternoon Dad and I were invited for a trip around the castle grounds. The Queen drove the station wagon deftly and Dad sat in the front seat. Princess Margaret and I sat in the back. Occasionally we were held up by a small barrier in the form of a sapling log, its end resting on two posts, extending across the road. It would then be up to the Princess and me to pile out of the back seat, remove the obstacle, and replace it after the station wagon had passed through. Several of these were encountered along the hilly dirt roads, but nobody ever explained their significance.

For his part, Dad was enjoying the sojourn thoroughly. The absence of visible security people gave him a sense of escape. However, as we were nearing our destination we encountered one of the presidential Secret Service Detail standing by the side of the road looking rather smug. The Old Man's disappointment was obvious.

Eventually we joined the rest of the guests in a small clearing, where a modest stone cottage stood by a lake. Before long we were inside with the Queen preparing tea and scones over a charcoal broiler. Afterward we all cleared the table, but the Queen herself did the bulk of the dishwashing, with Dad pressing hard to help as much as he could. No servants were around; this was the Royal Family's method of getting away from it all.

The next morning everyone breakfasted in his own room. At 9:00 a.m. the Queen and Prince came down to bid goodbye. Before leaving I produced the Boss's gift, the AM/FM radio. To my dismay it failed to make a sound. Prince Philip, quite accommodating, said not to worry, as the reception was very bad around there. Exasperated, I blurted out, "But this thing doesn't even produce static!" (A chagrined Pete Aurand had the radio replaced in a matter of days.)

At the Dyce Airport Prince Philip took his leave and we were off once more on the Queen's flight, destined for Chequers.

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Later that afternoon I occupied myself in our office on the second floor, writing acknowledgments for the trip to Balmoral. As it turned out, there were approximately fifteen people deserving of a note of thanks for their role in arranging the one overnight stay in Scotland. At about time to quit I was alone; the telephone rang and I identified myself. I soon learned to my consternation that the caller was a reporter. The gentleman's voice brightened when he heard my name, and he asked questions regarding our reaction to the magnificent reception in London two days earlier. I answered as politely as I could, saying that the Boss and his party were all delighted, and got off the phone as quickly as possible.

That evening, Dad, Herter, Macmillan and Lloyd conferred privately. Meetings with the British were always eased by the fact that the two nationalities speak relatively similar languages.

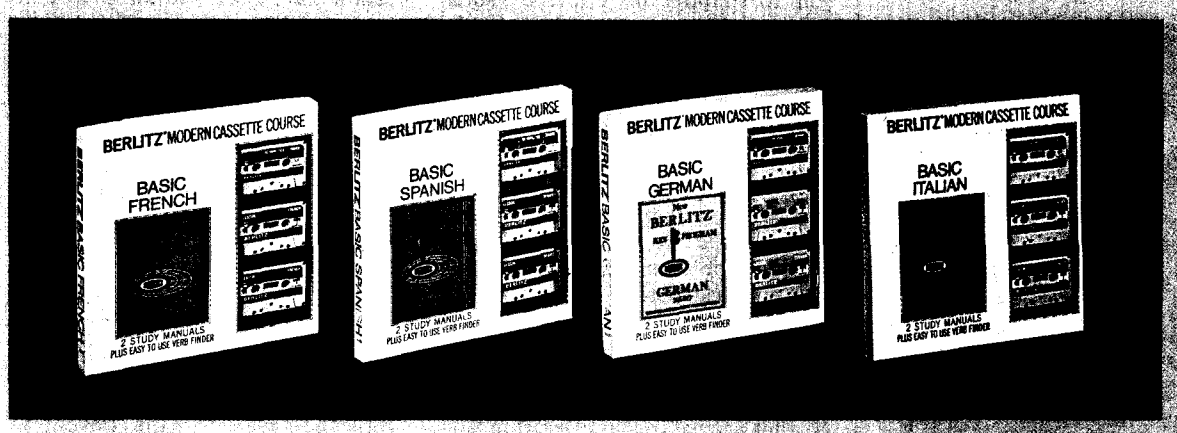
The next morning, Sunday, I was awakened by a roar: "What the hell have you been doing talking to reporters?" In haste I dashed into the Boss's room. There on the front page of one newspaper was a long article written by my caller of the afternoon before, blessed with much by way of embellishments. I explained that I had been trapped but was unable to account for the embellishments. Soon Andy Goodpaster, who had heard the summons, came to my rescue. He looked the article over quickly, then convinced the Old Man that I had truly been misquoted. Fortunately Andy hit upon a phrase in the story, "We were knocked sideways by it all." This is a typically British expression and foreign to my lexicon. The Boss, mollified, merely grumbled and restated—unnecessarily—that it was not the function of the White House staff to give press interviews.

An Era Passes

Last Days of
Dwight D. Eisenhower:
Washington, 1969

In March 1968, while visiting Palm Desert, California, the Boss was struck with his third major heart attack. He had suffered two earlier ones, the first in September 1955 and a second one in November 1965.

At the time of his decision to run for a second term as President, after the first attack, the doctors had predicted that he could lead an active life for a period of as long as ten years. This indeed he had done. Not only had he completed his second term in office in excellent health but had, at the age of seventy, gone into a retirement at Gettysburg that most men would have considered a most active life. It seemed, before the second attack in November 1965, at Augusta, that he might never have another, although he had remarked just before the event that the ten years the doctors had prognosticated



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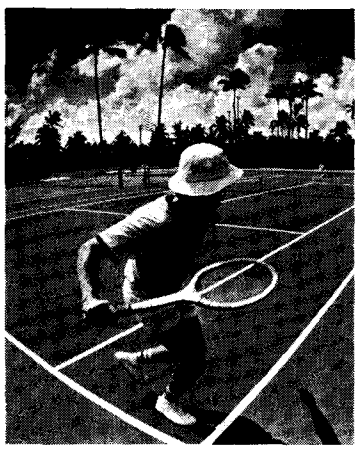

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before were up. He had shown no marked further deterioration during the three years from 1965.

The role that psychological influence played in bringing on his long final illness can hardly be guessed at, even by the most competent specialist. But after the 1965 attack Dad showed signs of being aware that another attack might be his last. He began to simplify his estate by such measures as dispersing his magnificent herd of Angus cattle, and the doctors restricted his golfing, a real passion of his life. Dad showed no outward signs of worry, especially for himself. However, being a practical man, he realized that with every succeeding attack he had less heart reserve, and he simply made his plans, in the meantime following the doctors' instructions to the letter. He always had.

But isolated events disclosed that the recognition of mortality existed beneath the surface. When Dad and Mother arrived in Palm Desert in late 1967, for example, Mother called to say that the Boss was in bed with some sort of ailment, his spirits low. On the trip out, the train had stopped in Abilene, and Dad had made a special trip to the Meditation Chapel, his and Mother's future resting place. He had left, upset, an emotion brought on not by concern for himself but by the sight of the tiny plaque on the floor where the body of my older brother had been placed. (Doud Dwight Eisenhower—"Icky"—had died in 1921, age four. He had been buried at Fairmont Cemetery, Denver, but had recently been moved to Abilene in accordance with the Boss's wishes.) Icky's death made an impact on both my parents that has been largely overlooked, principally because they rarely mentioned it, in private or in public. But in Dad's most personal book, *At Ease*, he wrote, "This was the greatest disappointment and disaster in my life, the one I have never been able to forget completely."

Happily, after a few days' rest in the California sunshine, the Boss recovered from this low spot and was obviously the picture of elation when at the age of seventy-seven he shot his first hole-in-one on the par-three golf course he was allowed to play. "The thrill of a lifetime," he gloated, putting the presidency and World War II in the shade.

* * *

When Barbara and I received news in 1968 that Dad had been moved to March Air Force Base but that the situation was not acute, we waited until he was transferred to Washington before we went to see him. In the meantime, however, the Boss had lost none of his flair for giving commands. Before departing from March, he had instructed the commanding officer of the hospital that the nurses accompanying him on the flight back East should be given a few days' leave in Washington before returning to California.

In Ward Eight at Walter Reed we found the Boss painfully thin but still exuding his customary good cheer, at least in the presence of visitors. He continued to show slow improvement and managed to take an active interest in the 1968 political campaign. So keen was he for the election of Richard M. Nixon that he finally determined to break a lifetime precedent by coming out for a candidate before the national convention. With his age and detachment from the political arena, he decided he could afford to take the liberty, and endorsed Nixon in a statement issued in the summer of 1968.

By late July the Boss seemed to be on the road to recovery. He was strong enough, the doctors decided, to make an address to the Republican convention. His attendance in Miami was, of course, out of the question, but he was able to put on a business suit and appear over television. That evening, August 5, I took the stage before the convention to accept a memento on his behalf. A few moments later he appeared on the screen, gaunt but alert, and gave a short speech of encouragement to the delegates present. Despite the normal confusion and clatter of a political convention, complete silence reigned until the Boss signed off. The next morning he suffered another heart attack.

On hearing of the Boss's condition I left Miami that Tuesday morning, August 6, to fly back to Washington.

This time Dad's difficulty took a new form. He suffered no additional muscle damage in the form of an "infarct," but the rhythm of the heart would periodically go out of control and "fibrillate," which means that instead of beating, it merely vibrated, pumping no blood. Any one of these attacks would have been fatal had they hit him on the street. But here in the hospital, sophisticated machinery could, by electrical impulses, restore the rhythmic beating. After the convention the rest of the family joined me at Walter Reed and we waited around for about a week, during which time Dad suffered these attacks periodically. When an attack occurred, the doctors would fly into action and the family would be relegated to a sitting room down the hall to await the outcome. I think it is safe to say that none of the doctors expected him to survive this period.

Strangely enough, between these attacks—which became less and less frequent—Dad seemed completely normal. Since each fibrillation was rectified quickly, no brain damage resulted. As a consequence, when the rest of the family arrived, he could visit with each one individually for short periods. His courage was inspiring and sometimes had shattering effects. When our daughter Susie, for example, was allowed to come into his room for a few moments, he forthwith admonished her lovingly about her current slimming diet. On leaving the room, Susie threw her arms around me and burst into tears of grief.

All families, in public life or not, face situations similar to this, in one form or another. We were utterly helpless to do anything and yet felt it necessary to be on hand. Barbara stayed with me in the Walter Reed guest house. The youngsters lived with friends around Washington. Mother was allowed to live in a room next door to Dad's in the hospital and naturally visited more frequently than the rest of us. She retained a remarkable spirit, sustained partly by many solicitous telephone calls from her friends and by the knowledge that the Boss was receiving the best medical attention possible. Further, the family was becoming inured to crises, all of which in the past had blown over. None of the other crises had appeared as serious as this one; still, the family retained hope, even expectation, of recovery, though given little encouragement by the doctors.

For my own part, the waiting was relieved somewhat by the fact that, as the son, I was saddled with certain responsibilities. These had begun some six years earlier when Colonel Paul Miller, of the Military District of Washington, had asked if I would assist him in his job of planning the Boss's state funeral, whenever that should occur. Such a request may seem morbid, but, as Paul pointed out, no man is immortal and *some* day this eventuality would have to be faced. Decisions made in a calm atmosphere, with the Boss in good health, would be easier to face than when made under the duress of bereavement. Accordingly, Paul and I spent hours in secret working out the details.

As a President's family is not accorded the privilege of a private funeral, these details are complicated. At the outset I convinced Paul that the length of time spent in ceremonies should be kept to a minimum in deference to Mother's frail health. Somehow Paul was able to cut off a day or two from his original plan, reducing everything to about six days. Further, since we could never subject Mother to the ordeal of flying under such conditions, plans had to be made for railroad transportation, even to the point of making a list of the people who would go along on the train to take care of her. With the basic plan agreed upon, then, we came to the touchy problem of who should be invited to attend each ceremony. Protocol dictated a good portion of these lists of "persons to be notified," but those to be invited on a personal basis had to be periodically brought up to date. Thus for six years Paul Miller had been coming to see me to check over the names of persons who had died as well as those of new friends.

This prior planning of state and official funerals, to the best of my knowledge, had begun with General Marshall in 1959, and Paul had per-

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formed the same duties in other cases, such as those of General MacArthur and President Herbert Hoover. Now, in August 1968, with the possibility of the Boss's passing becoming hardly academic, Paul and I, in Walter Reed Hospital, were actively planning.

Furthermore, I was the member of the family responsible for making certain decisions, all of which were easy because they were recommended unanimously by the doctors. These dedicated people were being bombarded with medical advice from all over the world. The most frequent advice rendered at this time was that of a possible heart transplant. This, the doctors explained, was out of the question. Heart transplants had never been attempted on persons of the Boss's advanced age. The oldest patient on which a transplant had been attempted had been fifty-seven years old; there was no hope attempting the procedure with a man of seventy-seven. But the doctors needed, for their own records, my formal agreement, which of course I gave. This type of duty kept my mind at least partly off the fundamentals of the situation.

As time wore on, the fibrillations became less and less frequent and finally came to a complete halt. It now seemed safe for me to return to Phoenixville. Though the experience had, of course, been a difficult one, it at least pointed up certain administrative arrangements which we had previously not foreseen and which would be easier whenever they would be needed at a later time.

Again the Boss improved. Apparently undamaged by his week-long ordeal, he maintained his same acute consciousness of events in the outside world. On his birthday, October 14, he was able to receive a number of visitors at the hospital, including General William Westmoreland, who had just returned from Vietnam to be Chief of Staff of the Army. That afternoon Dad was serenaded by the Army Band and was wheeled to his bedroom window, where he acknowledged the tribute by smiling and waving a small five-star flag. The occasion was sentimental and touching. It was saddened by this formerly dynamic man's obvious physical weakness.

His outlook remained calm and cheerful. His mind had been eased, he told me, by the fact that a law had been passed which gave widows of former Presidents lifetime Secret Service coverage. "This last August," he said, "when it looked like I might cash in my chips, my only worry was about Mamie. This puts my mind at rest on that count at least." But other events absorbed his attention. He was elated, of course, by the election of Richard Nixon as President, and he felt confident that once again the country would be in the hands of a responsible administration. The President-elect visited with him several times, but the Boss went even further. As each future Cabinet member was named by Nixon, Dad would ask for him to come to Ward Eight. To the best of my knowledge, the Boss interviewed and advised each future member of the Nixon Cabinet, somewhat to everyone's amusement. He and Mother were sad, of course, that he was unable to attend the weddings of two of his grandchildren, Barbara Anne in November and David in December. But, at least in the case of David's wedding to Julie Nixon, arrangements were made for him to witness the proceedings on closed-circuit television. And Anne and Fernando Echavarria, after their wedding in November, visited him, Anne wearing her wedding dress.

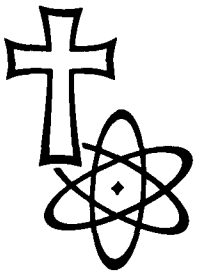
The family missed having Christmas and New Year's with Dad and Mother, since at this time Mother herself had come down with a severe respiratory ailment. For a period of time, while Ward Eight was being renovated, Dad was moved temporarily to the so-called Pershing Suite nearby, where the commander of the American Expeditionary Force of World War I had spent his last years.

Shortly after New Year's, 1969, Mother was still sick. She seemed in no condition for me to break the news of my forthcoming appointment as ambassador to Belgium, even though Brussels was only a few hours' flying time away. I had no compunctions about telling Dad. As it turned out, he had known of this possibility for some time and was enthusiastic. "Don't worry," he assured me, "I won't tell Mamie."

Thus Dad's condition seemed always to improve, and the question concerning us most was that of his future after his presumed release from the hospital. It seemed possible that he might be able to walk again with help or at least be moved around in a wheelchair. In order to allow him to go to work, Bob Schulz was beginning to plan for an elevator at the Gettysburg office so that the Boss could reach his desk without having to climb stairs. However, we all realized that it would be some time before this would become an immediate problem.

Confident that things were stabilized, Barbara and I took a short vacation with friends in the Bahamas and returned by way of Gainesville, Florida, to visit with her parents, who were likewise in poor health. On a Sunday evening in late February 1969, we received a call at dinner advising us that Dad would now have to undergo a major abdominal operation. The Air Force aide in the White House, with the President's authority, dispatched a Jetstar to Gainesville, and that same night Barbara and I were once more in Washington.

On arrival we learned that complications had arisen from Dad's ileitis operation of twelve years before. Scar tissue had wrapped itself around his intestine and was causing blockage. The operation was delayed for a day, but the next night, cheerful as always, the Boss said not to



IS IT POSSIBLE?

First Century
Christianity
In the
Twentieth Century

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The Word of God, the same "seed" which produced Christians in the first century, will produce Christians today (Luke 8:11; 1 Peter 1:23). Other seed or corrupted seed will not produce pure Christianity. Christ's church exists today wherever people follow the New Testament.

The churches of Christ urge a return to New Testament Christianity. Abandoning the corrupted seed of the traditions of men, man-made creeds, and denominational organizations, they stress the way of salvation delivered by Christ and his apostles. They teach the new birth of water and the Spirit (John 3:5), baptizing penitent believers for remission of sins and a new life (Acts 2:38; Romans 6:1-6).

Yes, it is possible to reproduce first century Christianity in the twentieth century. Only by a complete return to the teaching of the Scriptures, however, can we truly have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism" (Ephesians 4:4,5). Open your New Testament and follow its teaching. You can be just a Christian like Peter, Paul, the Eunuch, Priscilla, and others were 1,900 years ago.

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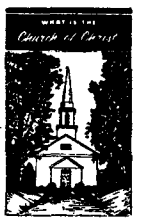

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worry, just to have a drink to him. As he was wheeled down the hall he gave us a "thumbs up" sign and broad grin.

A couple of hours later, General Leonard Heaton, who had performed the operation and had been watching Dad's health over these many years, came in elated. Heaton had been seriously concerned that Dad's weakened heart would be unable to hold up through the present operation.

After the hearing on March 7 I stopped by the hospital for a short visit. As he lay on his bed, Dad made a remark that jarred me. "It's an eerie feeling," he murmured, "to have them hit you with one thing and then another."

I left with a deep feeling of depression, not because I had been told anything disturbing by the doctors, but because this was the first time Dad had ever uttered anything bordering on despair.

* * *

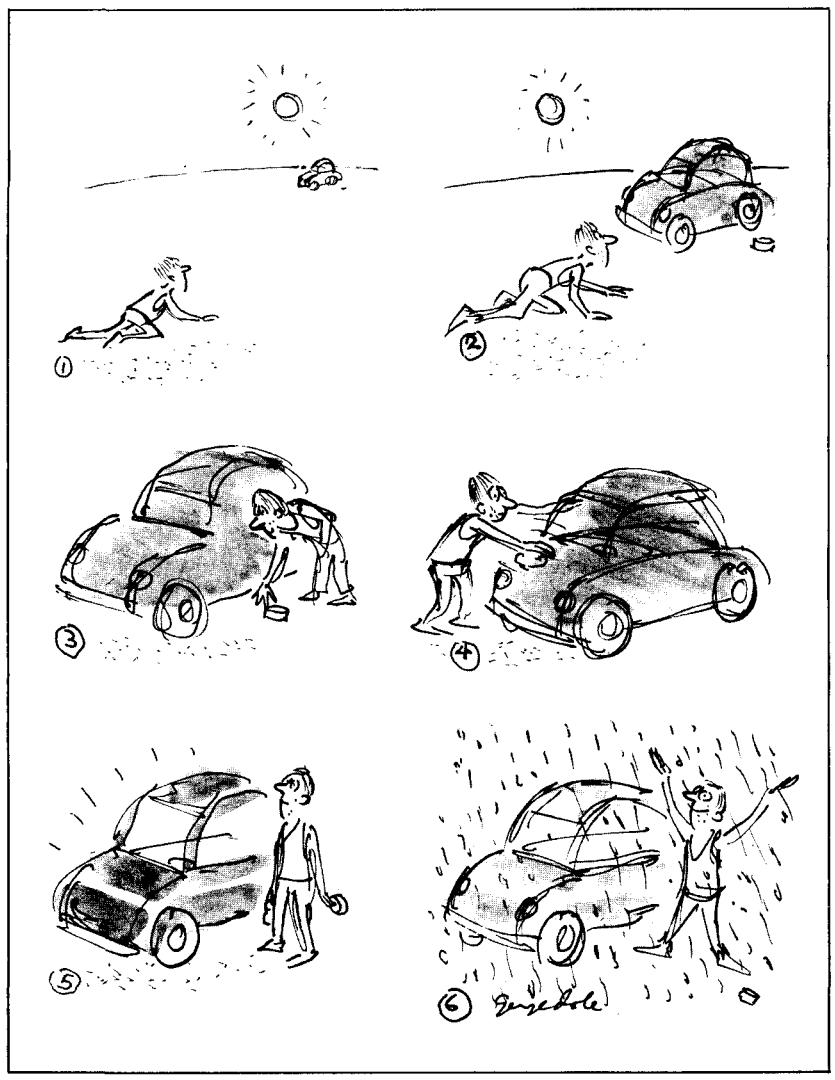
About two weeks later, on the afternoon of Monday, March 24, having made my last "book-and-author" luncheon, I turned on the radio on the way home from New York.

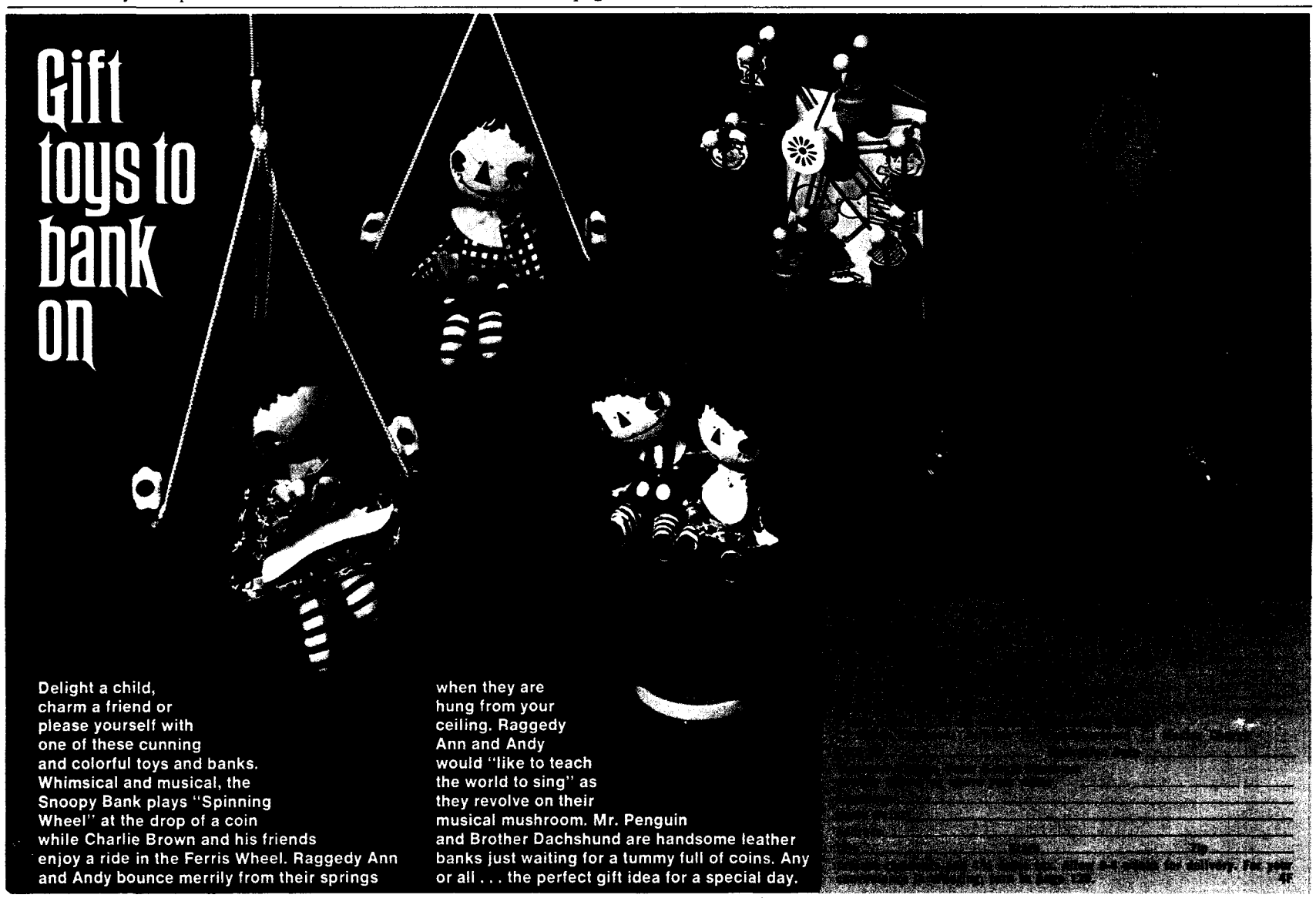
"General Eisenhower," the announcement came, "has suffered a severe setback. He is being given oxygen to combat a progressive heart failure." I knew this time that the end was really near. I pulled over to the Molly Pitcher refueling area on the New Jersey Turnpike and called Doctor Robert Hall at Walter Reed, the attending physician. Doc Hall obviously felt as I did but said there was no need to rush; tomorrow would be ample time to arrive. With this reassurance I went home for dinner but felt impelled to continue on to Washington. I took my leave and continued to Walter Reed.

The days dragged on, much as had the week during the previous August. David and Julie came, as did Barbara. Susie and Mary were visiting Anne in Bogota; but despite the fact that they just arrived, they turned around almost immediately for Washington. The Boss lay with the oxygen tubes in his nose, suffering from a filling of the lungs and aware that this time he would not make it. Nor did he want to by now. He had called in Reverend Billy Graham, I later learned, to talk of spiritual things. He ordered a dozen copies of *The Bitter Woods* for me to sign for the doctors and nurses who had taken care of him. In our conversations he tried to be cheerful but would squeeze in what obviously were last-minute instructions, such as "Be good to Mamie." We could no longer give words of encouragement. We simply listened.

During all this time the family remained as before, in a state of suspended animation. But realizing that the situation was hopeless, viscerally we still refused to give up. Mother took every day as it came and as usu-

Continued on page 127





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"YOU'RE WHERE? ON THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR!"

An adventure story in which an American ham radio operator sets up shop on Gibraltar and establishes friendly two-way contacts in 41 different countries.

By Ronald C. Williams

When you're short of room, you make room. In the foreground, the soccer field and civilian apartments. In the near distance, the Spanish town of La Linea—only yards away but cut off from the peninsula by the present diplomatic situation.

A ham operator since 1950, Ron Williams in his first published article tells of his experiences in his first trip abroad. A graduate of Ball State University, he presently works as a laboratory manager.

Here I was, an American from the Middle West leaving my family and job to venture overseas for the first time to visit the Rock of Gibraltar. True, the Prudential Life Insurance Company invites everyone to own a piece of the Rock but to go to the trouble of visiting the place might seem a little strange. Except in my case. As a ham radio operator with two-way contacts confirmed with 222 countries, I wanted to meet Jimmy Bruzon, the man, not just the voice, my radio contact in Gibraltar. I also wanted to hear what the world sounded like from this remaining dot of British Empire perched at the western gateway of the Mediterranean.

I landed with Tarik ibn Zaid, the Moor. We were 1,200 years apart but we landed on the same spot; he with his small boats on the flat land north of the Rock, I along the airstrip which now covers his assault beach.

On April 27, A.D. 711, Tarik had led his Saracen force of 12,000 men across the straits from Morocco and on this rugged peninsula began the Moorish conquest of Spain. By ordering a castle built on the side of the quarter-mile high rock, Tarik secured his communications lines with Africa and established a route for possible retreat. His castle is still standing today, overlooking the town and harbor. In addition to the castle, the Saracen general left another visiting card, the town's name. "Jabal" in Moorish means "mountain"; with "Tarik" it became Jabaltarik, Tarik's Mountain, which the centuries slurred into Gibraltar.

The airport area was found to be too tiny to handle modern planes, so thousands of tons of stone were poured into the bay to extend the runway several hundred feet. Even with all this, it is a fairly short strip compared to those of most modern airports. Our BOAC captain guided his craft skillfully through the turbulence near the Rock and touched down smoothly. The day was cloudy, and the east wind, known here as "The Levanter," was sweeping over the sharp top edge of the rock and forming a long, trailing cloud over the harbor. Only a short distance away the rock itself rises sharply next to the airstrip at sea level.

My purpose in visiting Gib (as it is affectionate-

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ly called by Gibraltarians) was to set up a small ham radio station and attempt two-way contacts with as many other stations as I could all over the world. Of course, the large commercial and military stations with thousands of watts and huge antennae carry on communications around the world with ease. My activities were to be much more modest. My complete transmitting and receiving equipment fit into a large suitcase and put out only 100 watts. The transmitting antenna was a single piece of wire thirty-two feet long. My first taste of Gibraltarian hospitality, which is excellent, came in the customs inspection. My equipment was obviously of some value and probably could be sold in Gibraltar. The customs people told me that in such a situation it would be necessary to deposit ten percent of the value to cover the import duty. This presented a problem, because I had brought enough money to cover food and lodging and such a deposit would cut my available cash pretty thin. I told them that I came as an American friend and a ham radio operator and that I wouldn't think of doing anything to violate the import regulations; furthermore, that I had no plans to sell the equipment, but if the possibility did arise, I would bring the buyer to their offices and pay the import duty. They then told me that this would be acceptable, and my only cost would be sixpence for the official stamp. That's about fourteen cents in U.S. money. So I could still rent a room and eat. The immigration agent stamped my passport, and I was free on the Rock.

There are several very fine hotels in Gib, but the idea of setting up a shortwave transmitter seemed a little irregular to some of them. Three refused permission, and one hotel manager thought possibly

Lord Nelson would have gazed upon this rugged fortress as his fleet rode at anchor in the Old Harbor prior to the Battle of Trafalgar. The "galleries," cannon emplacements cut into the Rock higher up, are more relics of Anglo-Spanish hostilities—this time the Siege of 1783.

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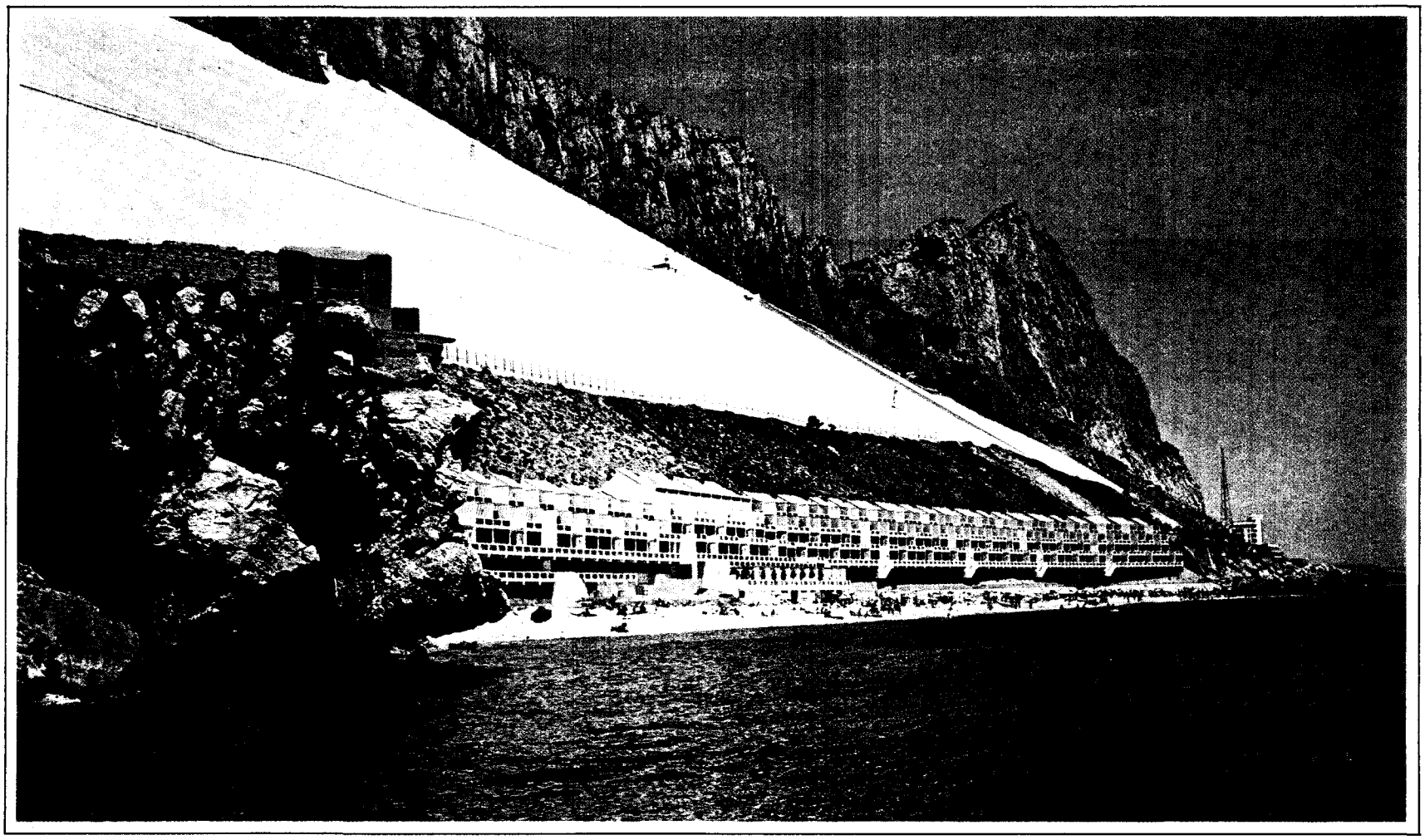
my proposal should be turned over to the police. This really was not a problem, as I had a Gibraltar wireless transmitting permit issued by the Gib Postmaster General, and I was sure that I could convince the police if necessary, but it could be a tiresome delay. Luckily, this hotel manager was interrupted by another matter, so I left quietly and continued my quest. Shortly I found the place: The Caleta Palace Hotel next to Catalan Bay Village on the east side of the Rock had once before accommodated an amateur radio enthusiast, and the hotel maintenance boss knew all about this sort of thing. He suggested a top floor room next to stairs leading to the roof for my antenna, and I was all set. I took all my apparatus up to the room and piled it on the bed and decided to see more of Gibraltar before installing the antenna. Besides, I had to find a Gibraltarian friend who had a transformer for me. My American equipment needed 120 volts, and Gib is on 240 volts, so I had to have the transformer to step down the voltage.

The military take care of the renowned Barbary apes of the Rock. If visitors must get into the act, they are warned to feed only fruit and nuts, and close the windows of cars since these creatures are among the world's greatest purse-snatchers. The apes are the only ones to run wild in Europe.

I had been talking by radio from Indianapolis to Jimmy Bruzon in Gibraltar for several weeks before my trip. He had obtained my wireless transmitting permit, mailed it to me and found a suitable transformer for me. I had Jimmy's address, and I knew it was somewhere in the main town, so I started off from Catalan Bay Village on the east side of the Rock around to the town on the west. This is about a mile or so and past the steep face of the Rock. I found later that a bus goes around every so often, and the fare is only five pence, but I didn't see the bus, so I walked. The taxi fare is fifty pence, and besides, I wanted to see more. I went around the Rock past the Royal Air Force hangars and barracks, the Gib Cemetery and some older barracks which housed a large number of Moroccan men. I went around past a number of fairly new apartment buildings, a couple of gasoline stations and on to the town gates. Up above on the sloping side of the Rock I could see Tarik's old Moorish Castle.

On through the gates and up Main Street. The town has a population of about 19,000. It is quite a mixture of peoples. English and Spanish mainly. I saw several Moorish women with veils covering their faces from the eyes down, usually walking alone, a few nuns usually two at a time, men in military and naval uniforms, men in business suits and coveralls, girls and younger women in short miniskirts, as attractive as in the United States and some maybe more so. (I was told that there are three girls for each man in the eighteen to twenty-five age group here, and there are lots of pretty ones. They speak English with a very charming British accent, and also fluent Spanish.) As I walked down Main Street, most of the conversation I heard was Spanish with English a close second. The schools are all taught in English, and the official language is English, but Spanish is also spoken by almost everyone—the hall maid in the hotel spoke Spanish only. On Main Street are stores, shops and offices as in any American town. Several banks, department stores, airline offices, ship offices and souvenir shops. Most of the grocery stores are quite small, nothing like U.S. supermarkets. No cars are allowed on Main Street during the day; it is reserved for pedestrian traffic. All cars and delivery trucks move single file in the narrow side streets, and if a truck driver stops to deliver something, you just wait until he is finished. On the narrow streets in many places there are no sidewalks. I was a little nervous at first with the cars zipping past. A Gibraltarian friend told me to quit looking over my shoulder. He claimed they always miss by four inches and will stop if they are going to hit you. I quit looking back but was still nervous. He also told me not to worry if I was run over. No problem about hospital or doctor bills, as Gibraltar has government-supported medical care the same as in England.

In the center of town I asked a policeman directions and found I was only a few streets from Jimmy Bruzon's house. I went on over and met Jimmy



How better to collect water for the city than by letting the rain splash against a catchment on the eastern side of the mountain and then letting it run in sluices to the reservoir?

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and his wife Tere. I had been talking to him for several weeks on the radio, but this was the first time we had met. I asked him about the Moroccans I had passed at the barracks: Was I likely to have any problems walking by there after dark? He told me that they would not bother a local person. I reminded him that I was hardly a local person. Jimmy said that was true, but to them I looked English and not Moroccan and not to worry. He was right; I had no problem.

Several hundred Moroccans have been brought in as contract laborers. Spain closed the border to Gibraltar in 1968 in an effort to convince Britain to turn the area over to Spain. Britain has held the Rock as a colony and military outpost since 1704 under a treaty which provides that Gibraltar be turned over to Spain if the British no longer want it. The military value is probably not as great in the atomic era as it was in the days of the sailing ships; however, the civilian population has been raised in British tradition for many generations and is strongly loyal to England. A recent vote by the Gibraltar citizens was heavily in favor of remaining with the "mother country."

When Spain closed the border, it was necessary to recruit a labor force elsewhere, as the people from the neighboring area were no longer allowed to cross the border. The Moroccan men are not allowed to bring in their families, as housing and land suitable for new housing do not exist. They work in Gibraltar for an agreed amount of time and then return to their families in Morocco. Most of the shipyards, road works and service industry, such as hotels, are manned by Moroccans. The wage rates are higher in Gibraltar; and although there is no space to settle large numbers of new people, it does help solve the Gibraltar labor problem and gives many Moroccans an opportunity to earn more than they could at home.

This immigrant labor has been attracted to a thrush egg of territory three miles long and one mile wide at the north end. Most of the area is steep rock, except the town, which is built on a more gentle slope, and a few acres toward the south, most of which is occupied by British Army buildings. The south tip has a lighthouse at Europa Point to guide ships passing through the twelve-mile straits between Gib and Morocco. There is no land suitable for farming and there is no manufacturing. The economy centers around the armed forces and tourists. There are nine hotels, including a new Holiday Inn, which the local people told me is the best and also the most expensive. I had two rooms and a private bath for $5.00 per day at the Caleta Palace Hotel, and I found plenty to eat for under $4.00 a day. The Caleta Palace is rated as one of the better hotels by the local people. It has 200 rooms, a beauty salon, barber shop, good dining room, two bars with live musical groups, room service and all that one could want. The Rock Hotel is probably the most attractive. It is between the town and most of the military installations. Many officers stayed here during World War II.

The government of Gibraltar is headed by the Governor, usually a three-star general, and civilian matters are under the First Minister, an elected official, who for many years has been Sir Joshua Hassan, a highly respected administrator. I caught a glimpse of the First Minister while I was visiting the GIB TV studio. He had gone on television to discuss the gasoline shortage and how it would affect Gibraltar. I had an interview with the Postmaster General, Mr. Hoare, who has responsibility for the mail in addition to many other regulatory functions to keep the colony running smoothly.

Stone walls do not a prison make but the iron bars of Spain's gate to Gibraltar try hard to make a population loyal to Britain feel incarcerated.

My ham radio activities worked out quite well. Many amateur radio operators are interested in a facet of the hobby known as "Hunting DX." DX has somewhat of a double meaning. It meant long distance many years ago and still does to some extent. Now it also means making contact with a place that you have never contacted before. A contact from Indiana to Brazil or Germany is a long distance but pretty easy with modern equipment, and amateurs who have been on the air awhile have contacted many stations in both of these countries, which have thousands of hams. Gibraltar is different. There have never been more than five stations active, and so they are much sought after by the DX hunters all over the world. On my second day in Gibraltar I installed my wire antenna on the roof of the Caleta Palace Hotel, hooked up my transmitter and receiver and put out a call to see if anyone could hear me. Radio stations, including hams, have internationally agreed-upon call signs. Gibraltar is listed as ZB2, and my personal call sign was ZB2CS. When I went on the air and announced that I was in Gibraltar, a station in Switzerland immediately called; and as we talked back and forth, others heard me and called in on the channel to also have a contact with Gib. In the three hours that followed I made contact with almost all of the countries in Europe. During the following six days I was on the air about three to four hours each day and had two-way contacts with England, Germany, Norway, Austria, Israel, Malta, Italy, Russia and the United States. Altogether, the score was 380 contacts in forty-one different countries. One day I chatted with Father Ed in Rome, who has his station on the Vatican grounds. Another day Beurt SerVaas, the publisher of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and many of my friends in the Indianapolis area were coming in quite well; and I was able to receive news from home and report on my activities in Gibraltar, 5,000 miles from Indianapolis. Another hometown ham, Arthur Schultz, professor of science at Marion College, called to tell me of a sailboat in Gibraltar waters, skippered by a former U.S. naval officer, due to dock in Gib. I went over the next day and met Captain Jensen and his wife Mary. The two of them handle their thirty-six-foot sloop and are sailing all over the world.

While we chatted on the radio, the Barbary apes were chattering among themselves on the Rock. They are really large monkeys but have no tails, and so are classified as apes. The ape clan lives in an area high up on the rocks, and they are fed and looked after by the army. They are free to roam at will but stay close to the food and shelter provided for them. Signs in the area warn visitors to close car windows, as the apes will reach into unattended automobiles and carry off cameras, purses and other small objects into the rocks, where it is almost impossible to retrieve them. These are the only apes on the continent of Europe in a natural wild state.

Another attraction is the Gibraltar Museum with its collection of objects going back to prehistoric times. Greek amphorae (jars), Roman anchors and bits and pieces of weapons and pottery

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from all ages of the past. Cannonballs are being dug up to this day from the Great Siege of 1778-1783, when Spain made a prolonged unsuccessful effort to drive Britain from the Rock. One day as I walked through Catalan Bay Village, a crew of workmen were digging a trench for a new water main. Quite a crowd had gathered around a heavy iron cover over a well, the top of which was twenty-four inches below the present ground level. This well was in excellent condition and probably several hundred years old.

This year is the 125th anniversary of another find, the discovery of the Gibraltar Skull, a type closely resembling Neanderthal. A series of postage stamps commemorating this event is currently available at the Gibraltar Post Office.

An American skull must get used to a monetary system based on the English pound, divided into 100 pence. The coins are halfpence, pence, twopence, fivepence, tenpence, twenty pence, fifty pence and one hundred pence, which is one pound in paper money. Most of the paper money and all of the coins are the same as in England. I did see some one-pound paper money with the Rock pictured on it, a Gibraltar issue. (The exchange rate during my visit was one pound to $2.37.)

Prices for most purchases were roughly the same as in the United States. A package of American cigarettes was twenty pence, about fifty cents, and eggs, toast and sausage for breakfast fifty pence, or about $1.25. All the banks will exchange currency at a small service charge. American credit cards are acceptable in most places, and many shops on Main Street will accept American money. Men's suits, luggage and watches seemed a little high, but a Gib friend told me to bargain for anything I wanted. The price tag was only the starting place.

Wages and salaries of most jobs are low compared to American rates. There are factors which help erase the differences. Medical, hospital and dental care are covered by the government. Most of the housing in apartment buildings is government operated, and rents are quite low. There are almost no individual houses with yards such as many Americans enjoy. Available space simply does not exist for this sort of thing. Heat is not a problem, as even in winter the temperature rarely goes below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. There are many cars, but one could live and work in the town and get along quite well without a car, as distances are short. Some of the walking is a little tough, because the streets are steep in many places.

Gibraltarians and the monkeys (if you come laden with fruit and nuts) welcome visitors, as they bring in much needed outside money when they pay for goods and services. When I asked about requirements for visiting Gibraltar, I was told two things: "Bring a valid passport. And a round-trip ticket."

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al spent much time talking cheerfully to concerned friends on the telephone. The youngsters came and went a bit, but generally we all stayed pretty close to Ward Eight.

On Thursday evening, March 27, I went as usual to the little hallway outside the Boss's bedroom. The electrocardiogram machine, which gave a visual picture of his heartbeat, showed just the slightest bit of improvement. But when I went into the room to say goodnight, the Boss indicated openly that this was the end and the sooner the better. He winced when I told him that his pattern on the cardiogram had slightly improved. I went to bed uncertain whether we had been through another false alarm, but the sight of the Boss made me resolve never to be placed in a hospital where my life would be artifically prolonged.

The next morning Barbara and I were awakened at 8:20 by a telephone call from Dr. Frederick Hughes, commandant of the hospital. "The end will be coming pretty soon," he said. Barbara and I hastily dressed, alerted David, and headed for Ward Eight. As we tiptoed into Dad's room, I turned to David and told him to stay out. "I've seen death many times," I said, "and this is not for you." David said nothing and merely followed me in.

At 9:00 a.m. the Boss began to make his final preparations. Mother, David, and I were at the bedside along with General Heaton, the doctors, and a nurse. Suddenly he barked out a fully intelligible command: "Lower the shades!" This being done with speed, the room became nearly dark, the gloom broken only by the streaks of bright sunlight that the venetian blinds could not completely blot out. The Boss then turned to Doc Hall and me. "Pull me up." We pulled him up on the bed to a point where we thought he was high enough. He looked from side to side at us. "Two big men," he growled. "Higher." We pulled him higher.

This done, Dad looked up at me and said softly, "I want to go; God take me." He then seemed to relax. One of the doctors gave him a shot of sedative. As it turned out, he never regained consciousness.

The moment had not yet come, however, and the family went across the hall to the dining room for a cup of coffee and a chat with James Rowley, head of the Secret Service. Shortly after twelve noon we were summoned back into the bedroom where, with Mother holding the Boss's hand, David and I standing stiffly at each corner of the bed, we watched the picture on the machine flutter and even out. Mother, David, and I began filing out of the room.

Something told me to go back. I stopped in the doorway and returned to the foot of the bed. On the machine the heart showed a final beat. General Heaton and I looked at our watches together. It was 12:35 p.m., March 28, 1969. Almost instantly bells began to toll all over the city.

* * *

From the period of the Boss's passing on March 28 to his burial, the events have been well reported. We bore the grueling events of the state funeral with remarkable ease, largely because of the relief we all felt that Dad's suffering was over. Mother was at her best. As soon as the bells began tolling that late day in March, President Nixon and a sizeable entourage appeared at Ward Eight for a short call. Then the family moved to the Washington Hilton. Friends came and went that same night, and within a couple of days heads of state from all over the world began to pour in. General de Gaulle was particularly touching when he leaned over to Mother and said, "*Vous savez que le Général était près de mon coeur.*"*

Editor's Note: *The moving memoir by John Eisenhower of his father's passing concludes a personal reminiscence of their family life. The author concludes with his own civilian service after retirement from the Army.*

*"You know that the General was near my heart."

The Kings Of Belgium

A Word To The Wise:
Washington, 1969

(Note: As Ambassador-appointee to Belgium, John Eisenhower met King Baudouin in Washington prior to taking office, at the time of Ike's passing. John enjoyed a valuable beginning to their acquaintance.)

* * *

Baudouin I, King of the Belgians, is a truly remarkable man. Together with his Queen Fabiola, he exerts a considerable force for good in his divided country. Through his tact, democratic demeanor, and his masterful way of avoiding identification as *Wallon* or *Flamand*, he does all that can be expected of a modern monarch to bring those two disparate groups together. And the Belgians, always conscious of the small physical size of their country, can look to their King and Queen and say that the Royal Couple are the most attractive reigning pair in all Europe.

By nature King Baudouin is quiet, serious, and intense, prone to direct, personal observations. During one of our early encounters he looked me in the eye and asked, "Do you run a formal embassy?" He then took a second look and said thoughtfully, with only a faint touch of a smile, "No, you couldn't run a formal embassy." I took this as a compliment.

My encounters with him were frequent, considering that most ambassadors, even American, rarely see him alone or even in a small company. We had, by the end of 1969, talked informally several times, including our meeting during his visit in Washington to attend my father's funeral. Once in June he sent for me to convey a personal message on the Congo to President Nixon; later I was granted a few minutes to present a gift from the President, a memento of the Apollo XI mission. In addition to these encounters, Barbara and I attended all the diplomatic receptions, including the rather restricted one in the summer when a score of newly arrived ambassadors formally presented their wives. In these large gatherings the King and Queen worked as a team, ensuring that each guest was afforded the opportunity of a few moments, at least, with one or the other. For each, the King had a special line of chatter; he would, for example, invariably ask Barbara how her French lessons were coming—then he would admonish her to keep trying and to avoid being bashful.

As a result of our visits I had, by the end of 1969, developed a truly warm feeling for the King. It could not really be called a friendship. With the number of diplomatic missions located in Brussels the King could never openly favor one ambassador or even a small group. Nevertheless, he always seemed to regard me with a touch of amusement, and my admiration for him eventually threatened my firm resolve never to develop a case of that disease known in diplomatic circles as "localitis." (A rather natural tendency to develop such an affinity for the host country as to lose one's perspective. If carried too far an ambassador can tend to represent the host country rather than the United States.)

* * *

During my stay in Belgium I had the privilege of meeting former King Leopold III only once. Most outsiders never see him at all. Sadly, our one meeting grew out of his tragic past.

One Saturday in mid-July 1970, I was sitting in my office wondering for once what I was going to do that afternoon. The duty secretary opened the door and informed me that I was wanted on the telephone by Leopold's aide-de-camp. I was not particularly surprised. Some months earlier, on the advice of Carlos van Bellinghen, I had requested an audience with Leopold to present Barbara to him and his wife, Princess de Rethy, as we all had presented our wives to Baudouin and Fabiola a

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Broadcasters). Maybe, on the 25th, I have to be in Caracas, Venezuela. What I am trying to do is develop the ability to recycle so I don't even have to go to the john.

"You understand there is no way I can be in Utah. Listen, how's Patty? We had a great party at the 21 after the fight. You should have been there. By the way, I was with Namath last weekend at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I did my magazine show with him."

On and on and on it goes. Cosell complaining of his schedule, while making more appointments. "It's in great contrast to his home," says Walter Kennedy. "But Howard must always be on the move. I've said, 'Howard, you're nuts, absolutely nuts. Don't complain to me about how tired you are and how everybody's running. That's your choice.' He says, 'I've just come from Canada and I'm here, and I'm going to South Bend and to Caracas, and I came from Panama yesterday.' I phone him for lunch, and all I get is, 'I'm gonna be in seven cities in eight nights.' But he loves it."

Cosell says: "It's really disturbing my wife. We have to leave for Florida Saturday morning to take ten days, but that's when the National Football League meetings are. So Roone Arledge [President of ABC Sports] asks me to fly a charter jet Monday morning, and Tuesday morning I return to Florida to appear in the final of our new series—a hit called "The Superstars"—then fly a Lear jet to Detroit to appear before the American Society of Automotive Engineers—because that's Detroit, and the President of Ford is the principal sponsor. John Naughton will be there, Lee Iacocca [chairman of Ford Motor Company], [Richard] Gerstenberg [chairman, General Motors] . . . then I fly back to Miami and I hope I can get three or four days in the sun before I start on this damned special. But in the meantime I have to keep the radio shows going, so there's never a real vacation.

"One becomes entrapped like poor Evel Knievel [the daredevil] whom I just spent a week with. I went down thinking the guy is just a publicity-mad fool, but I left him with whole-some respect. He's sensitive, he's intelligent, he got into this daredevil existence, he became entrapped.

Cosell didn't make a penny out of broadcasting until he was 36 years old, when he signed a six-week contract in 1956 with ABC to do ten five-minute radio shows for weekend broadcast. The pay: $250, less than half he was making as a "downtown" labor lawyer. After leaving the army in 1946, Cosell, who had graduated from law school before the war, set up a law practice. He went into debt, partly because he moved into "a beautiful suite at 30 Broad Street in order to look successful." By mid-Fifties, though, Cosell had built a clientele of professional entertainers and athletes which netted him $30,000 a year.

"I loved the immediacy of broadcast that I couldn't get from law. No sitting in the library, no preparation and pleading. No general wait until I could finally get in court. I'm impatient by disposition."

This impatience was seen as consummate ambition at ABC, but eventually Cosell's yearnings were served. In his book, he moans, "For five years, beginning in 1959, I was locked out of network television. Five years stolen from a career that started late. Five years at the peak of one's ambition." Altogether, the evidence is that Cosell operated with huge chutzpah to scale the corporate wall at ABC. The sight of a long-legged, slightly paunchy, baggy-eyed, middle-aged fellow, toupee flopping, running after a mountain-sized athlete on a grassy playing field—and getting a wow of an interview—well, it must have warmed many a producer's heart.

Cosell did all that in a career—sportscasting—which beckons mostly to younger men. Without major name himself, he went after the major names. He badgered, pursued, needled and jibed. Most importantly, he developed a chemistry with one Cassius Clay, and upon learning that the new heavyweight champion wanted to be called by his Muslim name, Muhammad Ali, Cosell was the first to comply with Ali's wish.

By being able to put the mike and camera on Ali before all others, Cosell himself became famous. He and Ali loved it. Samples:

Cosell: "You know, Ali, without me you're a nothing."

Ali: "What are you talking about? I'm the one that made you."

Cosell: "If I went after you, I'd break every bone in your body."

Ali: "You remind me of Bela Lugosi. You're ugly."

Howard Cosell: "There is no substitution for legal education. It is all-encompassing in preparing a person for life; teaches you to think, to look for a rationale, gives you order to your thought, and the ability to formulate and express an opinion. Law is the best preparation for journalism."

So he was approaching middle age when his second career, which was to make him a millionaire, began. He dug into his work like a cub reporter, and he sought to provide depth to his reporting and interviews, and sting to his questioning. It was fortuitous that Cosell's irreverence fit the changing values of many Americans, especially young people. He delighted in pointing to the warts and blemishes on America's large sports body, as well as giving sportscasting the old "gee whiz" treatment. When Cosell goes onto a stadium field and is visible to the crowd, youngsters by the hundreds scream, "Tell it like it is, Howard!"

"The young kids love the way I do it," Cosell says in self-proclamation. "When they are seventeen or eighteen, we are going to see major changes in sports journalism. I've been a factor. Young kids now accept criticism for the sake of truth.

"They now know that every athlete is not a noble and shining example of heroism. It's time in this country that we stopped celebrating a guy because he can throw a football. I've had a great effect, because I expose, I criticize. If a guy drops a

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"To be astonished at anything is the first movement of the mind towards discovery." Louis Pasteur

I have a mole on my back. My husband says not to worry, that my wanting to have it removed is just female vanity. But lately it seems to have become bigger. Since it is on my back, I can't see it and am not sure whether I'm just imagining things. It doesn't hurt and is not disfiguring.

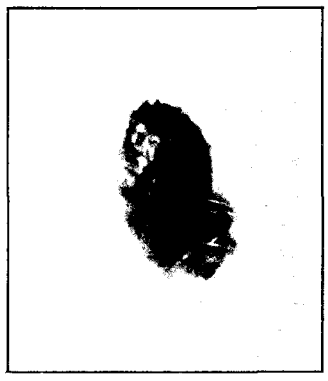
The fact that it has grown larger is good reason to have your mole seen by a physician as soon as possible. Most moles are benign, but on rare occasions a mole may become a malignant melanoma, which is one of the most dangerous and capricious forms of skin cancer. More than half the time they come from already existent moles, but they can appear suddenly from a place in the skin where no former blemish (nevus) existed.

Because of the possibility of malignant melanomas, all moles which are suspect should be biopsied and never cauterized or removed by incision without biopsy.

Females are more frequently affected, with the peak incidence of occurrence around the menopausal years. Overall, malignant melanomas seem to strike the 30- to 59-year-old age group most frequently. Rarely do they occur before puberty, but they are not uncommon in the elderly. Some leading dermatologists feel that persons with fair complexions, blond or red hair, blue eyes, and a tendency to sunburn easily seem to have a higher incidence of malignant melanoma. There is a greater incidence of it in Australia, and much exposure to the sun is believed to be a factor.

Malignant melanoma more often occurs on the back of the trunk in males. Only 15 percent of them occur on the face.

Few nevi are found on mucous membrane (such as inside the mouth or in the vagina). These are particularly dangerous as they metastasize (spread via the blood) rapidly.



Malignant melanoma (actual size)
Photo courtesy of American Cancer Society, Inc.

What are the danger signs of malignant melanoma? The most important thing to watch for is change—any change, but particularly recent change over a period of weeks or months. Some changes that might occur are:

1. Change in size of surface area.
2. Change in elevation such as from a flat to a raised or nodular nevus.
3. Change in color—from brown to black, although some malignant melanomas are flesh colored. Uneven coloring or a subtle change should also be investigated.
4. Change in the surface contours of the nevus such as from smooth to rough and scaly. The mole may even ulcerate, ooze or bleed from minor trauma, such as a razor nick.
5. Change in sensation. Itching or tingling can be a very first sign of malignancy. Usually there is no pain.
6. Change in outline such as from a demarcated nevus to an irregularly shaped one.

Although most moles go through a natural evolution and change during life (an example is the darkening that occurs during pregnancy or the shower of moles that appears on the skin of young children), if any of the above symptoms occurs, examination by a physician is certainly warranted.

The treatment for malignant melanoma is excision by surgery. If treated early, 90 percent of malignant melanomas may be cured. If treatment is not begun until after metastasis, the five-year survival rate drops to less than 10 percent. Early treatment is imperative.

I am sixteen and am taking a lifesaving course. The instructor said that drowning in salt water is different from drowning in fresh water. What is he talking about?

Salt water, containing 3.5 percent salts, is more concentrated than blood. Because liquids will move to dilute more concentrated liquids, fluid will be drawn from the victim's bloodstream into the lungs to dilute the salt water. As much as one-quarter of the victim's blood volume may rapidly be lost into the lungs. This large amount of fluid in the lungs interferes with respiration and the victim may actually drown in his own fluids. The heart will slow, the blood pressure will drop, and death quickly follows.

In freshwater drowning, the process is different. The water inhaled into the lungs is less concentrated than blood. Therefore, fluid is absorbed into the bloodstream. The blood volume grows (sometimes by as much as 50 percent) and becomes less concentrated. This dilution has two major effects: (1) Red blood cells, the oxygen-carrying cells of the blood, absorb so much fluid that they swell and in many cases burst. Therefore the blood loses a great deal of its oxygen-carrying capacity. (2) The normal balance between chemicals in the blood, such as sodium and calcium, is disturbed. The disturbance in balance affects the regular beating of the heart. The heart contractions become rapid, irregular and inefficient, and death soon follows.

Resuscitation can be started even while in the water.

In short, we have fluid flowing from the blood into the lungs in a saltwater drowning, and fluid flowing from the lungs into the blood in a freshwater drowning. Two opposite processes but with the same result—death.

In all drowning cases, resuscitation measures must be started within four to six minutes if the victim is to survive. Do not attempt to drain the water from the victim's lungs, as this is of limited value and time-consuming. Getting air into the victim is the first priority. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation should be started even before the victim is removed from the water, if possible.

I have not been able to carry a baby longer than the second trimester of my pregnancy. This has happened three times and after all the heartbreak I don't know whether we should try again. I read somewhere about a collar which can be put on the cervix to help a woman go full term. Would this require surgery?

The device you read about is a silicone cuff, about 3 inches in diameter, shaped like a doughnut, which may be put in place in a doctor's office without the use of anesthesia. Part of the cervix is drawn through the hole in the center of the device to secure it and the cuff is inflated with 6 cc's of saline solution. It takes only about twenty minutes in a doctor's office. No

"Give him one of these whenever you dare."

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surgery is required, and hospitalization is not necessary.

The collar was developed by Dr. Edward E. Yosowitz, of Baylor College of Medicine in Houston. The collar corrects a condition known as incompetent cervix in which the cervical canal dilates prematurely, causing a miscarriage in the middle trimester of the pregnancy. Dr. Yosowitz says, "The device is not in wide use but the results seem promising. The collar is removed before delivery or it slips off before term. Any doctor may insert the collar after reading some rather simple instructions, and it is not painful to the patient."

MEDICAL NEWS

Drug Update

A drug for crime control? Impossible? Perhaps not, say a group of doctors. In a paper presented at the 140th session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Ohio State University researchers outlined their study of nine inmates at a medium security prison. The hypothesis tested was that some chronic antisocial offenders have "unusual and characteristic . . . nervous system disorders" that could be symptomatically treated by the drug imipramine pamoate.

Out of 558 inmates screened by the Ohio State group, only nine were "totally qualified" to participate in the study. Each prisoner had a minimum of four arrests and had spent at least 30 percent of his adult life behind bars. During the study, the subjects received fake medication (placebo) for one month, then imipramine pamoate for three months, followed by placebo drugs for another two months. The medications were given twice daily.

The researchers reported that during the period when the test drug was actually administered "the improvement was generally obvious. . . ." The prisoners reported themselves to be more energetic, less anxious, having more restful sleep, better appetite, less impulsivity, decreased irritability, and . . . a markedly increased feeling of well-being." When the medication was discontinued, the subjects returned to their pre-drug mental and behavioral state. Two subjects actually escaped during the placebo period.

Although their findings were based on a small sample and the long-term effects of imipramine pamoate have not yet been assessed, the Ohio State physicians were able to derive some interim conclusions. It was felt that for certain chronic sociopathic offenders some improvement in gross behavioral symptoms can be achieved by the judicious use of drugs such as imipramine pamoate.

Another Medical Mystery—The Yawn

The purpose of yawning remains a mystery. Some say that it is caused by boredom, by drowsiness, and sleep, or even that it is contagious—I yawn, you yawn. But now there is a new theory. We yawn to improve our sense of smell. Many people have observed a heightening of their sense of smell when they yawn.

The process of yawning is always the same—the jaws are opened wide; there is a prolonged, deep inspiration; and then the yawn itself. In performing this series of maneuvers, a large amount of air is placed in contact with a maximally exposed nasopharynx. Yawning might be a simple method of sampling the air for possible harm. In actuality, the sense of smell possesses considerable survival value. No sensible animal would eat something he has not thoroughly sniffed. The yawn would enhance detection of possible predators at a moment of great vulnerability—as one is just falling asleep or waking up. Allergists are particularly aware that prolonged anosmia (loss of smell) exposes its victims to unsuspected danger. This theory would be supported by nature's usual economy and double duty for parts of the body.

Marijuana Use May Cause Temporary Impotence

Men who smoke marijuana (ten or more "joints" a week) have only half the normal level of the male hormone testosterone in their blood, says Dr. Robert Kologny of the Reproductive Research Foundation in St. Louis. Even men who smoked between five and nine joints a week had a clearly reduced testosterone level. Pot smokers were also found to have considerably reduced quantities of spermatozoa in their semen—to an extent that could cause sterility, at least temporarily. Heavy use of pot by pregnant women was also found dangerous because the drug may enter the baby's body from the mother's blood and affect physical development of the sex organs and psychic orientation towards sex. In pre-adolescents, the hormone imbalance might delay or severely disturb the normal course of puberty, it was found.

We welcome questions and observations from our readers. Letters should be addressed to Medical Mailbox, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

The illustration on page 130 of "Medical Mailbox" in the March 1974 issue of the Post *was reprinted with permission from* Emergency Care *by Harvey Grant and Robert Murray, published by Robert J. Brady Company, Bowie, Maryland.*

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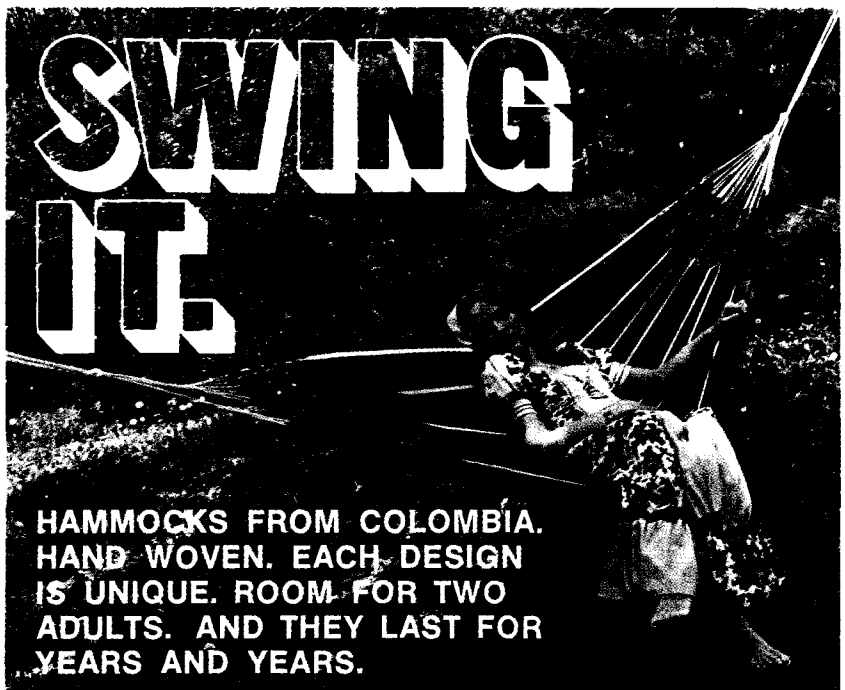

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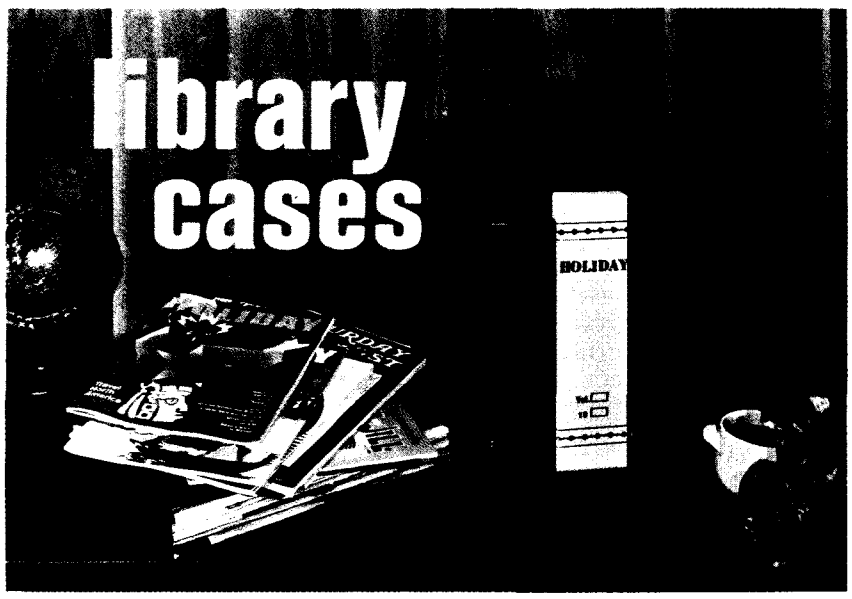

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SCOOP

continued from page 45

welfare . . . but there is no money for children's teeth or eyes or clothes. These people deserve some help."

That Scoop Jackson loves his role in life is evident throughout the series of interviews, as he suddenly remembers something he must tell an aide, as he keeps his eye on the special clock on the wall that continually reminds members . . . five minutes to vote . . . four minutes to vote and, for the non-clock-watchers, gives forth a jarring bell. The device alone would serve to keep one on edge much like a boxer waiting for the next round.

That too is part of what Jackson enjoys. "There is an element of combativeness, probably more so than in any other calling. People are amazed that we in Congress can do battle and yet show so few scars and bruises. There are occasional low-level feuds, but they are rare.

"Most of the men who come here do so with good disposition. There is a certain flexibility here that does not generally apply. People in the Senate have all been through the mill in a community of political experiences."

Even in his office staff, Scoop prefers a certain amount of combativeness. "I want no sycophants. I'm very selfish. I want a staff that is smarter than I; one that will help me. I don't have an overly large staff (this is based on a population quota), but I do call in consultants and I try to find the best talent in the world on a given issue."

The other battling he enjoys is the problem-solving. "I love it. And there is a constant set of new problems . . . you resolve some of them and you help people.

"The most satisfying thing I think I've ever done was to help some people get out of Russia . . . and when they came to me, with tears in their eyes . . . well, it was the most satisfying thing I had ever done. They had been removed from a life of tyranny. And they now had liberty . . . which we take so much for granted."

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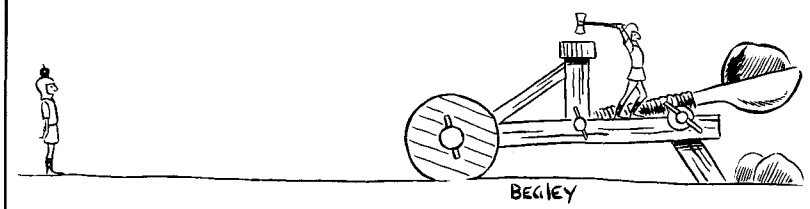

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continued from page 128

pass, I don't say, 'It's the wind.' I say, 'He drops a pass, it's a lousy game.' The young people relish it."

Indeed, whatever his critics say, Cosell is professional. Every day, he sits in front of a radio microphone three times, and without text or notes can deliver three different sports commentaries, nearly without flaw, and wind up with each right on the button for time. Cosell's amazing memory does the trick for him. One quick reading of the papers, a phone call or two, a quick search through his own memory-house, and he's got plenty for his daily radio obligations. "I was born for this business," he says of radio. He points to his head and says, "It's all up here."

"Fearless Frank" Gifford, still with "Humble Howard" on "Monday Night Football," says, "Cosell hasn't changed in the twenty years I've known him. He's always on. He's always the entertainer. He has a great feel for the human interest side of the story. He has a massive ego, and admits he enjoys it.

Cosell is almost sadistic in embarrassing people with his "put-ons," and strangely likes to use race as a theme. Once, he and Dandy Don Meredith were in the Detroit Lions training camp. Cosell turned to a black player, Bobby Williams, and said, "You know, of course, that Meredith has no use for you black players." Cosell reported that "Dandy became crimson and said, "What's that?" Cosell shot back, "Don't play the innocent line with me, Don. Everybody knows." Cosell, by his version, claims it all came out just fine, with "Dandy Don" and Williams seeing it was a joke. Some joke!

This kind of stunt disgusts most sportswriters who are also bored with Cosell's boorish conduct at press conferences. Dave Anderson of the *New York Times* says: "Cosell is an intellectual bully. He's insecure. He always wants to be told how good he is. I enjoy him up to a point. But then that's enough."

The *Washington Post*'s legendary sports columnist, Shirley Povich, says: "Cosell is insecure and brazen. He is capable of no original thinking. He screams themes, and he's got to keep in motion. His greatest talent is his photographic memory."

Cosell's nemesis among sportswriters is the New York *Daily News*' Dick Young who calls him "a phony." "Cosell takes himself too seriously," says Young, "after fawning all over people and then hollering his head off about the evils of sports. You've got to treat Howard the way he treats you. He always says, 'now truthfully,' as if it's a question the guy at the other end has been ducking. Cosell has only encouraged more and more freaks to get into this business."

Sports Illustrated TV-Radio columnist, William Leggett, agrees that Cosell shills, utters endless clichés, and becomes obnoxious, but he also feels, "He has shamed and

Continued on page 144

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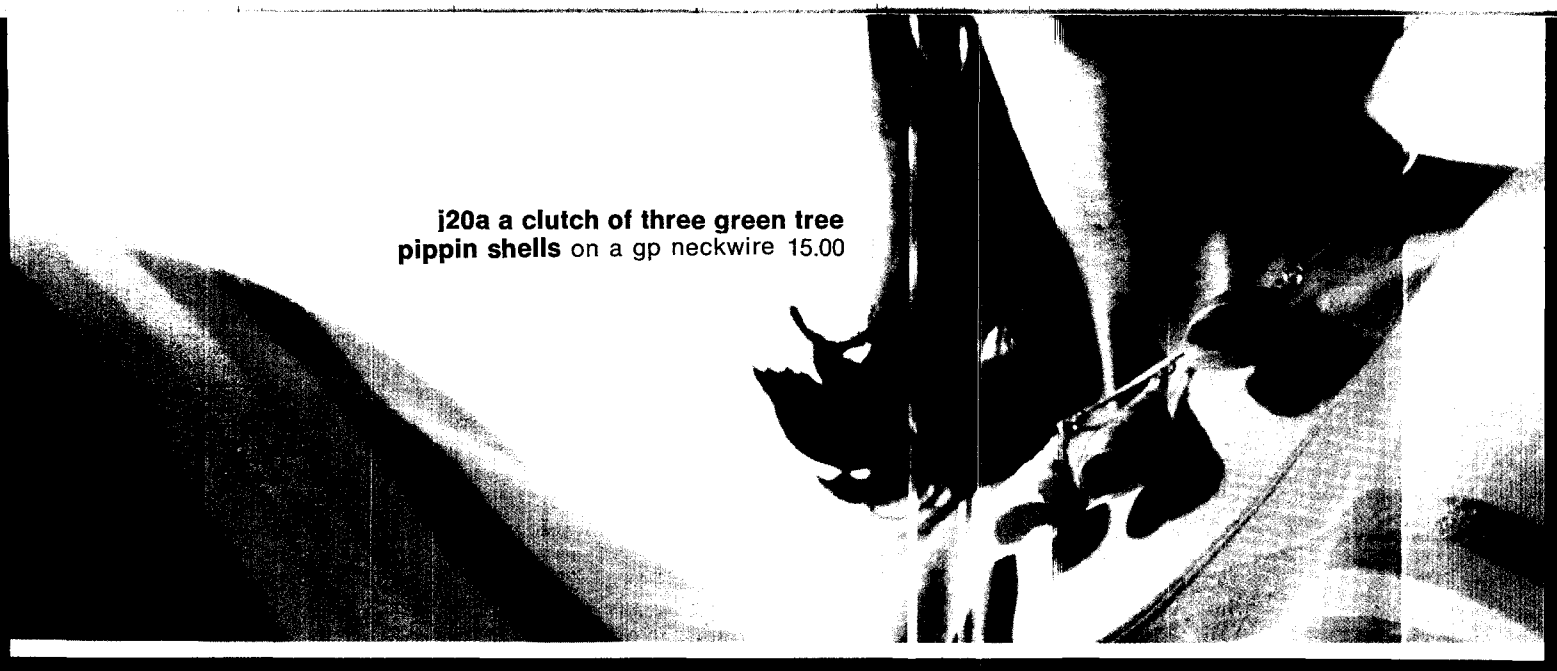

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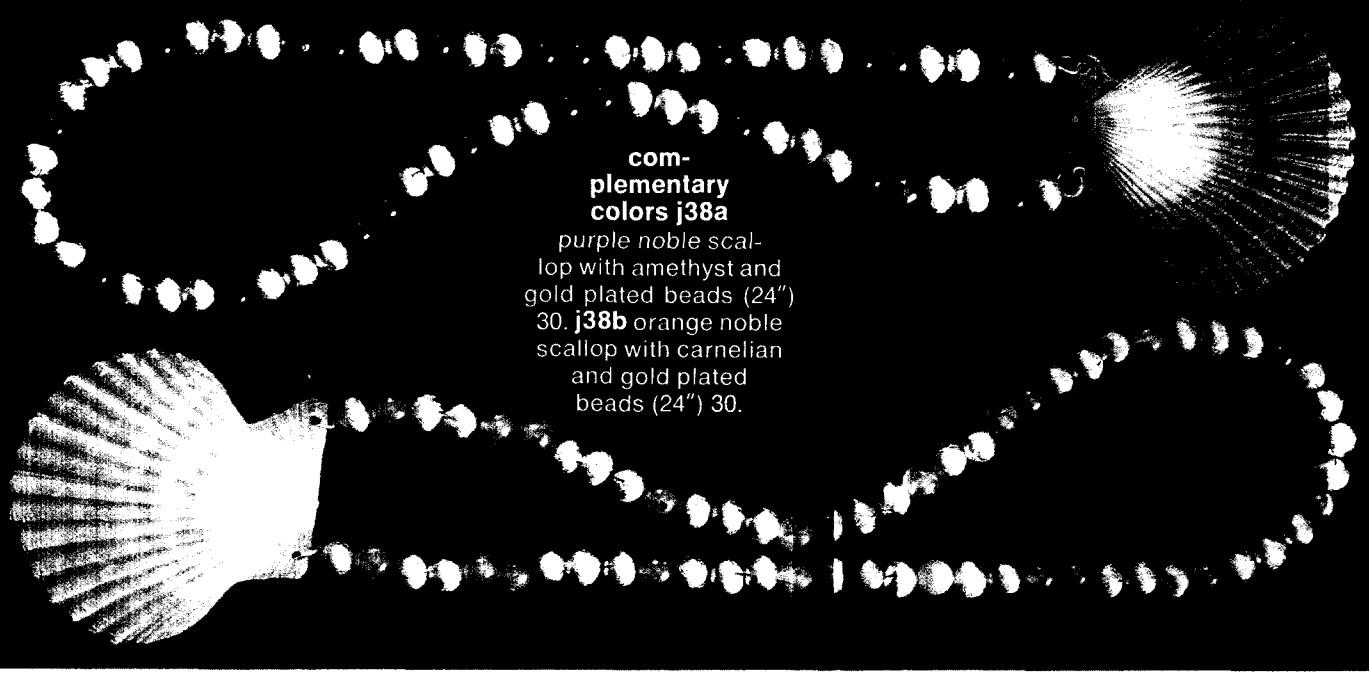

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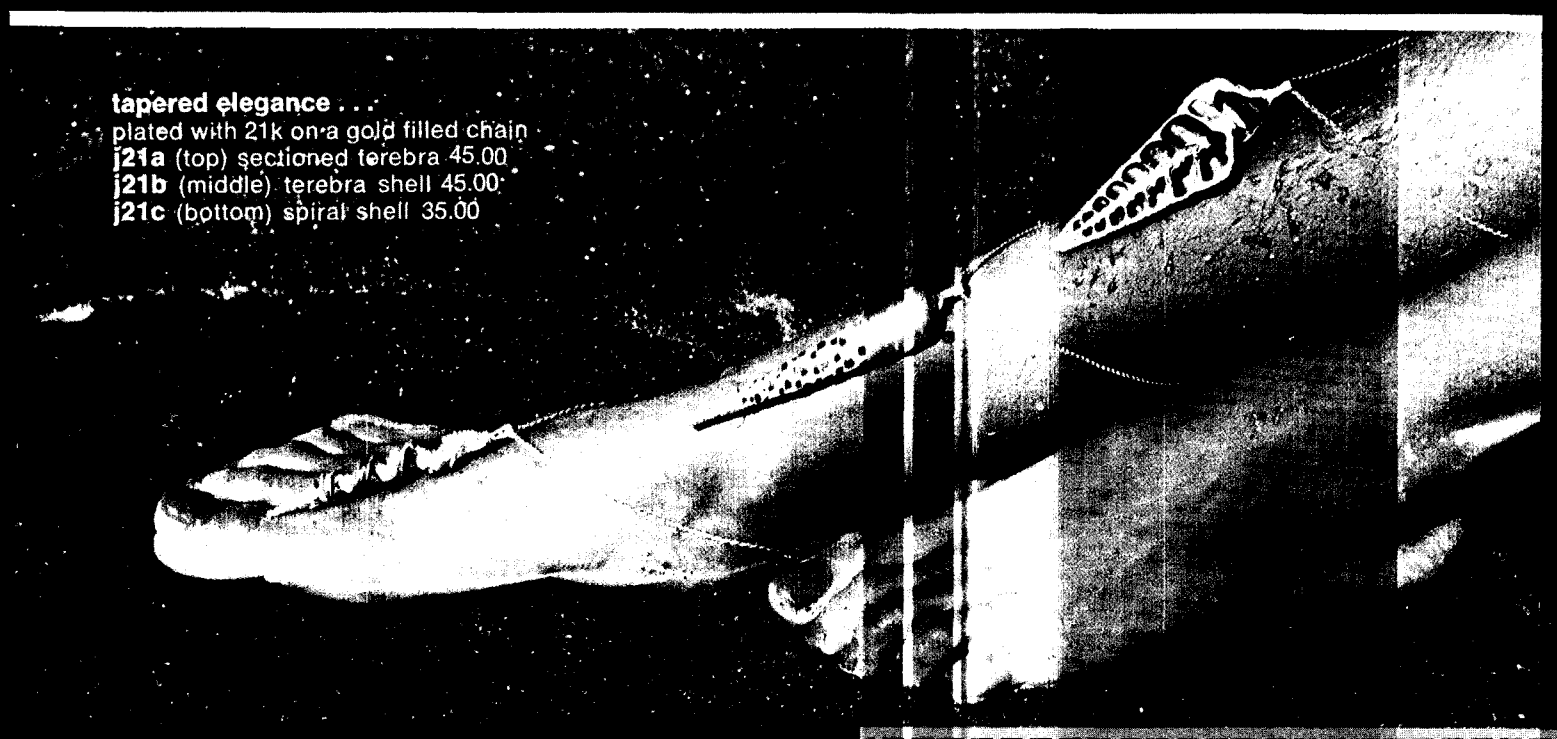

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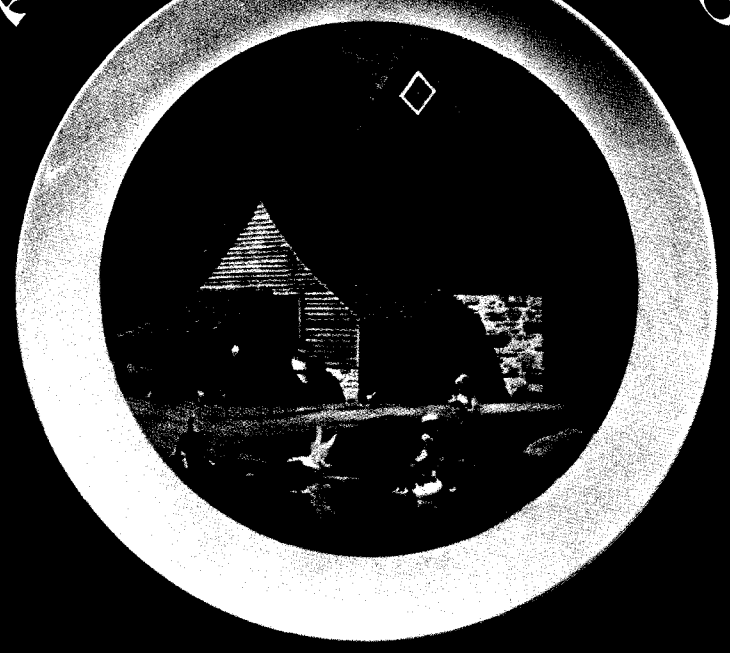

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A SONG

continued from page 111

me that all is not well in my beloved America in the musical sense. Oh, I know that you have fine orchestras and splendid opera. Even your young people enjoy a perfectly harmless kind of music of their own called 'stone,' is it not? . . ."

"Rock," I said gently.

"Well, at any rate," said Franklin, "geologic in origin. But I have heard, too, and it grieves me more than I can say, that you have no songs of patriotism. Is that true?"

"We do," I said. "There is 'My Country 'Tis Of Thee,' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' our national anthem."

"Do I know them?" asked Franklin, with a glance at the piano.

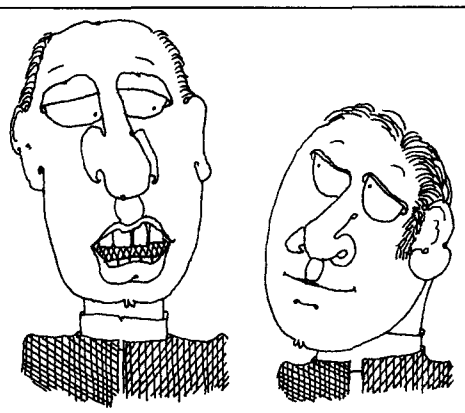
I obliged, although ordinarily I detest playing for strangers. Franklin listened to "My Country."

"Yes," he nodded. "I know it. A man called Henry Carey wrote that in 1740, and then sang it in some London tavern in celebration of Admiral Vernon's victory at Portobello. We knew the song then as 'God Save The King.' Are you sure of the title you gave it?"

"Yes," I said, rather testily. "The Danes, the Swiss, the Swedes, and the Germans took turns singing it with their own words. Ludwig van Beethoven even wrote seven variations on the song as a musical theme. In America, we took our turn in 1842. Samuel F. Smith wrote 'My Country 'Tis Of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty.' "

Then I quickly swung into the notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"Ah," said Franklin, brightening. "I recognize what you are playing now— 'To Anacreon in Heaven.' Many's the time I sang that in London with the masons and the Anacreontic Society at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on the Strand. I knew all



THE PERFECT SQUELCH

It was a party for friends and friends of friends at a comfortably large private home. Everyone was having a good time; the crowd was filling every room to overflowing, so that most of the guests were standing about, enjoying refreshments and talking with the passing flow of old friends or new acquaintances. There was lots of good feeling, but as sometimes happens at such a gathering, two people who may be something less than ecstatic about each other may come together without actual hostility, but perhaps with a touch of acerbity.

The two in this case, as chance would have it, were both gentlemen of the cloth, ministers of differing Protestant sects who possibly carried opposing liturgical points of view over into a personal area, each sincere and committed to the very letter of his particular interpretation of the faith. One was slight in stature, the other of a heroic height. I happened to be chatting with the smaller divine, and had the impression that although the other minister was standing directly behind my companion his great height actually obscured his presence, in the sense that a mountain, close up, may be less easy to view than a hill.

The smaller minister, unaware of his rival's immediate presence, but having just greeted him the moment before across the room, was constrained to make a few remarks, rather critical personally of his towering opposite's evangelical manners. The gist of it was that the tall one adopted a somewhat too personal approach to a Higher Power in his public prayers, a man-to-man attitude which might be construed as overfamiliar. Suddenly, the critic, perhaps fearing that his somewhat sharp remarks might be overheard, turned to survey the group—and to his amazement and dismay, looked directly at the cloth of his tall friend of the cloth, and then up into his eyes. The larger man looked down impenetrably.

"My God!" cried the small minister, aghast at the idea that his remarks might have been overheard, as indeed they probably had been.

"Please," said the tall one, in feigned injury. "Don't forget—you are talking about my employer!"

—Edward Benze
Pearl River, New York

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six stanzas. I'll never forget how each one ends with a variation on the couplet:

And besides, I'll instruct ye,
like me, to intwine
The myrtle of Venus
with Bacchus's vine.

A great, great drinking song, although a little hard on the voice because of its wide range."

"It is now our National Anthem," I said rather primly. "It was written the night of September 13, 1814. A gentleman from Baltimore, Francis Scott Key, had boarded a British warship to arrange under a flag of truce for the release of a captured friend of his. He was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the British admiral boasted would fall in a matter of hours. All day the American flag waved over the fort, and after a night's ferocious bombardment, the flag of his country was still there. We Americans have sung it ever since. But I am afraid it was not until 1931 that your 'Anacreon' was adopted as the National Anthem of the United States by an act of Congress."

"Congress never could make up its mind," said Ben.

"Well, we finally made it our own," I said. "Although you would not always know that. Some of our best citizens refuse to have it played for their children. And at the Olympic games, representatives of our nation derided their flag by mocking the national anthem."

Benjamin Franklin got up and strode around the studio in great strides, striking his right fist into the palm of his hand.

"I knew it," he declared. "I *knew* it . . . there were vibrations. Not color and sound, mind you, but the blurring of the spiritual lines behind them. Now, on the eve of the 200th anniversary of our country these people would . . . would . . . well, let us be just and merely say that they would not try to understand the past. Those were boys, mere boys, some of them, bayoneted by the Hessians—by God, those Hessians had cowed Europe's finest soldiery—in the green farm fields outside of Princeton. Men at Valley Forge stained the snow with blood from their bare feet to salute George Washington when only he believed in victory. But they stood by. Sometimes they even sang 'Chester.' William Billings wrote that for the army. I heard them sing it in combat as I heard the French sing the 'Marseillaise' on the battlements in Paris during the Revolution there. I remembered Bill Billings singing duets with Sam Adams. Paul Revere engraved a book of psalms Billings put to music."

"They saw red at Bunker Hill, then, when they saw the whites of the Redcoats' eyes!" I cried.

Franklin ignored my brilliant *mot*.

"Damme, they did that!" old Ben almost shouted. "They saw red. They heard song as they fought. And look at what they accomplished,

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look at what they gave us, in exchange for their lives. And do we dare to *mock* at *that*?"

"Not all of us, sir," I said soothingly, for the old gentleman was really getting worked up. "Some of us stand by in our own way. And now I must confess to you a most strange happening of the past week. There came in the mails to me a large envelope addressed here, but in your name. I thought nothing of it, perhaps as merely a jest. But when I opened it, there was a sheet of music enclosed. And I noted that there are patriots among us still. The music was a new song, one of inspiration written especially for America's Bicentennial in 1976."

Franklin came to a dead stop in his pacing. His face broke into a smile, one of the broadest and most magnificent smiles ever to inhabit the visage of any man.

"Do you tell me, now," he said gleefully, "that someone is breaking out music again, song to keep our country moving ahead, and remembering what it all has been about from the beginning?"

"I do, I do!" I shouted. As we say today, the vibes are good again. We'll have songs to celebrate when America's birthday rolls around."

Franklin came over and took both my hands in his, as I had previously held his own.

"I do not ask for new national anthems or wars to inspire them. I ask for new songs to storm the battlements of American hearts and to renew the great heritage of this country. You are a musician, sir," he said. "You are Today. You must rally music to the cause of our country and to its spiritual nourishment. This nation must never knuckle under to dissidents."

He squeezed my hands for emphasis with such great strength that I thought he would break my right middle knuckle all over again.

But now I didn't care. I turned to the piano to bang out another few bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." I played it like Van Cliburn himself. The pain in my knuckle was gone.

But gone too now, sadly but still beautifully, was the vision of Benjamin Franklin. He just faded away into the rockets' red glare. I stayed all the rest of that long night at the piano, playing without conscious effort. Colors played in the dark about me, vibrations of the past and the present and now of the future. I knew now that what I had lost in Moscow was returned to me a hundredfold. A call to the colors?

No matter. Old Ben had given purpose to my life. I unlocked the door to my studio. I rushed downstairs, drew back the bolts from the great front door and flung it open. It was 5 a.m.

The air was sweet and fresh. The songs of summer birds stirred me in their infinite colors. I stood there for a long time, gazing up thankfully into the dawn's early light.

continued from page 127

year before. This, I had been informed, was the King's desire.

When I answered the telephone, however, I was taken aback a little. The aide, Colonel Edouard de Vicq de Cumptich, informed me that King Leopold would like to see me. "Oh, not in August, I hope; I plan to be away most of the month."

"No, His Majesty would like to see you as soon as possible."

I was puzzled. "This afternoon?"

"Yes. What time is convenient?"

Now I was truly confused; the trappings around royalty rarely give such options. "Is three o'clock all right?"

"Certainly."

"I'll be there."

I notified my driver François, dressed in my most conservative business suit, and arrived at the Domaine d'Argenteuil as scheduled.

I was ushered into Leopold's den, a large, cheerful, comfortable but unpretentious room, with a desk at the far end and a sofa and easy chairs near the door. Leopold, tall, handsome, erect, spare, with high forehead and white hair, shook hands cordially and motioned me to the sofa. For a few moments he fixed me with a cool, steady, rather detached gaze. I was conscious of his clear blue eyes and of his youthful appearance despite his sixty-nine years. "You are a little young for an ambassador, aren't you?" he asked.

"I suppose so, Your Majesty. I'm forty-seven. But there are some who are younger." We then lapsed into casual conversation, mostly about my background and family.

Soon, however, Leopold produced a newspaper article from the *New York Times* dated June 29, 1970. The title was "Focal Point of Belgian Loyalties–Baudouin." The piece, by Clyde Farnsworth, was mostly accurate and quite favorable to King Baudouin. But a certain paragraph, which attempted to explain Baudouin's initial lack of enthusiasm for ascending the throne, included a statement that obviously hurt Leopold to the quick. Referring to the military campaign of 1940, Farnsworth had written, "Leopold waited for the Germans at Laeken in 1940 and remained there until 1944 with his two sons and his daughter." This meant Leopold had not even resisted Hitler, a far more serious accusation than mere criticism of his military skill. King Leopold wanted me to have this statement "rectified."

On quick examination, I realized Farnsworth's error and promised to do what I could. Leopold was happy. Knowing that I was a writer, he offered to talk to me periodically. He promised to send me a copy of his book on the campaign, *Livre Blanc*–which he later did.

The King walked me to the door; we said farewell most cordially. I left a bit shaken, feeling I had been in the presence of one of the most tragic figures of modern history.

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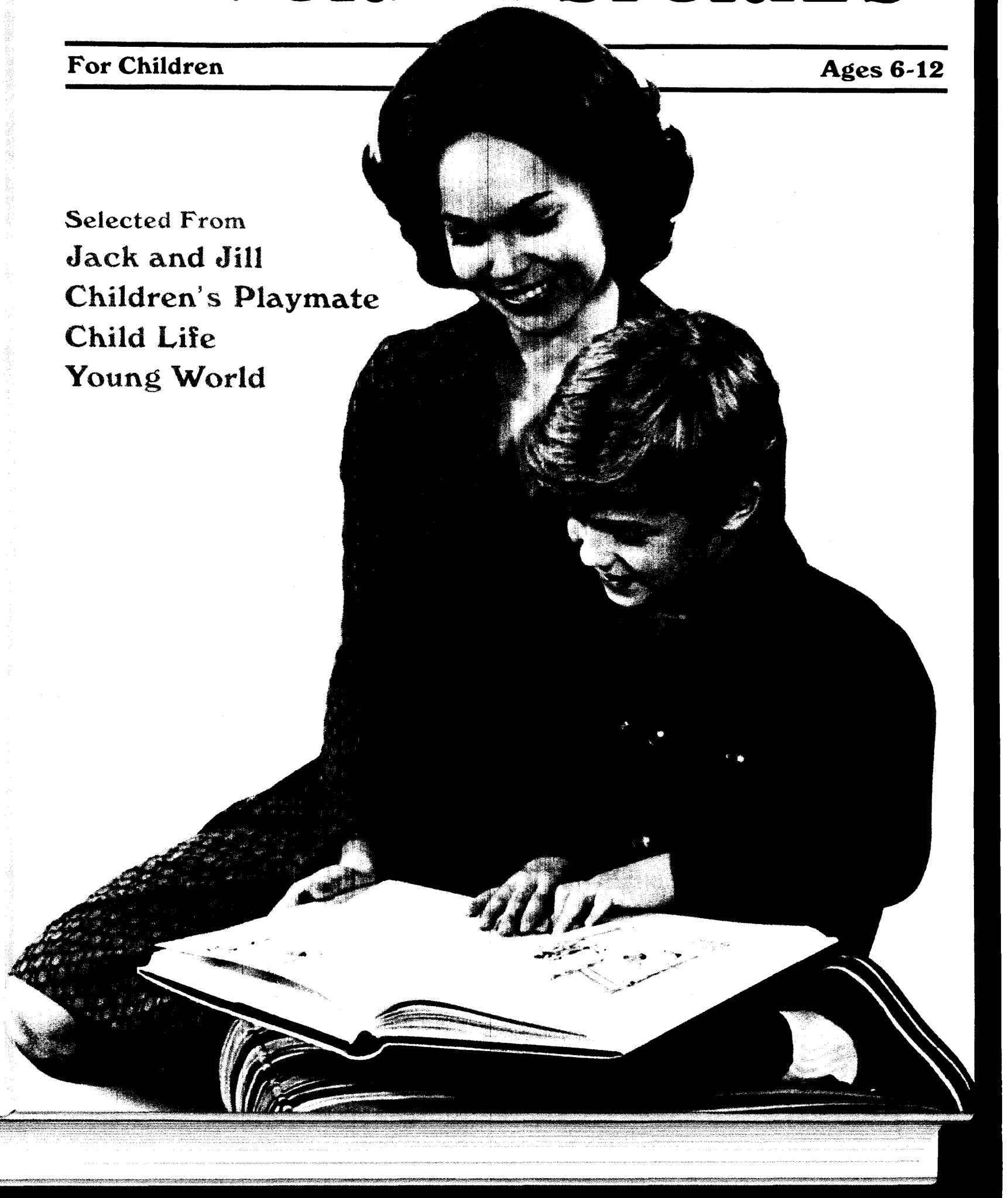

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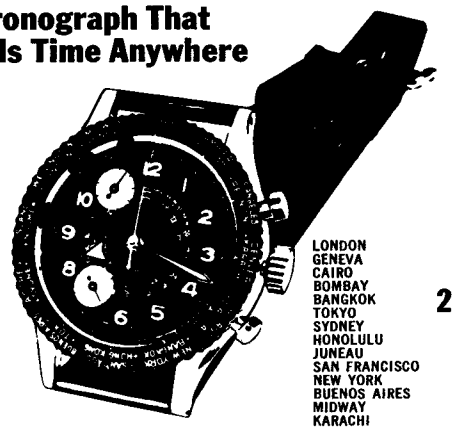

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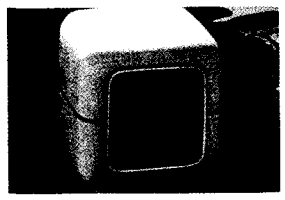

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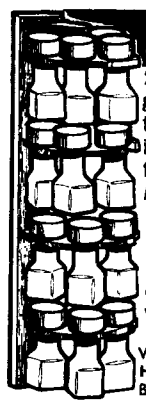

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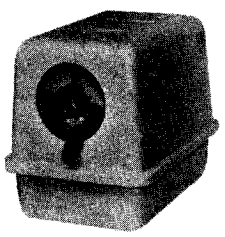

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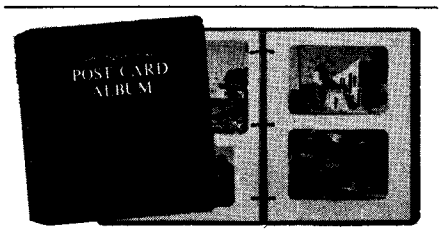

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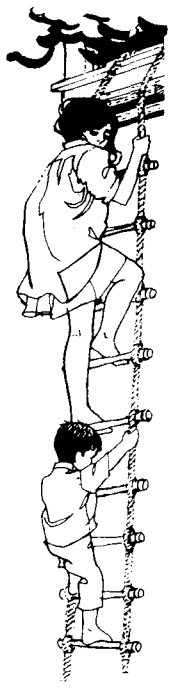

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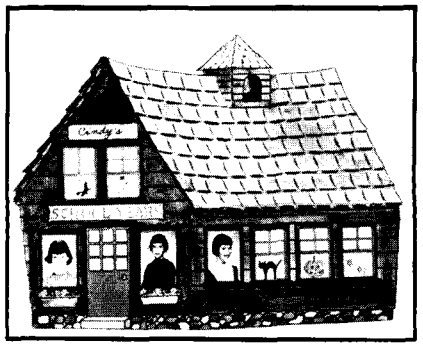

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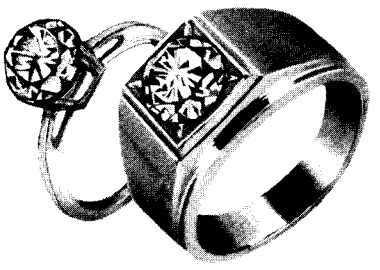

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continued from page 134

prodded sportswriters into better work, so, on balance, he is a plus. But I don't like to be around him."

Though Cosell prides himself on vocabulary, his syntax is sinful, and his use of words often barbaric. When the Soviet boxing team was here last year, he continually described one boxer as "telescoping" his punches (instead of *telegraphing*). In a magazine interview, he declared, "And this typifies this curiously unspectacular but nonetheless championship Colt team."

In reviewing Cosell's autobiography for *Sports Illustrated*, Jonathan Yardley noted, "He may not quite be TV's answer to Mrs. Malaprop, but he gives the old girl a run for her money with clumsy usage of such pomposities as 'probatives' and 'eventuate'!" And Povich reminds all that Cosell criticizes sportswriters for their clichés: "Their constant reiteration of clichés provides a litany of fatigue," while himself uttering such banalities as: "The joy here is unconfined. This town has gone wild. They've rekindled the flame. . . . They put a score on the board, and that's what it's all about."

Cosell feels sportswriters hound him out of resentment for his success and big income. He gets back by standing up at managing editors' meetings and saying, "Your sportswriting is corrupt from top to bottom," flailing all in the trade as freeloaders and dullards.

So incensed was he over what he calls "Old World" thinking on sports that he testified before Congressional committees seeking to reform professional and amateur sports. Without a prepared statement or notes, Cosell spoke for eighty minutes straight before the Senate Commerce Committee, spellbinding his audience.

He opened one session with an apology for being late—"I think I was being directed here by one of our Olympic track coaches," then continued, "Posthaste I came over here, breathlessly, to render this glorious testimony." Cosell's enemies are, of course, the U.S. Olympic Committee, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the American Athletic Union, and the owners of professional baseball teams (particularly those who move from one city to another in defiance of the public interest).

There is praise from Cosell for the National Football League "where there probably has been better leadership than in any other sport. . . ." Cosell doesn't mention that the NFL Films produced a documentary on, guess who, why, Howard Cosell, and sold it to, guess who, why, ABC, which aired it and drew the biggest share of the audience that Sunday afternoon. Nor does he mention that ABC's big dough in sports comes from big buck sports like NFL football on Monday night. Tsk, tsk.

These days, Cosell professes to being weary of the battle. He's made a bundle, says he's the third-best known man in America, but his body and soul strain from the grind of daily and weekly sportscasting. He works too much, is required to be "on" too often. He talks much of making a change. He has a second book in the works. He confers with producers about new projects. One scheduled for this fall has Cosell hosting seven late-night variety shows—no sports involved.

"Since I mentioned an interest in politics, the mail has been astonishing, especially from young people at the universities and law schools. They say they'd come to New York to work unremittingly for me at their own expense. They are concerned about the state of the nation. Without committing him, I would say that a fellow named Steve Smith (brother-in-law to Senator Edward Kennedy) would be happy to run my campaign. I would say that the next governor of the State of New York—Howard Samuels—would be happy to turn over his political organization to me and back me up.

"I also say that if I run for the Senate [Cosell is getting warmed up now], I will have surprising strength in the northern part of the state, particularly in Buffalo, because of the sports interest. One of the first people to ask me to run is a principal Democratic fund raiser, Joe Robbie, owner of the Miami Dolphins. Carol Rosenbloom also talked to me about it. They are not inconsequential men.

"Hell, I'm fifty-four. I can't perform forever. I have no illusions about that. The unique thing about my career is that it all came so late. TV is a younger person's business. You go on the air on 'Monday Night Football' with a handsome kid like Gifford and a handsome Texas cornpone like Meredith and you figure you're going to wind up with the Silver Star?"

So Cosell will wait until mid-1975 to decide whether to run for Senator James Buckley's seat.

"America has provided me every opportunity," he says, "so I could raise my family and have the comforts of life you couldn't get anywhere in the world. I'm very grateful to America in that regard. On the other side of the coin, I'm not going to close my eyes to the fact that this country is beset with overwhelming problems that aren't even remotely receiving the attention they demand.

"I blame that on the existent leadership or non-leadership in this country. It sounds redundant to say crime, narcotics, poverty, depression and inflation, recession—who ever heard of it? Racial. I don't think these problems can be solved for years, but medicated, yes. What this country needs is direction toward medication. You can't wave a wand and wave these problems away."

Emmy Cosell wants Howard to run. She has always gone along with his musings, sometimes serving as the cutting edge. Emmy is hardly pro-establishment. "CBS," she says of the other network, "would never have hired a man like Howard." Peter Cohane would like to see his father-in-law run. Frank Gifford thinks, "Howard will go into it because I've never seen him talk about something without doing it. He's very definite about everything. He's intelligent and capable. He would handle himself pretty good."

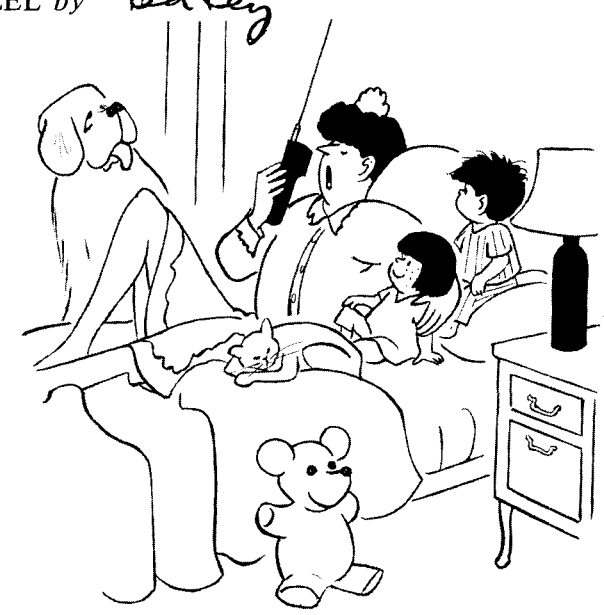
Walter Kennedy is one Cosell friend who thinks he should stay out of politics. "Having been in politics," says Kennedy, onetime mayor of Stamford, Connecticut, and campaign manager for Senator Abraham Ribicoff, "I don't think Howard should get in. He's bright and perceptive and has a feel for people. But Howard, as a controversial broadcaster, can't accept, even reluctantly, the criticisms and snippings of the press. In politics, you have to have a unique carcass. I don't think it would be good for him.

"I told him this, and he doesn't totally agree with me. I was a mayor of a city of 110,000 and it's like going through childbirth. If you haven't been through it, you can't understand it. I'm sure Howard is sincere in his desire to run, and it's not a gimmick for publicity—he doesn't need that."

Howard Cosell created Howard Cosell, but didn't rest on the Seventh Day. So now what is Howard Cosell going to do with Howard Cosell? Will he remain in front of microphones and cameras, berating the world of sports, providing the spice and sting to alleviate moments of tedium? Will he plunge further into the world of entertainment, caricaturing himself, becoming an even greater character, thus building his ego so large that it will pain him even more? Will he retire with Emmy to Pound Ridge to raise tomatoes and peppers? (Absolutely not. You can bet on that.) Will he run for the U.S. Senate in 1976, thus raising his career sights ever higher, perhaps even using that seat, if he attains it, as a stepping-stone to. . . . Well, the mind boggles at the thought. Besides, will the public one day learn, and lament, that Howard William Cosell doesn't always practice what he preaches? And he preaches and preaches and preaches, doesn't he?

He could take the punches all right, says his brother Hilton. "As you well know, Howard is highly controversial. They either like or dislike him intensely. There's no in-between where Howard is concerned. Howard's always had an ambition to be a somebody." ⚖

HAZEL *by* Ted Key



"Everybody tucked in their beds? Alice? Betsy? You set next door, Janice? Okay, stand by. Once upon a time there lived this beautiful princess . . ."

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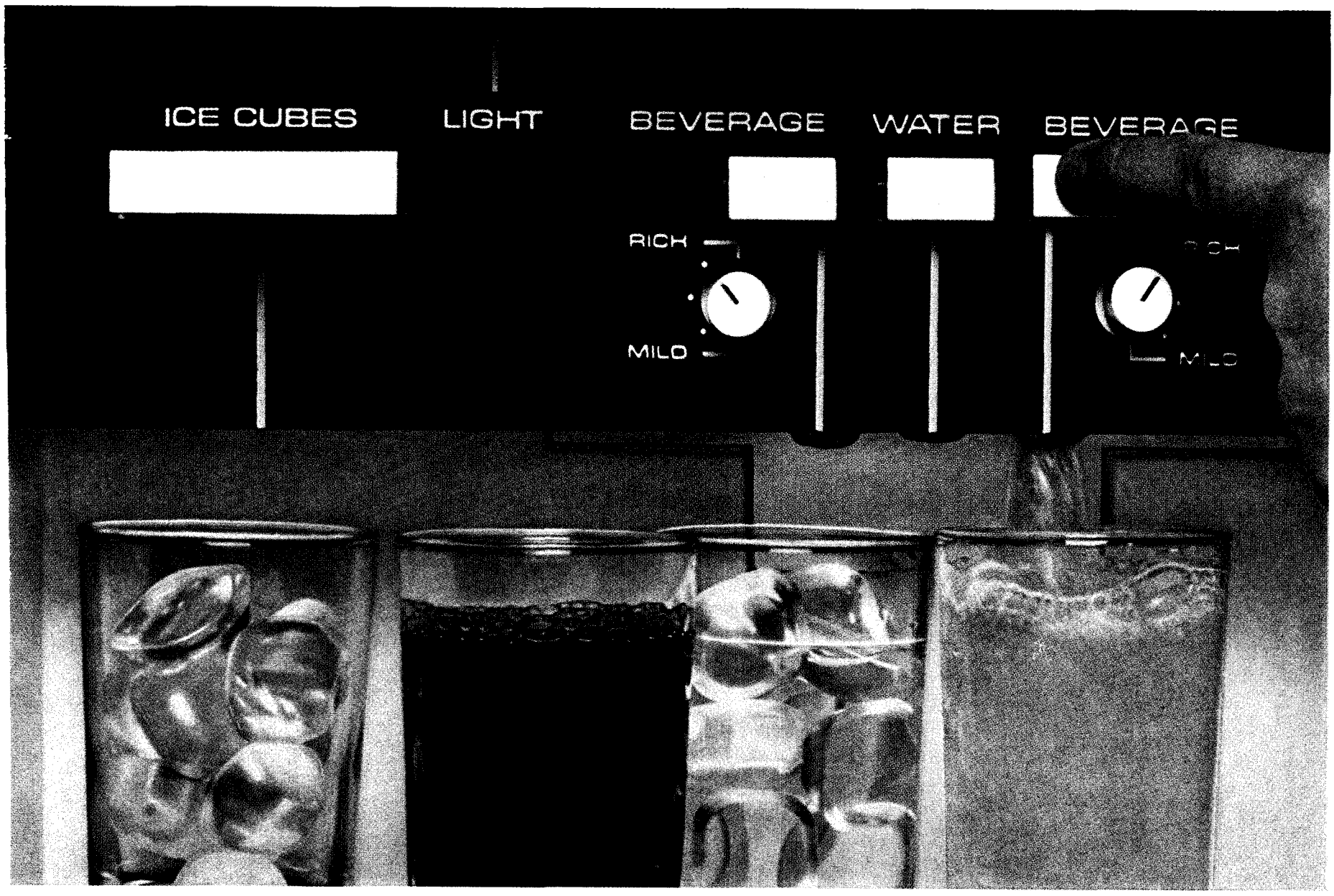

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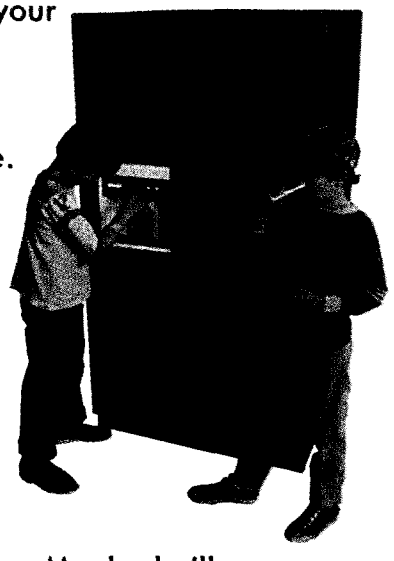

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